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THE MONROE MEMOIRS

1916-2006
Being the Account of His Forebears and Descendants
and those of His Wives
Mary F. McCutchin and Mary Ann Baron
Written by

James Angus Llewellyn Monroe, M.D.

First Completed in January, 1916
And Subsequently Expanded by Himself, 1916-1935,
by His Daughter Margaret, 1935-1955,

by His Grandson, William Angus Koehnline, 1955-2006, and by Other Relatives,
for the Information of His Great-Grandchildren,

Evelyn Monroe Koehnline, James Irvin Koehnline,
and Carolyn Eldridge Koehnline,

His Great Great Grandchildren,
Suzannah Koehnline Rosenberg,
Samuel Koehnline Rosenberg,
and Thomas Koehnline,

and Their Posterity

Chapel Hill, North Carolina
May 29, 2006

Page-by-Page Collation of the Koehnline and Rosenberg Copies
of the Monroe Memoirs

Note that **the page numbers do not appear on the original pages** from before WAK's vist to Wenatchee in 1982. They appear only on the pages of the Xerox copies made for Lyn, Jim, and Carrie after I had seen Marie Monroe's copy of the book, as continued by Finley, Fred, and herself. The following collation was retyped and transmitted to Shirley Gardner and Sheilagh Monroe Foster in May-June, 2006

wak1	[replacing blank jm 1]	Title Page, revised May, 2006
wak 2		blank
wak 3	[replacing blank jm 3]	Introduction to the Koehnline and Rosenberg Copies, revised May, 2006
wak 4	[replacing blank jm 4]	blank
wak 5		First page of Table of Contents
wak 6		Second page of Table of Contents
wak 7		Third page of Table of Contents
jm 5		Greeting, January, 1916
jm 6		blank
jm 7		A PREFACE, by J. A. Monroe
jm 8		Munro/Munroe/Monroe Coat of Arms ("Dread God")
jm 9		Daniel Monroe and His Wife, Elizabeth Skidmore
jm 10		Michael Monroe, 1799-1872 (childless)
		James Monroe, 1785 --? (childless)
jm 11		David Monroe and His Wife, Florence Taylor
		His second wife, Katharine Stretch
jm 12		Fig. 1, photograph of David Monroe and Katharine S. Monroe
jm 13		Fig 2., photograph of Monroe tombstone, Spring Hills Cemetery, Champaign County, Ohio

jm 14 blank

jm 15 Alexander Angus Monroe, 1817-1894

jm 16 Martha Ann Russell, born 1825
jm 17 A.A. Monroe's residence and principles

jm 18 A.A. Monroe's military service, Sunday School work

jm 19 A.A. Monroe's nobility of character, verse, testimony

jm 20 A.A. Monroe's favorite hymn

jm 21 A.A. Monroe's move to Idaho, his Indian pony, "Selim"

jm 22 Fig. 3, photograph of Frank Monroe's children, Mabel and Frankie, with the aged "Selim"
A.A. Monroe's visit to the East in 1892

jm 23 Figs. 4 and 5, photographs of Alexander Angus Monroe and Marth Ann R. Monroe, 1892

jm 24 Fig. 6, photograph of Alexander Angus Monroe and his sisters, Mesdames Wilson, McFarland, and Pool

jm 25 The end of the 1892 visit

jm 26 Death of Alexander Angus Monroe, summary of his life

jm 27 Conclusion of the summary of Alexander Angus's life

jm 28 blank

Note:
The following pages
Have NOT been transcribed
for transmission to
Shirley Gardner
and
Sheilagh Monroe Foster

jm 29 Margaret Susan Monroe, 1819-1880; Joseph Neer, 1804-1869

Fig. 7, photograph of Margaret Susan Monroe Neer

Fig. 8, photograph of Joseph Neer

jm 30 David C. Neer, born 1837, married Anna Chance (died 1876)

Flora Neer, born 1837, married James Ellis

jm 31 Matilda Neer, 1841-1898, married J. Van Offenbacher

Fig. 9, photograph of Nellie Offenbacher

Fig 10, photograph of Mayme Offenbacher

jm 32 J. A. Monroe's connection with the Offenbacher girls

Sarah Catherine Neer, born 1848, married Lowell T. Clemens, 1850-1906

jm 33 John P. Neer, 1843-1933

jm 34 War service, marriage, the death of his wife

jm 35 Figs. 11 and 12, photographs of Mr. and Mrs John P. Neer

jm 36 Nathan A. Neer, Mary Frances Neer

Fig. 13, photograph of Mary Frances Neer

jm 37 Late addition in green ink – summary paragraph on J. P. Neer

jm 38 blank

jm 39 Mary Frances Neer, continued

Fig. 14, photograph of Mary Frances Neer in 1884

jm 40 Figs. 15 and 16, two photographs of Robert Neer McMaster

jm 41 Fig. 17 photograph (blue tone), of the McMaster family on the porch of their home in Los Angeles

jm 42 Fig. 16, family portrait, Charles, Mary, and Robert

jm 43 Figs. 19, 20, 21 and 22, four photographs of the Neer family

jm 44 Samuel J. Neer

Figs. 23 and 24, photographs of Samuel J. Neer and Mrs. Neer

jm 45 Sammy and Jimmy Neer

Fig. 25, photograph of Mr. and Mrs. Neer and their two sons

jm 45 James Monroe Neer (pupil of J. A. Monroe); summary of the sons and daughters of "Uncle Joe and Aunt Susan"

jm 47 Nancy Taylor Monroe Pool and Thomas Pool

jm 48 The Pool children, George, three sons; Philena, no issue; david, eight children

jm 49 Mary Ellen, no issue; John, two daughters; Flora C. Pool and Dr. G. M. Stewart

Figs. 26 and 27, photographs of Dr. and Mrs. Stewart

jm 50 Emma, three children

jm 51 Florence Jane Monroe and Elisha M. Wilson

Fig 28, photograph of the three sisters (compare with photograph on page 24, above, which includes A.A. Monroe)

jm 52 Three children of the Wilsons: Elias, no issue, Katharine, four children

jm 53 Anna, two sons

Fig 29, photograph of Philena Monroe
Fig. 30, Henry Hulings

No Monroe issue. J. A. Monroe taught the Hulings children by a previous wife

jm 54 Fig 31, photograph of Rebecca Ann Monroe

Fig. 32, photograph of J. R. McFarland

jm 55 Figs. 33 and 34, photographs of the McFarland residence

His occupation

jm 56 Fig.. 35, photograph of J. R. McFarland in derby hat

Two children. Elmer married Nellie Shattuck

jm 57 Figs. 36 and 36, additional photographs of Mr. and Mrs. McFarland

jm 58 Four children: Helen, Ada, Ruth, and Elmer

Fig. 38, photograph of Helen, Ada, and Ruth

Fig. 39, photograph of Mrs. McFarland, Elmer, Adam and her son James Monroe Koch

jm 59 Situation of Elmer's daughters; his death and burial

jm 60 blank

jm 61 J. A. Monroe's Maternal Ancestors: William Russell, 1750-1813, married Edith Smith; list of the first thirteen children

jm 62 List of the final four children of William and Edith Russell

Fig. 40, photograph of Aaron Russell

Fig. 41, photograph of Tamson Russell

jm 63 Joseph Russell, 1793-1864, married Ann Neer, sister of Joseph Neer, who later married Susan Monroe

jm 64 The children of Joseph and Ann

jm 65 Joseph's second wife, Mrs. Cecilia Talbott Phillips
jm 66 The children of Joseph and Celia

Fig. 42, photograph of Uncle Nathan Russell

jm 67 Fig 43, photograph of Edith Russell Talley, 1879

jm 68 Fig 44, photograph of Emily Jane Russell Spellman

jm 69 Fig 45, photograph of Violetta L. Russell Adams, John Adams, and their son Charles

jm 70 blank

jm 71 Martha Ann Russell

jm 72 Martha's visit east in 1878

jm 73 Martha's death, 1899

jm 74 Burial in Boise, reburial of Alexander Angus Monroe's remains in the same cemetery

jm 75 J. A. Monroe's vist to the grave, 1907

jm 76 "Farewell. We shall meet again."

jm 77 The children of Alexander Angus and Martha Ann Russell Monroe

jm 78 blank

jm 79 David Skidmore Taylor Monroe

jm 80 Fig 47, photograph of David S. T. Monroe

jm 81 Generals and Battles

jm 82 Verse – fear of capture

jm 83 Fig 48, photograph of David S. T. Monroe, 1870

jm 84 Fig 49, photograph of D. S. T. Monroe

Fig 50, photograph of Sarah Isabel Monroe

jm 85 Figs. 51, 52, and 53, photographs of Edward, George, and Mary Isabel

jm 86 Fig. 54, photograph of Edward in uniform

Fig. 55, photograph of Edward and his wife

jm 87 Death of Mary Isabel at age fifteen

jm 88 David T. Monroe and Sarah Isabel Monroe

jm 89 Obituary of Mary Isabel Monroe

jm 90 Obituary continued, hymn

jm 91 Obituary and hymn, continued

jm 92 Obituary concluded

Fig. 56, photograph of Adrian Angus Monroe

jm 93 Obituary of Edward Hayes Monroe

jm 94 Conclusion of obituary

jm 95 Fig. 57, photograph of George C. Moore

Fig. 58, photograph of Ethel Bevier Monroe

Their children

Fig 59, photograph of D. S. Warner Monroe, Sadie Grace Monroe

jm 96 Fig. 60, photograph of Adrian Angus Monroe and Lela Crumley Monroe

jm 97 General comment on David T. Monroe's wandering disposition, "humorous" verse

Fig. 61, photograph of residence in Camrose, Alberta

jm 98 Conclusion of laudatory comment on David T. Monroe

jm 99 Fig. 62, photograph of David T. Monroe, 1926

jm 100 blank

Note:
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Have NOT been transcribed
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Sheilagh Monroe Foster

A page-by page collation of the contents of pages 101 through 138

jm 101 A late addition in green ink, obituary of David T. Monroe

jm 102 Poem, "To My Father, Blind," by George Monroe

jm 103 Joseph Russell Neer Monroe, born 1847

jm 104 Civil War experiences, list of battles

jm 105 Battle of Cassville, Georgia

jm 106 through jm 108 Continuation of blow-by-blow narrative

jm 109 Joe taken to Andersonville

jm 110 Parole at Goldsboro, North Carolina

jm 111 Visit to Joseph Neer in Ohio; removal to Texas, marriage

Fig. 63, photograph of Joseh R. Monroe, 1867

jm 112 Death of year-old son, 1877

Fig. 64, photograph of Joseph R. Monroe

Fig. 65, photograph of Luvenia Abbott Monroe

jm 113 Birth of William Angus Monroe, February 2, 1881

Death of Flora Mabel Monroe, 1895

Fig. 66, photograph of Flora Mabel Monroe

jm 114 Death of William Angus Monroe

Fig. 67, photograph of William angus and Flora Mabel Monroe

Verse

jm 115 Death of Luvenia Abbott Monroe, 1904

Fig. 68, photograph of grave marker, Morris Hill Cenetry

jm 116 Move to Long Beach, California, marriage to Jennie Thomas

Fig. 69, photograph of Mountain View home, above Pasadena

jm 117 Lifelong effects of imprisonment

Figs. 70 and 71, photographs of Joseph R. and Jennie T. Monroe

jm 118 Fig. 72, photograph of Joseph R. Monroe, 1926

Fig. 73, photograph of Mr. and Mrs Joseph R. Monroe on the steps of their home

jm 119 blank

jm 120 Death of Jennie Thomas Monroe; addition in green ink -- Joseph Russell Monroe's later moves; death of Joseph Russell Monroe

Fig. 74, newspaper clipping, "Valley Pioneer Answers Call"

jm 121 Fig. 75, photograph of Alonzo Monroe

jm 122 Death of Alonzo Monroe at age fourteen

jm 123 Beginning of autobiographical section, James Angus Monroe, M.D.

Fig. 76, photograph of north side of town square, looking east, Moravia, Appanoose County, Iowa

jm 124 First House

Fig. 77, photograph of boyhood home

jm 125 Early schooling, certification, teaching career before college

Fig. 78, photograph of J. A. Monroe, teacher

jm 126 College career, Iowa Wesleyan University, Delta Tau Delta, left without taking a degree, regrets

Fig. 79, photograph of J. A. M., student

Fig. 80, photograph of J. A. M., Urbana, Ohio, 1877

jm 127 Beginning of medical studies

Fig. 81, photograph of J.A.M., medical student

First office, North Bristol, Ohio; liking for "Western Reserve people, with examples listed

jm 128 Fig. 82, wedding invitation

Fig. 83, photograph of J. A.M., M.D.

jm 128 Figs. 84 and 85, J. A. M. and Mary F. McCutchin

jm 130 Move to West Alexander, PA; death of Mary McCutchin Monroe

Mary Ann Baron

Jm 131 Second wedding

Figs. 86 and 87, photographs of J.A. M. and Mary Ann Baron Monroe

Fig. 88, clipping from Wheeling newspaper, "An Interesting Wedding"

jm 132 Vacation trip, 1907; visits to Joe, Frank, Finely, and Flora

Fig. 89, photograph of J.A.M., delegate to the National Eclectic Medical Association, Los Angeles, CA

jm 133 Fig 90, newspaper story, church celebration

jm 134 Fig 91, newspaper story, Dr.s Monroe to Chantal Court, 1923

Summary of activities

Fig. 92, photograph of home at 2713 Eoff Street

Fig. 93, photograph of J.A.M. on steps of a brick building with archway; he is wearing a straw hat and moustache, carrying a cane

jm 135 Late addition in black ink: loss of eyesight, abandonment of practice

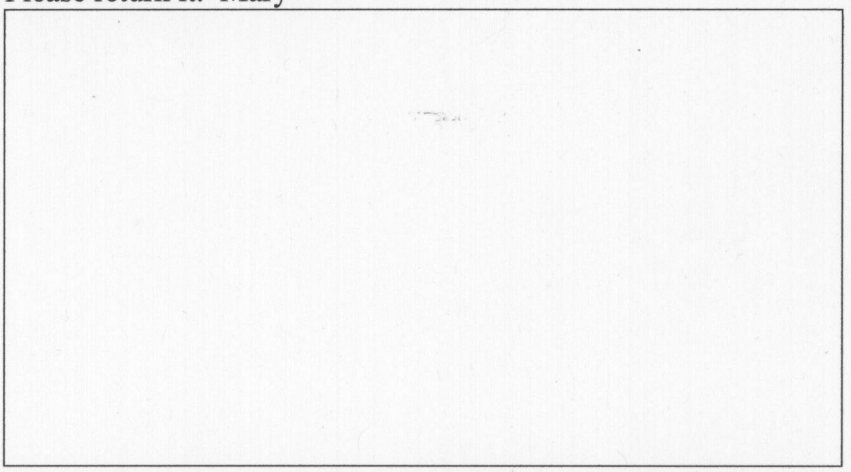
Figs. 94 and 95, photographs of J.A. M. and Mary Ann Baron Monroe in 1934

Fig. 96, photograph of J.A.M., 1934

jm 136 Figs. 97 and 98, newspaper obituaries of J.A. A. and Mary Ann Baron Monroe

jm 137 Resolution of the Elders, First Christian Church, Wheeling

jm 138 Handwritten note, "I think Margaret wants to paste this in her book. Please return it. Mary"



Note: The full text of the pages devoted to THE CHILDREN OF J.A. MONROE, jm 139 through jm 189, was transcribed and transmitted to Shirley Gardner and Sheilah Monroe Foster during the first eight or nine days of our acquaintance.

jm 139 John Neer Monroe, born 1884

Fig. 100, photograph of John as an infant

jm 140 B.A., 1905

Fig. 101, photograph of John as a student

Fig. 102, Beta That Pi house, Bethany College

jm 141 Early employment

Fig. 103, oval portrait of John, A.M. (1906)

jm 142 Summary of John's life up to 1916

Fig. 104, photograph of John at Bethany (at his sister's graduation?)

jm 143 Later addition in black ink, chiropractic training and practice

jm 144 Figs. 105, 106, 107, and 108: news story on John's death, clipping from Lincoln Bulletin, Indianapolis; poem by Edgar A. Guest, "There Is No Death"

jm 145 Fig 109, insert, Universal Chiropractic College Bulletin, November, 1929

jm 146 Figs 110 and 111: two more stories related to John's life, death, and practice

jm 147 Fig 112, photograph of John with birth and death dates

Fig. 113, John's little pal, Billy Koehnline

Loose page, never inserted in the book, four paragraphs with each line cut off at the right margin, received from Jim Koehnline, January 5, 2006.

jm 148 blank

jm 149 Fig. 114, insert, resolution of respect by three elders of First Christian Church, Wheeling

jm 150 blank

jm 151 Harry Scott Monroe, b. 1886

Fig. 116, photograph of John and Harry, ages 2 and 4, perhaps

Harry;s schooling up to 1901

jm 152 High school, athletics, graduated 1905

Fig. 117, photograph of Harry at high school age

jm 153 Western trip

Fig. 118, photograph taken in Emmett, Idaho

College: Harriman University, Harriman, Tennessee

Fig. 119, Harry at college?

jm 154 Only one year at Harriman (known for its advertising)

Employment in Wheeling. Entered Eclectic Medical College, 1907

Fig. 120, photograph of four students with cadaver in dissecting room

jm 155 J.A. Monroe attended graduation, June, 1911

Fig. 121, another photograph in the dissecting room

jm 156 Festivities, followed by study for examinations

Fig. 122, photograph of Harry Scott Monroe, MD

jm 157 Harry's first office, Jacktown, Pennsylvania; marriage notice

Fig. 123, photograph of Harry Scott Monroe and Nellie E. Durbin

jm 158 Fig 124, photograph of the home of Harry Scott Monroe

Fig. 125, photograph of Harry's dog, "Shep"

jm 159 Addendum in purple ink: Harry commissioned in medical corps, 1916, volunteered for service in France

jm 160 Fig. 125, photograph of Harry S. Monroe, M.D. First Lieutenant

jm 161 Return to Hoboken for treatment; discharge, disappointment

jm 162 Conclusion of addendum

Fig. 126 and 127, Harry in uniform, November 4, 1919

jm 163 Fig 128, insert, page 29 of a leaflet

jm 164 "With the war veterans, Mont Alto, Pa." – five paragraphs on farewell for Dr. Monroe

jm 165 Fig. 129, "to come after the presentation of the watch"

jm 166 blank

jm 167 Second addendum in black ink, verse by "Miss Clark," move to West Alexander; appointment and promotion in Pittsburgh, September 1, 1933

jm 168 Fig. 130, photograph of Harry in suspenders, holding his wire-haired terrier, "Boots," on his shoulder
Fig. 131, Harry and Nellie with Boots on the porch of their home
Fig. 132, clipping, "Dr. Harry Monroe and wife burned to death in summer cabin Wednesday.
Fig. 133, clipping, "Services are held for Dr. Moinroe, wife, at West Alexander, Couple who perished in Fire buried in Washington County."

Jm 169 Margaret Monroe, born 1895

Fig. 134, first photograph of Margaret Monroe, September 20, 1895 (six months and three weeks old)
Death of Mary McCutchin, 1896; cared for by her grandmother; kindergarten

jm 170 Figs. 135, 136, and 137, photographs of Margaret Monroe, one with roses
Fig. 138, photograph of John, Harry, and Margaret when they were all very young

jm 171 Webster School, 1904-1908
Fig. 139, photograph of Margaret Monroe, probably in 1908

jm 172 Wheeling High School, 1908-1912; one year of post-graduate work
Fig. 140, photograph of Margaret Monroe in a wide-brimmed hat

jm 173 Figs. 141 and 142, Bethany College

jm 174 Fig. 143, Sepia reproduction of a photograph of the front view of the Main Building, Bethany College

jm 175 Matriculation at Bethany, 1913
Fig. 144, photograph of Margaret in her "sailor" dress, standing in the snow in front of a frame building

jm 176 Fig. 145, photograph of Margaret in a hat, 1914-1915
Orations
Fig. 146, photograph of Margaret Monroe, Bachelor of Arts

jm 177 ΑΞΔ
Fig. 147, photograph of sorority sisters at table, Founder's Day Banquet

jm 178 Fig 148, photograph of ΑΞΔ housze
Fig. 149, photograph of Thomas E. Cramblett, A,M., L.L.D, President of Bethany College
Engraved class list showing Margaret Monroe tenth in a class of twenty-seven graduates; engraved invitation, June 8, 1916, 10 a.m.
Fig. 150, sepia reproduction of a photograph of a trolley car

jm 179 Graduation Day
Fig. 151, photograph of the academic processional
Fig. 152, photograph of the walk in front of the college entrance

jm 180 Fig. 153, photograph, "Marching to the Commencement Hall"

jm 181 First teaching, Bethany summer session, six weeks; high school position
Fig. 154, photograph of high school Reader, West Virginia

jm 182 Fig. 155, wedding announcement, August 28, 1924

jm 183 Addendum in black ink, following a hiatus in the chronology, "After returning from Poplar Bluff, MO, . . . trip to Europe, 1922; study at Teachers College, Columbia, 1923
Fig. 156, engagement announcement
Fig. 157, "Interesting Home Wedding"

jm 184 Fig. 158 and 159, photographs taken on the wedding day; residences; birth of William Angus Koehnline "named after his paternal and maternal grandfathers"

jm 185 Caption for a missing photograph, "William Angus Koehnline, aged six months"

jm 186 Figs. 163, 164, 165, and 166, four phoitographs identified as "Billy's House," "Billy and Pap-pap," "Billy aged 9," and "Billy, high school student

jm 187 Steenrod School, Triadelphia District High School – newspaper, Nature Club, secretary of the senior class, graduation, V-12, NROTC
Fig. 167, "Who's Who," clipping from **The Triadelphian**, 1940
Fig. 168, clipping, "Koehnline and Brown leave Monday"
Fig 169, photograph of WAK, Apprentice Seaman, V-12 program, U.S. Naval Reserve"
Fig. 170, clipping from the **Daily Tar Heel,** "Welcome to the NROTC"

jm 188 blank

jm 189 IRVIN JOHN KOEHNLINE, born October 6, 1891; four paragraphs
Fig. 171, clipping from Wheeling Rotary Club newsletter, "Next Week, Metal Lithographing"

jm 190 blank

[The next several sections consist of material inserted by WAK following his visit to Marie Monroe in 1982, as described in the Introduction and in "Mother's Cousin Fred, and Marie," a copy of which I have e-mailed to S and S. This inserted material interrupts the flow of J. A. Monroe's original organization, and are given numbers with a "wak" prefix, beginning with "wak 24."]

wak 24 -31 Irvin John Koehnline and his Family

[wak 32-41 were sent to S and S previously]

wak 42-43 Margaret Monroe Koehnline, My Mother

wak 44	The Death of J. A. Monroe; Dr. Mary's Last Years
wak 45	Harry and Nellie's last trip
wak 46-47	Margaret Koehnline, 1944-1954
wak 48-51	W. A. Koehnline, My Own Memories, Wheeling, 1926-1944 Birth to Dancing School
wak 52	Lower Elementary School
wak 53	A Century of Progress, Chicago, 1933
wak 54-55	Upper elementary
wak 56	Junior High School
wak 57	New York World's Fair, 1939; Ninth Grade
wak 58	Trip to the West, 1940
wak 59	Lydia Good Revisited; Triadelphia Really High School
wak 60	Fantasia for the First Time, Two Camps, and a Week in New York
wak 62-69	Chapel Hill, 1944-1946 and 1947-1949
	Part One, V-12 and NROTC
	The Postwar Navy – Anchors Agley
	Brief Return to Adolescence
	Part Two, Special Student and Graduate Student
wak 70	Full-Time Teaching in a Sectarian College setting, 1949-1950
wak 71-75	Columbus, Ohio, 1950-1958
	Marriage, Europe, Ohio State
	Technical Editor, Battelle Memorial Institute
	Birth of Evelyn Monroe Koehnline

Bookselling

Birth of James Irvin Koehnline

Nestbuilding, and Our Last Nestling, Carolyn Eldridge Koehnline

wak 75-90 Flint, Cleveland, Harrisburg, Skokie

A Growing Family, 1958-1965

Brief Return to Ohio, 1965=1966

Founding President to President Emeritus, 1970-1984

Unnumbered pages

Producer of pep talks, 1984-1986

Bureaucrat, 1986-1992

Volunteer in Mission, 1992-1994

Retired, Semi-Activist, April-November 1994

[A page or two on 1995-2006 needs to be written and inserted here]

[Resumption of the Original pages compiled by J. A. and Margaret Monroe – pages jm 191 through jm 196, about Anna Mills and her daughters, have been sent to S and S, 2006]

jm 191 Anna Monroe, born Anastasia Hughes, March 12, 1891, adopted April 19, 1903
Fig. 172, photograph of Margaret and Anna Monroe

jm 192 Anna married to A. L. Mills
Fig. 173, photograph of Anna with two cows

jm 193 Fig. 174, photograph of Anna and "A.L.," standing in the snow, 1916

jm 194 Birth of Margaret Eleanor Mills
Fig. 175, photograph of Margaret Eleanor Mills
Figs. 176b and 177, two obituaries for A. L. Mills, 1917

Jm 195 Birth of Florence Baron Mills, 1917
Fig. 178, photograph of Florence Baron Mills

Addendum dated December 1, 1933, Margaret Eleanor graduated from Triadelphia Duistrict High School, 1932

jm 196 Addendum concluded, Florence Mills a high school junior, due to graduate in 1935

jm 196a First page of a letter from Flora Monroe, dated March 2, 1916

jm 196 b Second poage of letter from Flora

jm 197 The Maternal Ancestors of J. A. Monroe's Sons and Daughter; Robert Bigham, 1773-1828, m. Margaret Paxton, 1803; children Joseph Paxton Bigham, 1805-1890, and Robert Bigham the younger, 1807-1813

jm 198 Deaths of Robert and Margaret; Joseph P. Bigham m. Mary Reed, 1884-1887; children Margaret Bigham, b. 1824; Robert Bigham, b. 1828

jm 199 Seven other children

Fig. 179, photograph of J. P. Bigham in old age

jm 200 Death of Mary Reed Bigham

Fig 180, photograph of "The Old Home," burned in 1902

jm 201 David Scott McCutchin, 1819-1868, m. Margaret Bigham, 1858, honeymoon and emigration to California, followed by a return to an Ohio farm

jm 202 D. S. McCutchin, a soldier at forty-five

Figs. 181 and 182, D. S. McCutchin and Margaret Bigham McCutchin

jm 203 List of battles; tuberculosis; Margaret as widow

jm 204 Margaret McCutchin moves to Claysville, then to Taylorstown, PA

Fig. 183, photograph of Margaret McCutchin, 1916

jm 205 Mary Frances McCutchin, 1861-1896

Fig. 184, photograph of little Molly

Fig. 185, photograph of Mollie McCutchin as a young woman

jm 206 Married to J. A. Monroe, March 8, 1883, Urbana, OH; move to West Alexander, PA, September 1883

Fig. 186, photograph of Mary Frances McCutchin, 1882

Fig. 187, "Our First Home."

jm 207 Letter from J. A. Monroe's mother to his wife, April 8, 1883; beginning of verse

jm 208 Conclusionn of vers; births of John and Harry

jm 209 Health for ten years; illness; birth of Margaret, named for her great great grandmother; no improvement in condition

jm 210 through jm 212 Obituary of Mary Frances McCutchin Monroe

jm 213 Conclusion of obituary; another quotation from a newspaper

Fig. 188, photograph of grave marker, West Alexander cemetery

jm 214 Verse and concluding summary

Fig 189, "Mary's last picture"

jm 215 Conclusion of entry on Mary Frances McCutchin Monroe

jm 216 blank

jm 217 Robert Bigham m. Elizabeth Black, 1858, moved to Kearney, BE; four children

Fig. 190

jm 218 Nancy Bigham, 1829-1859, m. James Harsha, 1855; three children, including John Harsha and Nancy Harsha, who married S. W. Reed; children cared for by their Bigham grandparents. "Cousin Nanny [Margaret Monroe's "Aunt Nan," whom Margaret's son Billy met on several occasions in his childhood] was Mary McCutchin's favorite cousin and often visited her during her last sickness."

Fig. 191

jm 219 Mary Bigham, 1838-1893, m. John McCalla, 1863; Ella Sara Bigham (Sarah Ellen Bigham, b. 1847?) m. Martin S. Pence, 1878

Fig. 192, photograph of Martin and Ella Pence

jm 220 Fig 193, photograph of William Bigham of Kearney, NE, the last male descendant of the family to bear the Bigham name

[The remainder of the Monroe Memoirs consists of accounts of J. A. Monroe's younger siblings and their descendants through c. 1926]

jm 221 Frank Monroe, 1854-1926

Fig. 194, photograph of Frank Monroe as a boy

Fig. 195, photograph of Frank Monroe as a young man

jm 222 Frank Monroe m. Ida S. Wittle, May 15, 1881; five sons, two daughters

Fig. 196, photograph of Frank Monroe as an adult

Ira m. Joanna Thurman; Harriet m. John Demond

Jm 223 Harriet and John Demond had four children

[Insert at this point additional material on the Demonds, supplied to Finley or Fred Monroe by Mabel Monroe Sullivan, and by Fred's widow, Marie, to Margaret Monroe's son, William Koehnline, 1982.]

Fig. 197, photograph of Ira, Walter, Angus, and Arthur Monroe

Walter m. Rowena Caluhite

jm 224 John Angus Monroe m. Grace A. es, no issue

J. A. Monroe's visit in 1907

Fig. 198-199, photograph of "Frank's two daughters, Hattie and Mabel"

jm 225 Fig. 200, photograph of Mrs. Ida Monroe and Frank Monroe

J. A. Monroe's visit in 1907

Fig. 201, "Frank's youngest grandson, Eugene Angus Demond" [no date]

jm 226 Fig. 202, photograph of an alfalfa field with Frank Monroe

Fig. 203, photograph of Frank Monroe on the spillway of an irrigation ditch

Fig. 204, photograph of Ida, Mabel, daughter-in-law Grace, and sons Frank, Walter, and Angus

Fig. 205, photograph of the Sanke River

jm 227 Addendum in black ink; death of Ida in a cloudburst, new year's eve, 1933

Fig. 206, photograph of the memorial service held in the absence of the unlocated body

Fig. 207, photograph of the church in which the service was held

jm 228 Comforting quotation

Fig. 208 and 209, photographs of Ida's home

jm 229 "This is an addition," text by Ira concerning his father, Frank Monroe

jm 230 Death of Frank Monroe, April 12, 1926
jm 231 Edward Monroe, 1856-1864

Fig. 210, photograph, with encircling wreath

jm 232 Edward's death at the age of eight

jm 233 Finley Monroe, b. 1859

Fig. 211, Finley as a boy

Fig 212, Finley as a younbg man

Beginning of Finley's narrative, written by himself

jm 234 through jm 246 Finley's narrative continued, no illustrative figures

jm 247 Finley's narrative

Fig. 213, photograph of Finley, December 8, 1890

Fig. 214, photograph of Katie Degen Monroe

jm 248 through jm 250 Finley's narrative continued, no illustrative figures

jm 251 Finley's narrative continued

Fig. 215, photograph of Louise Monroe, b. June 26, 1892

jm 252 Finley's narrative continued

Fig 216, photograph of Frederick Duboise Monroe, born September 24, 1894, Boise, ID

jm 253-255 Finley's narrative continued

Fig. 217, photograph of Louise at age ten

Fig. 218, photograph of Freddie at age eight

jm 256-257 Finley's narrative continued

Fig. 219, Photograph of Louise as a young woman

jm 258-259 Finley's narrative continued

Fig. 220, photograph of Freddie and Louise

jm 260-264 Finley's narrative continued

Fig. 221, photograph of Finley and his daughter, Louise, at the natatorium, Boise, 1914

jm 265-266 Finley's narrative continued

Fig. 222, Louise as a high school graduate

jm 267 "I visited my brother and family at Wheeling

Fig. 223, J. A. Monroe and Finley Monroe

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Fig. 224, photograph of "The Monroe Building, Bennett, ID. Finley's office in the second story front."

jm 271 Finley's narrative continued

Fig. 225, photograph of "Finley Monroe and family, Emmett, ID., Taken at Los Angeles, CA, August, 1915"

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Fig. 226, photograph of "Finley Monroe and family, Emmett, ID., Taken at Los Angeles, CA, August, 1915"

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Fig. 227, photograph of Finley's home, June, 1916

jm 275 Addendum to Finley's narrative, describing his trip in August, 1916

Fig. 228, photograph captioned "Ready to start, Louise standing by the wheel"

jm 276 Continuation of addendum

Fig. 229, photograph captioned "Camping on the Way"

Fig. 230, photograph captioned "A Spouting Geyser, 'Old Faithful,' with Freddie in the Foreground"

jm 277 Summary of Finley's life to that date

Figs. 231, 232, and 233, photographs of Louise, Kate, and Fred Monroe

jm 278 Conclusion of the entry on Finley Monroe

Fig. 234, photograph with the caption "On the way home, Louise by the Automobile"

jm 279 Fig. 235, large photograph, with caption "State Senator, 1929-1930, Finley Monroe, Emmett, ID"

jm 280 blank

jm 281 Flora Monroe, b. 1865

Fig. 236, photograph of Flora Monroe, with her hands folded, very young

Fig. 237, photograph of Flora standing, with her hand on a chair, with locket

Fig. 225, photograph of "Finley Monroe and family, Emmett, ID., Taken at Los Angeles, CA, August, 1915"

jm 272-273 Finley's narrative continued

Fig. 226, photograph of "Finley Monroe and family, Emmett, ID., Taken at Los Angeles, CA, August, 1915"

jm 274 Conclusion of Finley Monroe's original autobiographical narrative

Fig. 227, photograph of Finley's home, June, 1916

jm 275 Addendum to Finley's narrative, describing his trip in August, 1916

Fig. 228, photograph captioned "Ready to start, Louise standing by the wheel"

jm 276 Continuation of addendum

Fig. 229, photograph captioned "Camping on the Way"

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jm 280 blank

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Fig. 236, photograph of Flora Monroe, with her hands folded, very young

Fig. 237, photograph of Flora standing, with her hand on a chair, with locket

THE MONROE MEMOIRS

1916 - 1982

Being the Account of His Family

Written by

JAMES ANGUS LEWELLYN MONROE, M.D.

First Completed in 1916

And Subsequently Expanded

by Himself, His Daughter,

His Grandson, and Other Relatives

for the Members of Another Generation

of His Descendants

June, 1982

Introduction to the Koehnline Copies of the Monroe Memoirs

My mother was Margaret Monroe, wife of Irvin John Koehnline. She was the daughter of Dr. J. A. Monroe of Wheeling, West Virginia. From the time of her death in September, 1954, I have been the owner of her father's account of his family and hers, a carefully typed document consisting of 292 unnumberd pages, lovingly illustrated with photogaphs of persons and places, newspaper clippings, and other inserted matter, all bound in a sturdy grey looseleaf binder. Until my visit to Marie McFadyen Monroe in Wenatchee, Washington, in June, 1982, I had not been aware that shee too, was the holder of a copy of the Monroe Memoirs, in her case a variant copy of my grandfather's book, prepared by his brother Finley in Boise, Idaho, and passed to his son Fred and then to his son's wife, now widow, Marie.

Early in the mrning of the first day of June (after Phyllis, Marie, and I had finished breakfast before 6 a.m.), we made a partial comparison of our two treasured notebooks, observing that the pages devoted to the Sullivan family had been added to her copy, and that additional information on my mother's life, my father, and my own life through 1944, nine years after my grandfather's death, had been added to my copy. It appeared that neither copy was as complete as it could be for the respective branches of the Monroe family tree.

I asked Marie to share with me copies of the material in her book that is not represented in mine, offered to send her copies of pages I knww her book lacks, and resolved to do three things to enhance the interest and value of my own volume, namely to provide a table of contents, to supply page numbers and an index,

and to add sections on my father's family, on the members of the Monroe household and family as they touched my own life, on my wife and her family, my own later life, Phyllis, and our children, and then to make copies of the entire book for each of the members of the next generation:

Evelyn Monroe Koehnline, wife of Robert Rosenberg

James Irvin Koehnline

Carolyn Eldridge Koehnline

Olympia, Washington, June 4, 1982

Skokie, Illinois, June 18, 1982

William Angus Koehnline

To Whom This Illustrated Record May Come,

Greeting:

These Memoirs of the Monroe--Russell Descendants, living or dead, are made in this our this durable Form so that future Generations of our Kin may know how we looked, where we lived we lived, what we did, and what part we took, if any, in the World's work and in the World's welfare.

J. A. Monroe, M. D.

Wheeling, West Virginia.

January, Nineteen hundred and sixteen.

A PREFACE

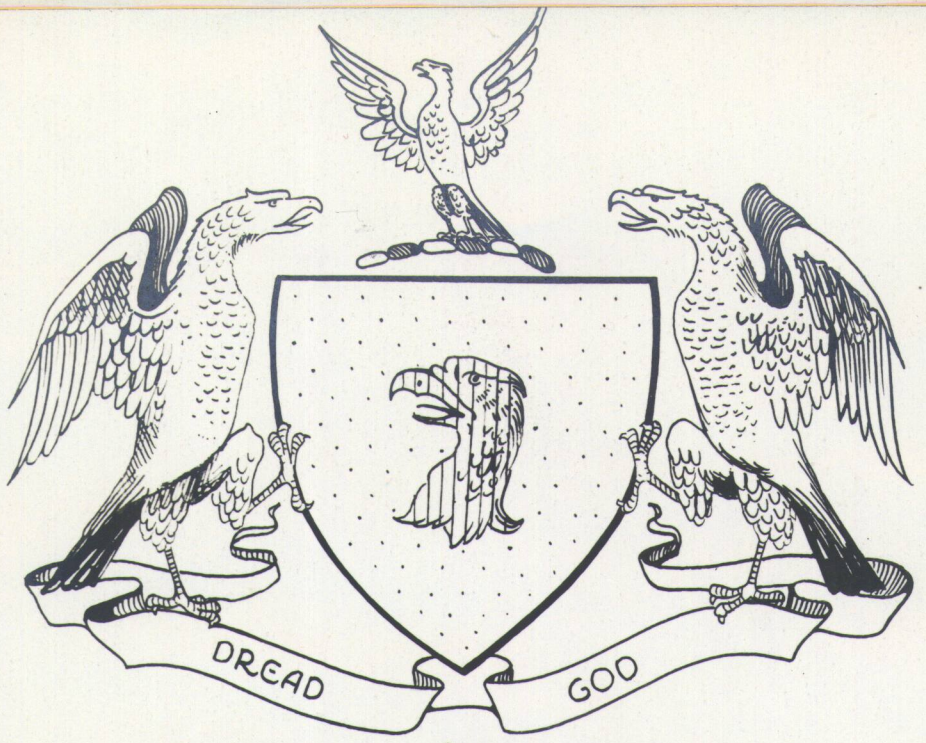
Is for an explanation or an apology. This is for an explanation. In examining applicants for life insurance, I have been surprised at how few of them have any knowledge of their ancestors.

Very rarely can any of them go farther back than their grandfather, and many can give no evidence as to the place or cause of death of their own father and mother, should they be dead. To remedy this lack of knowledge in my own family, the following record has been made.

In these days of public discussion of eugenics, race suicide, and the double standard of morals in the newspapers, in medical societies and journals and in public schools, it is of much interest to trace the history of families and the manner which such history may bear on such subjects. Some generations ago, before the high-cost of living, and the cost of high living, had become of so great importance and interest, the size of the family was much greater than at the present time, with few exceptions. Whether the quality of the product has increased as the number lessened or not, is a question for others to decide.

The following pages contain a brief account of the descendants of Daniel Monroe and Elizabeth Skidmore Monroe; also of Mr. William Russell and Mrs. Edith Smith Russell, of Louden County, Virginia.

J. A. M.



Munro, Munroe
Monroe

Daniel Monroe.

Sofar as it has been possible to trace my ancestors, this is the beginning of my family history:

About the year 1755, there was born in Bath County, Virginia, Daniel Monroe. In the same County and State, there was born on April 23rd, 1763, Elizabeth Skidmore. There and then, in that County and State, in 1782, were married Daniel Monroe, aged 27, and Elizabeth Skidmore, and Daniel loved Elizabeth, and God blessed them, and Daniel said that Elizabeth could not repeat herself too often.

The following is the issue of the union of Daniel and Elizabeth Skidmore Monroe: Contrary to the old adage, I judge the course of true love ran very smoothly according to the results of this marriage of my great grandfather.

Born,

Margaret Monroe, January 13th, 1783.

Christiana Monroe April 15th, 1784.

James Monroe, July 13th, 1785.

John Monroe, April 13th, 1787.

Daniel Monroe, August 13th, 1788.

Rebecca Monroe, March 29th, 1790.

Jacob Monroe, December 31st, 1791.

David Monroe, September 29th, 1793.

Henry Monroe, April 2nd, 1795.

Elizabeth Monroe, April 6th, 1797.

Michael Monroe, May 7th, 1799.

Joseph Monroe, April 30th, 1801.

George Monroe, April 15th, 1803,

and the last.

Of the above descendants of Daniel and Elizabeth Skidmore Monroe, nothing is known except of David, Michael and James. Michael Monroe moved from Virginia to Ohio, and from Ohio to Indianola, Warren County, Iowa, and there died childless in 1872. James also moved to Ohio, Champaign County, lived his life there and died childless at a good old age.

Great grandfather Monroe lived to be quite old, more than 75 years, exact date not known, and lies buried in the Old Dominion State.

David Monroe.

My grandfather, David Monroe, the son of great grandfather, Daniel Monroe, was born in Bath County, Virginia, September 29th, 1793.

Some years after this event, he, with some other others of his family, his brothers James and Michael, moved to Champaign County, Ohio. At the age age of twenty three years he was married to a twenty three years Scotch lassie, Florence Taylor, aged nineteen years. Of this union came my Father, Alexander Angus Monroe, October 5th, 1817, Margaret Susan Monroe, December 26th, 1819, and Nancy Taylor Monroe, December 26th, 1821--these three were of hyphenated English-Scotch descent. After a lingering illness, grandmother died of Pulmonary Tuberculosis in the year of 1824, and went to her own place. After two years of trying to be both father and mother to his orphan children, grandfather married again, a neighbor girl, Miss Katharine Stretch, the daughter of William and Jemima Stretch.

She was born October 23rd, 1793. She and grandfather were about the same age, 33 years, and were married in ~~1826.~~

Of this union there came:

Florence Jane Monroe, August 19th, 1828.

Philena Monroe, February 5th, 1833.

Rebecca Ann Monroe, September 19th, 1834.

Katharine Stretch Monroe was a good mother and a good step-mother. The three step-children that she took to her arms and her heart with such loving care, all their lives revered and loved her, and long ere this have greeted her in that"land of the un-setting sun".

Grandfather and Grandmother lived and worked together, reared their children and cast all their

influence for good in their community, for forty one years, when Grandfather, like a ripe sheaf gathered for the harvest, on August 20th, 1869, lay down and died, and went to the reward of the upright in heart, at the good old age of 75 years, 10 months and 21 days. For nine years more Grandmother lingered here, carefully tended by her children, then she, too, without any marked evidence of disease, passed to her reward, on 1876 at the home of her stepdaughter, Mrs, Nancy Taylor Monroe Boole, of Quincy, Ohio. They both lie buried in Spring Hills Cemetery, Champaign County, Ohio, awaiting the Resurrection Day.

A. A. Monroe.

Alexander Angus Monroe was born near Urbana, Ohio, October 5th, 1817.

He was the first child and only son. His mother died of Pulmonary Tuberculosis when he was about seven years old, leaving him at this tender age without a mother's care. Father was cared for by his Uncle and Aunt, Mr. and Mrs. Douglas Luce, of Urbana, Ohio, until his father married again, which was about two years.

His step-mother's name was Katharine Stretch of Champaign County, Ohio. In the course of years my father married and moved far from his Ohio home and the immediate influence of his step-mother's care, but all his life he bore testimony to her tenderness, affection and care for him. She never showed any difference in her love for her own children and those of the first wife. This mother-in-law needed no defense from the motherless br brother and sisters left to her care. They learned that this mother-in-law was of the salt

of the earth, and one of that trio that should be granted first place among the favored of God everywhere, and which includes mother, wife and mother-in-law. Happy was my father that he had all three. She died at the home of her step-daughter, Mrs. Nancy Taylor Monroe Pool, in October, 1876, at the good old age of 82 years, near Quincy, Ohio, surrounded by all the comforts that loving hands could supply. She lies buried by the side of her husband in the cemetery at Spring Hills, Ohio. She was a mother-in-law. She is a saint.

On ~~December 28th~~ February 14th, 1843, when father was 25 years, 4 months and 9 days old, he married Martha Ann Russell, who was 18 years, 10 months and 24 days old. She was the daughter Joseph Russell and Ann Neer Russell. The marriage took place at the home of the bride, in Concord Township, Champaign County, Ohio.

Shortly after his marriage, they left their home and kindred and moved to Muscatine County, Iowa, near West Liberty. After a year's residence there, they moved to Rochester, Fulton County, Indiana, where they lived for a number of years.

In searching for a home, they next moved to Keosauqua, Iowa. After trying this locality for some four or five

there, they moved to Rochester, Fulton County, Indiana, where they lived for a number of years.

In searching for a home, they next moved to Keosauqua, Iowa. After trying this locality for some two years, they finally moved to Moravia, Appanoose County in the same state, where they lived for many years. There father bought a quarter section of land and went to work to make a permanent home. While living at West Liberty, shortly after he moved to Iowa, he attended a religious revival and had his attention called to the value of a life above selfish living, and ever after, he was a faithful, devoted member of the Methodist Church.

Father never lacked the courage of his convictions. He was always for the unfortunate and oppressed, whether by their own fault or that of others. Always was his firm conviction against human slavery and the liquor traffic,"twin relics of barbarism". He voted for General John Charles Fremont in 1856 and for Abraham Lincoln in 1860, and gloried in being ridiculed as a "Black Abolishionist".

Though his oldest son was in the army, and though he was near forty five years of age, such was his patriotism, that on September 18th, 1862, he enlisted in Company C, 36th Iowa Infantry, called the "Gray Beards" because of their age, and served faithfully till he was discharged on February 26th, 1863. His discharge came because of sickness due to a chronic diarrhoea which affected him at times all his after life in the form of an intestinal indigestion.

My father was a no compromise man. If a thing was wrong, it was not to be excused, but fought and changed for the better, if possible.

For twenty years or more father was superintendent of the Moravia union Sunday school, composed of Baptists, Methodists, Presbyterians, Cumberland Presbyterians and Moravians. It is the fashion of these days to sneer at sacrifice. It is It is not counted scientific or reasonable to act without a visible reward or hope of material success. Through the heat of summer and the inclement Iowa winters, he was always

season, but because of the lack of rain their crops were a complete failure. A cylone came and blew their houses down and scattered the conte contents "to the four winds of heaven". Discouraged, and hopeless of making a home in that country, they gathered what things thay had together, and moved on to Idaho where some of the family had preceded them. At last they had reached the promised land, the land of"milk and honey", theland of "corn and wine", of high mountains, eternal snows, fertile soil, beautiful rivers, mountain trout, and plenty of wild game of all kinds. Times were hard and they lacked many of the comforts of life in that new country, yet they never wanted any really necessary thing. Father always greatly enjoyed horse-back riding, and inthat country of cattle, sheep and cheap, wild horses, he had his choice. He had a tough Indian pony that he admired very much. His name was "Selim". and here he he is at the age of 33, long after father had ceased to ride him.

My brother Frank took him and cared for him till he died of the infirmities of age, in memory of the service he had rendered our father. Frank's two little children, Mabel and Frankie,

"Selim".

may been seen playing with him.

In the summer of 1892, at the age of 75 years, father came East to visit his relations for the last time. I had not seen him for 16 years. He had not changed greatly during that time in looks; but he was more contented, more happy, and had very little thought, if any,

at his post, when possible. He was never one to shirk but was always willing to bear his part. He was clean minded and clean of heart. I never knew him to express an unclean or an ugly thought. "Blessed are the pure in heart for they shall see God". It is the heart, and the good good things laid up there that makes a man rich. He is rich or poor according to what he is, rather than what he has. If our hearts are great and noble, no mean surroundings can make us miserable.

"However it be it seems to me,
'T is only noble to be good.
Kind hearts are more than coronets,
And simple faith than Norman blood".

One day in 1878, when walking up the street in Urbana, Ohio, an old man, a boyhood friend and playmate of my father, laid his hand on my shoulder and said, "Young man, never cease to be thankful that you have a father you can be proud of. To have a good, honorable father

is greater than to have riches". See that you are worthy of him." That was many years ago, but I have not forgotten that good man's testimony of the character of my father. The following was my father's favorite hymn. I have heard him and mother sing it a thousand times at evening worship:

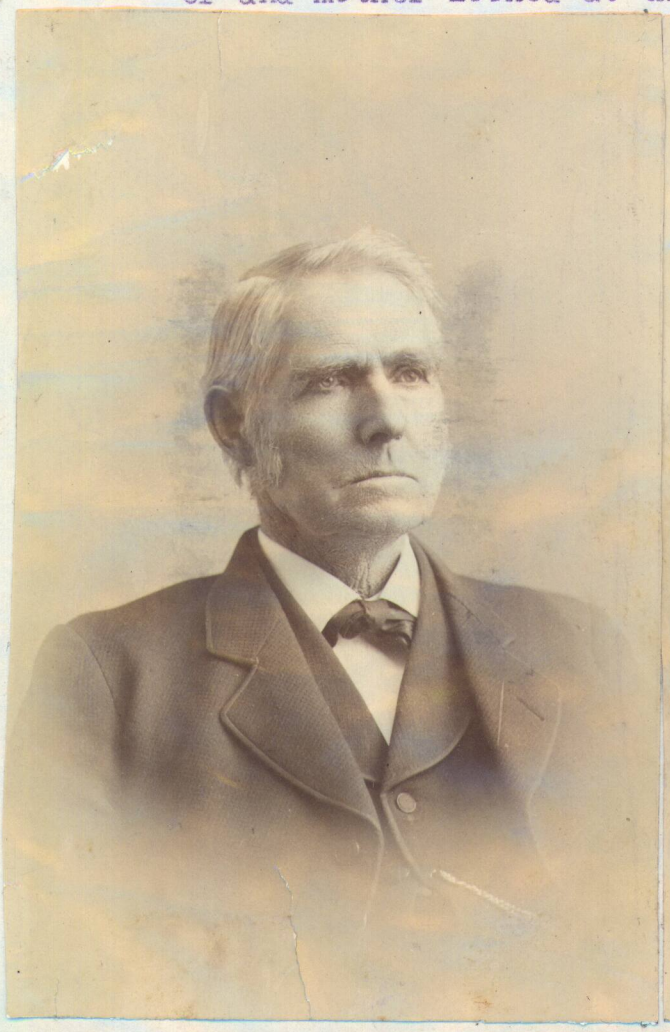
"A charge to keep I have;
A God to glorify;
A never dying soul to save,
And fit it for the sky.

To serve the present age,
My calling to fulfill,
O, may it all my powers engage
To do my Master's will.

Help me to watch and pray,
And on Thyself rely;
Assured if I my trust betray,
I shall forever die".

In 1878, father sold the farm and moved to ~~Lincoln~~ Pratt County Kansas, where they lived for one

or care as to the responsibilities of the future. I bought him a riding horse and all the time he was with me, he enjoyed himself greatly riding over the Pennsylvania hills, often with my two little boys riding behind. The visit was a delightful one. These photographs show how father and mother looked at that time.



A. A. Monroe.

M. A. Monroe.

During the latter part of the summer, father, mother and sister Flora, who was also visiting us, went over to Ohio, to Urbana, Bellfontaine, DeGraff, Quincy, and down to Concord Township, in Champaign County to visit their relations.

This is a picture of father and his three sisters;

Mrs. Flora Wilson. A. A. Monroe. Mrs. McFarland. Mrs. Pool.

That was a great visit forthem all, though a sad one too, as they all realized that after separation, they would never meet again in this world. In October their visit was over, and sister Flora went on back to Idaho alone, and Father and Mother came over to West Alexander, Pennsylvania, where I lived at that time. They stayed with me until after the Presidential election was over, when Father had the satisfaction of voting for Ex-President Harrison; this was his last vote for President. We went over to Pittsburgh on the afternoon train, on that cold, blustering November day, and stopped at the Home hotel over night. The next morning, with a sad heart, I saw them depart, never to meet again. On their way to Idaho, they stopped over at Moravia, Iowa, to visit the old friends of other days. By the last of November, they were back again in Idaho. They never tried again to live alone, but made their home with sister Flora, at Midvale, Idaho. While visiting at Moravia, on his way back home, he had

a severe attack of his intestinal trouble, foreshadowing the imminency of what might soon be.

Born, ~~August~~ October 5th ~~19th~~, 1817, he died at the home of his daughter, Mrs Flora Evans, Midvale, Idaho, September 6th, 1894, aged seventy-seven(77) years and fifteen(15) days.

There are treasures laid up in the heart, treasures of character, purity, temperance and soberness. These treasures a man takes with him beyond death, when he leaves this world.

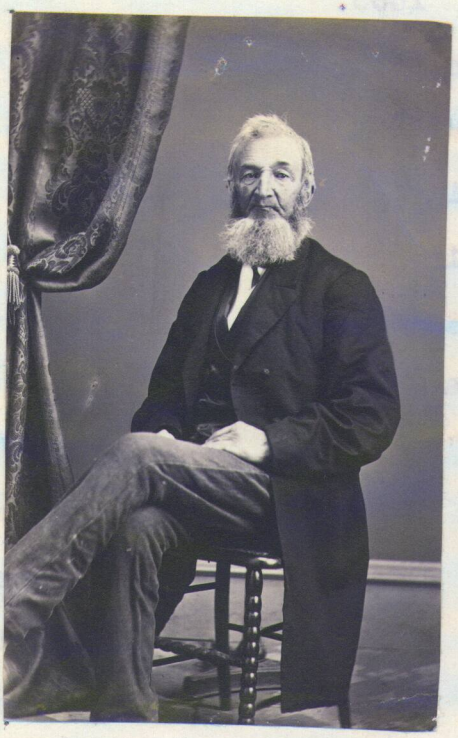
Everybody who knew my Father, loved him, and those who did not know him intimately, respected him. He was just and true in all the relations of life, and the flavor and influence of that life will tend to elevate the standard of manhood, and make the world better for his having lived in it; and , though he left no material fortune, yet in all that makes life valuable, he died rich. My Father, carefully and tenderly nursed by his devoted wife and daughter, had passed on life's highway the

stone thst marks the allotted span, but, "being weary for a moment, he lay down by the wayside, and using his burden for a pillow, fell into that dreamless sleep that kisses down his eyelids still". He has reached that place and that condition where success or failure are alike the same. He died as he had lived, and passed from this life profoundly assured that all was well with him, and with a hope that reached to certainty, beyond the grave and that laid hold of things eternal.

We shall meet again. Methodist. Republican.

Margaret Susan Monroe.

Margaret Susan Monroe was born December 27th, 1819, in Champaigh County. Ohio. At the age of 16, in 1835, she and Joseph Neer, of Champaign County, Ohio, were married. Of this union the following children were born:



Joseph Neer.

Margaret Susan Monroe Neer.

David Conrad Neer, 1837.

Flora Neer, 1839.

Matilda Neer, 1841.

John Pringle Neer, 1843.

Nathan Angus Neer, 1845.

Sarah Neer, 1848.

Martha Neer, 1849.

Mary Frances Neer, 1852. March 25.

Samuel Jesse Neer, 1853.

Elizabeth A. Neer, 1857

Joseph F. Neer, 1855.

James Monroe Neer, 1855, and the last.

David C. Neer and Miss Anna Chance, of Urbana, Ohio, were married and have one son, Frank Neer who lives in Los Angles, California. Anna Chance Neer died Nov. 28th, 1876.

Flora Neer and James Ellis were married and live in Kansas. Died in Oklahoma, Dec. 4, 1898.

Their children:

Myrtilla Ellis,

Maggie Ellis,

Clinton Ellis,

William Ellis,

John Ellis,

Annie Ellis,

Wena Ellis,

Lincoln Ellis,

Uncle Joe Neer, the son of Conrad and Ann Neer, was born in Louden County Virginia, August 7th, 1804, and died January 26th, 1869 of Pulmonary Tuberculosis.

Margaret Susan Monroe Neer was born November 27th, 1819, in Champaign County, Ohio, and died of Phlegmonous Erysipelas October 8th, 1880, in Urbana, Ohio.

Matilda Neer and J. Van Offenbacher, of Urbana, Ohio, were married 1866 at the home of the bride and made their home in Urbana, Ohio, where Mr. Offenbacher practised law. After a few years of happy married life, Tillie sickened of that dread disease, the family curse, Pulmonary Septicaemia Tuberculosis, and died 1875, leaving two daughters, Nellie and Mayme.

Nellie Offenbacher Neer.

Mayme Offenbacher.

On the death of their mother, Cousin Mary Neer took charge of the little girls and gave them a mother's care. After some three or four years, 1883, they all moved to California. In 1907, Nellie married her Cousin, Frank Neer, and they live in Los Angeles, near Cousin Mary's home.

In the fall of 1911 Mayme died of what was said to be "nervous prostration", and is buried in Los Angeles Cemetery. When I taught school in Ohio, in 1876-7-8, both girls were pupils of mine.

They were unusually lovable girls, and grew up to fulfill the promise of their young girlhood. They were always a great blessing to their Aunt Mary.

Sarah Catharine Neer was born June 16th, 1848 on the home farm and was married to Lowell T. Clemans, a telegraph operator of Boston, Masschusetts.

Clemans was born June 6th, 1850, and died at Los Angeles, California, February 3rd, 1906.

They had two daughters, both living in Los Angeles with their mother--Gertrude and Bertha.

John P. Neer.

Cousin John was born in Concord Township, Champaign County, Ohio, about April 27, 1842. He was a soldier in the civil war, enlisting at Neer's Chapel, near his home, at the age of nineteen years, on July 30th, 1862, and fought throughout the war.

He was with Company H, 45th Regiment, Ohio Volunteer Infantry. His first battles were fought in Kentucky. In the fall of 1863, their activities were transferred to Tennessee. On the 17th of November of this year, in a skirmish, near the Holsten River, John was shot through the left lung, and this retired him from active duty for some time; he joined his regiment again in January, 1864.

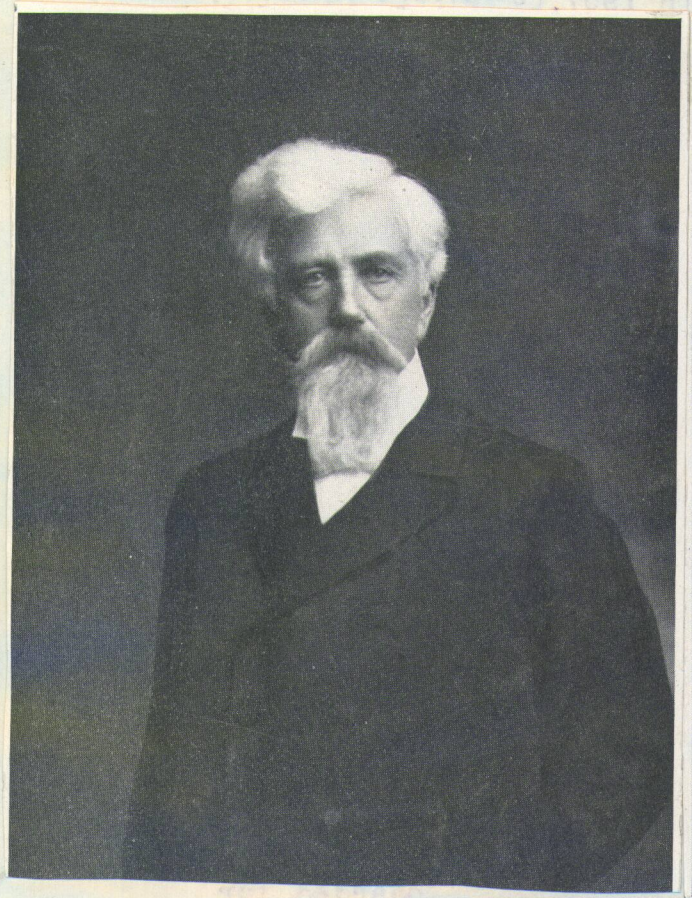
He was in the battles Buzzards Roost, Dallas, Georgia, Kenesaw Mountain, Resacca, Georgia, Pine Mountain, the Siege of Atlanta, and from there back again to Franklin, Tennessee. He was in the desperate battles between the Rebel General Hood and General Schofield, and , though greatly out-numbered, Schofield managed to save his army by a masterly retreat. Up intil the close of the war in April, 1865. he was in many small battles and skirmishes. He was mustered out of sevice at Camp Harker, near Nashville, Tennessee, on June 15th. 1865, after evremuns of almost three

and skirmishes. He was mustered out of service at Camp Harker, near Nashville, Tennessee, on June 12th, 1865, after stremuous service of almost three years. After the war was over, he returned to his home in Ohio, and took up the work of the farm. While all his numerous brothers and sisters, with one exception, have gone West, and are scattered from Kansas to California, John has remained in the home where he was born, and now owns the old home. For many years, too many to be exact, he remained a bachelor; but, "though a pitcher goeth oft to the well it gets broken at last", and John finally became a Benedict.

John Pringle Neer of Urbana, Ohio, and Miss Ida M. Goble, of Springfield, Ohio, were married at the home of her Aunt, Mrs. Helen Conklyn, by Rev. Doctor John Clark Hill, on March 30th, 1899. John bought and furnished a home in Urbana and they lived together twelve happy years . In 1909, she began to go into a decline, and gradually wasted her vigor until on April 6th, 1911, she passed away of that

Aged 46.

horrible, incurable disease, Cancer, and lies buried in Oak Dale Cemetery, Urbana, Ohio.



John P. Neer.

Mrs. Ida M. Goble Neer.

During his army life, for cospicuous bravery, he was promoted from private to Corporal, then to Sergeant, then to Orderly-Sergeant, then to First Lieutenant at the time of his discharge.

He is Commander of his G. A. R. at Urbana and takes great interes in the welfare of the old soldiers. Methodist. Republican.

Nathan A. Neer.

Christine M. Edwards.

Cousin Nathan married a lady in California and has one son three daughters. They live in Passadena, I visited them in 1907. (Francis E., Ethel, Annie, Florence.)

Martha ("Mattie") Neer Born 1844 died in 1870 of Typhoid fever. Pulmonary Tuberculosis, aged 26 years.

Mary Frances Neer.

Cousin Mary was born on the home farm in Concord Township, Champaign County, Ohio, in March 25, 1852. She attended school at Delaware, Ohio, and graduated about 1870.

Mary F. Neer.

She and her mother moved to Urbana where they lived when I came East in 1876.

After Aunt Susan died, Mary and the two girls boarded for awhile. Mary and I have been unusually close friends since we were children, she in Ohio and I in Iowa.

1844-1933----------89years.

Lieutenant John Pringle Neer was born April 27, 1844 and died January 17, 1933. He lived all his life in Champaign County, Concord Township, in Ohio, except a few years which he spent in Urbana, Ohio. He now lies buried in Oak Dale Cemetery in Urbana, where he will be until the Resurrection Morning.

Since that time, we have kept up a correspondence; many times interrupted, yet we have never forgotten each other. Thinking the pleasant, equable cli mate of Cal ifornia would possibly offset any tendency toward Pulmonary Tuberculosis that she or the two girls may have inherited, she moved to that state in 1883, she and and the two nieces.

Mary F. Neer, 1884.

They went directly to Los Angeles and have lived there ever since, not even returning for a visit to see her old frierds in the East.

June 5th,

About 1887, Mary and Charles W. McMaster were married in Los Angeles. He was an eastern man who had gone west to grow up with the country.

This is their son, two years old, whose name is ROBERT NEER McMASTER

Robert Neer McMaster.

was engaged in the irrigating business for a number of years, but that work not proving satisfactory, he secured a position under the City government in Los Angeles, the Water Board, I think, and is very comfortably situated.

Their son is an unusually manly boy and a great comfort to his father and mother.

Robert Neer McMaster, aged 10.

They live in a beautiful part of Los Angeles, on Pacific avenue, in a bungalow, surrounded by flowers of all kinds, all the year through.

Robert graduated from the High School in in Los Angeles and then entered the the Polytechnic Institute of that City. In due time, by close application, he graduated with honor, and now has a responsible position in his home city. On the next page is a picture of the famiy taken about the time Robert finisheh school.

On the Porch of the Bungalow. Charles, Mary and Son Robert.

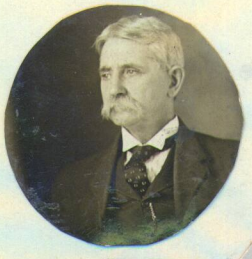
Charles W. McMaster, Robert Neer McMaster
Mary Neer McMaster.

Was Methodist, now Christian Scientist.

Was Republican, now Prohibitionist.

Joseph F. Neer was born on the Neer farm in Concord Township, Champaigh County, Ohio. He married a neighbor girl Lydia Bricker and they have 2 full sized family.

Methodist. Republican.



S.J.Neer.

Sallie Neer Clemens.
N. A. Neer Clemens.

Mary Neer McMaster.
D. C. Neer.

James Monroe Neer.

John P. Neer

Samuel J. Neer.

Cousin Sammy, in 1880 moved to Kansas and travelled a good deal in Colorado, and while in that state met the young lady who afterwards became his wife.

S. J. Neer.

Mrs. S. J. Neer.

Sammy and his brother Jimmie, had a large farm together in Kansas and worked together for some years. Sammy was elected to the office of County Clerk of Winfield County, and gave up the farm and moved to the city. After his term had expired, he purchased an interest in a book store in Winfield and made that city his home. He had other positions of honor and trust. He was Trustee for a Methodist College in Winfield; also a member of the School Board. They have two children, Don an Jessie. This picture

Mrs S. J. Neer. Don. S. J. Neer. Jessie.

was taken some years ago. Don is a man now doing a man's work in the world. He is a civil engineer in the employ of the Southern Pacific Railroad. He now lives at Green River, Utah, and is connected with a fruit and irrigation project.

Methodist. Republican.

James Monroe Neer.

Cousin Jimmie was the youngest and last of the Neer family. He was my pupil in school in Ohio, when I came East in 1876, and got his last schooling under my teaching. He is on a large farm in Kansas, and is well to do financially. He has a family of two children.

Methodist. Republican.

The sons and daughters of Uncle Joe and Aunt Susan have played their part well in the world, and have been a credit to the sterling, upright teaching of a good father and mother. There has not been a word or hint of disgrace or dishonor ever from the conduct of any of the twelve children.

Nancy Taylor Monroe Pool.

Nancy Taylor Monroe was born in Champaign County, Ohio, December 26th, 1821. When she was about 18 years old, on September 2nd, 1840, she and Mr. Thomas Pool, of Logan County, Ohio, were marriod.

Uncle Thomas Pool died March 26th, 1869, long before I came to Ohio. Aunt Nancy was a widow for more than forty years. All this time she and Cousin Flora lived together at Quincy, Ohio. Her last illness was of short duration, more the infirmities of age than any settled disease, and her death was peaceful. She had lived a long and useful life. She had many sons and daughters to comfort her in her widowhood, and who will extend her influence for good, through their descendants, for many generations yet to be. She died April 29th, 1909, aged 87 years, 4 months and 3 days.

Faith tells us that God hath a nobler dwelling place than this for such as she.

They had the following children:

George Pool,

Philena Pool,

David Pool,

Mary Ellen Pool,

John Taylor Pool,

Flora C. Pool,

Emma Pool,

George Pool and Elizabeth Patton were married in 1866, and still live near Quincy, Logan County, Ohio. They had born to them three sons, William Pool, Samuel Pool and Atwood Pool. Methodist, Republican.

Philena Pool, on December 21st, 1871, married Mr. J. Marion Pegg, and they live on a farm near Quincy, Ohio. No issue.

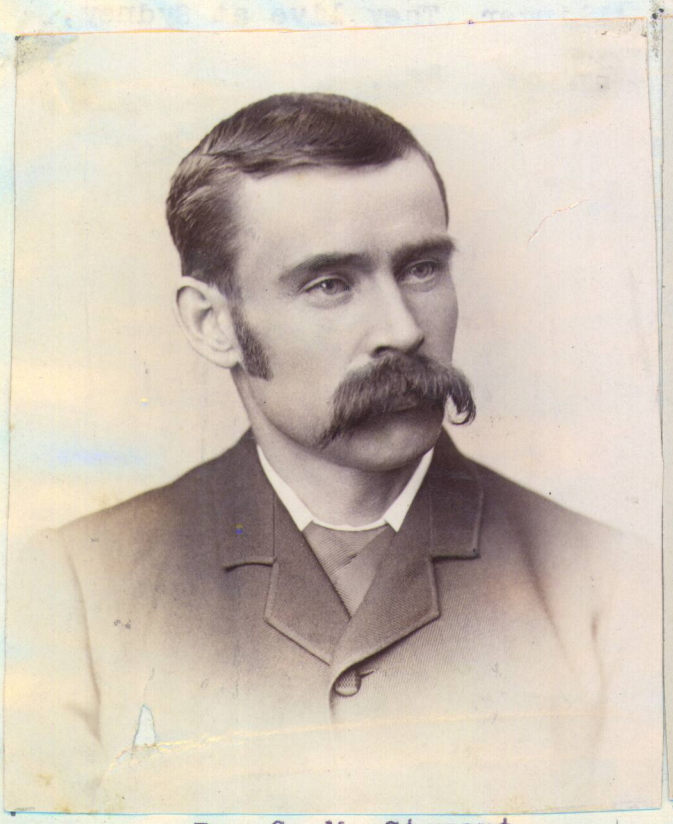
David Pool married Jennie Harbor March 2nd, 1871. They live near Quincy, Ohio, and have had the following children: John Pool, Emmett Pool, Harry Pool, Carle Pool, Raymond Pool, Virdie Pool, Clarence Pool, and Ott Pool. Methodist, Prohibitionist.

Mary Ellen Pool and Mr, George Moore were married October 18th, 1877, near Quincy, Ohio. On December 2nd, 1892, Cousin Mary died of Cardiac paralysis pulmonary tuberculosis. No issue.

John Taylor Pool and Mattie Curl were married at Quincy, Ohio, and have two daughters, Tillie Pool and Carrie Pool. They live at Sawtell, California, north of Los Angeles.

Sanctified Methodist, Prohibitionist.

Flora C. Pool and Dr. G. M. Stewart were



Dr. G. M. Stewart.

Mrs. ~~Flora~~ Pool Stewart.

married October 8th, 1885. After two years of heart-breaking sickness, he died of that dread disease, Pulmonary Tuberculosis. Diabetes.

Flora still lives at Quincy, Ohio, and is press agent for the Ohio State Woman's Christain Temperance Union.

Emma Pool and John Allinger were married at the home of the bride, September 16th, 1879. They have three children, Bessie Allinger, Nellie Allinger and Ethel Allinger. They live at Sydney, Ohio. All the sons and daughters and all the grand sons and grand daughters of Aunt Nancy Taylor Monroe Pool are law-abiding God-fearing men and women. They have all, whereever they have lived, been on the side of righteousness, of temperance, of the Sunday-school and the Church.

They have all helped to make the world better, and have all been missed when they died.

Florence Jane Monroe.

Florence Jane Monroe and Elisha M. Wilson were married at the home of the bride in Concord Township, Champaign County, Ohio, and moved

The Three Sisters.
Mrs. J. R. McFarland. Mrs. Thomas Pool.
Mrs. E. M. Wilson.

to a farm near De Graff, Logan County, Ohio, where they made their home for many years. When time had past, the children were born, reared, and had established homes for themselves, and the weight of years was resting heavily on them, they moved to the town of De Graff, Ohio, where they now live, and where

they enjoy a serene old age, and that peace that attends a well spent life and a quiet conscience void of offence towards God and man.

Presbyterian, Republican.

They have had three children who have been a credit and a blessing to them:

Elias Wilson,

Katharine Wilson,

Anna Wilson.

Elias Wilson married Mrs. Gaylord of De Graff, Ohio. He is a musician and deals in musical instruments at Goshen, Indiana. They have no children. Presbyterian and Republican.

Katharine Wilson married John Koogler of her own neighborhood and they live on a farm a near by. They have raised four children:

Mathias Koogler,

Joseph Koogler,

Florence Koogler,

Harry Koogler, and they are all good, reputable citizens and a help to the community where they live. Presbyterians and Republicans.

Anna Wilson.
1877.

Anna Wilson married John Harvey and they have two boys--Elmer Harvey and Harold Harvey. They live on a farm near De Graff, Ohio.

Philena Monroe.

Philena Monroe was born in Champaign County, Ohio, and grew to young womanhood in Concord Township, in her father's home. When about twenty-three years of age she married Henry Hulings of the same Neighborhood and began housekeeping on a farm not far from West Liberty, Ohio. She was strong, well handsome, and the future looked bright to her and her young husband.

Philena Monroe Hulings.

She contracted Typhoid fever and could not survive the disease and such treatment as was given those days. She had no issue. After a few years, Uncle Henry married again. When I taught school in the Couchman District, his children came to school to me. I liked them very much.

Rebecca Ann Monroe.

Rebecca Ann Monroe and James R. McFarland, both of Champaign County, Ohio, were married May 11th,

James R. McFarland.

Rebecca Ann Monroe McFarland.

1858, at the home of the bride. Uncle Jim followed contracting in building public roads in Ohio, for some

years, then took an agency for farm machinery. His company sent him to Goshen, New York, where he lived for some years. He was then

J. R. McFarland.

Mrs. J. R. McFarland.

transferred to Harrisburg, Pennsylvania, where he lived for many years. He was a soldier in the Union army and fought throughout the war, and at its close was discharged with honor. He was a Grand Army man and took great interest in his old comrades. He was an expert on the battle

of Gettysburg, and could locate the various armies with exactness, and give a complete history of that great, dicisive battle. In 1910 he had a stroke of paralysis, and was so severely afflicted that he did but little work from that time. This shows how he looked when near the close of his life.

He died on April 4th, 1912, and lies buried in the cemetery at Harrisburg. His was a long and confining sickness, patiently borne.

Methodist. Republican.

There were two children born to them:

Elmer Ellsworth McFarland, and

Emmett McFarland, who died in early childhood. Cousin Elmer attended school in Urbana, Ohio and elsewhere. When he was of sufficient age, he took a term in the machinery shops in Springfield, Ohio, and then assisted his father in his farm machinery work. He and Nellie Shattuck, of Harrisburg, Pennsylvania, were married on Christmas day, 1883. at the home of

the bride. In his business, Elmer proved to be

E. E. Mc Farland. Mrs. E. E. Mc Farland.

exceedingly apt in the farm machinery business, and made and kept friends among the farmers, almost without effort. The machinery company for whom Elmer worked, established him in Pittsburgh with an office on Penn Avenue, from which place he conducted a successful business for years.

The following children were born to them:

Ada Koch,

Helen Cunningham,

Ruth Stoner and

Elmer E. McFarland, Jr.

Here are four generation of the family, the great grandmother, the grandfather, the grand daughter and the great grand son, James Monroe Koch.

Helen. Ada. Ruth.

E. E. McFarland. Mrs. J. R. McFarland.

James Monroe Koch.

Mrs. Ada Koch.

The girls are all married and live in or near Pittsburgh: Mrs Ada Koch, with whom Aunt Beck makes her home, Mrs Helen Cunningham, and Mrs. Ruth Stoner. The baby, Elmer, in 1909, died of Spinal Meningitis and is buried at Harrisburg, Pa.

Elmer had been in failing health for some two or three years, until, finally, he had to go to the hospital. He was taken to the St. Margaret's hospital, Forty-sixth and Butler Sts. Pittsburgh, Pa., where he died on the Sunday morning of August 1st, 1915, at 8:30 a. m., of cerebral haemorrhage. His body was taken to Harrisburg and burried by the side of his father and his little son. His age was about fifty years.

Presbyterian. Republican.

Jm 61

My Maternal Ancestors.

In 1745 ~~1700~~ there ~~lived~~ was born in Louden County, Virginia, William Russell, whose father and mother are not known by any record now in existence.

He married a woman, young, handsome and intelligent, whose name was Edith Smith. They were married about January 20th, 1772, and lived happily ever after. They had a motto worked in gold letters hung above the door which said: "No race suicide".

Their issue:

1. John Russell, born October 20, 1772.
2. Samuel Russell, born November 20, 1774.
3. Elizabeth Russell, born March 7, 1777.
4. Robert Russell, born October 3, 1779.
5. Hannah Russell, born April 30, 1782.
6. William Russell, born May 29, 1784.
7. Ruth Russell, born September 4, 1786.
8. Thomas Russell, born April 20,1789.
9. Henry Russell, born January 15. 1791.
10. Joseph Russell, born January 30, 1793.
11. Ann Russell,born August 14, 1794.
12. Mary Russell, born October 6, 1797.
13. Aaron Russell, born July 20, 1799.

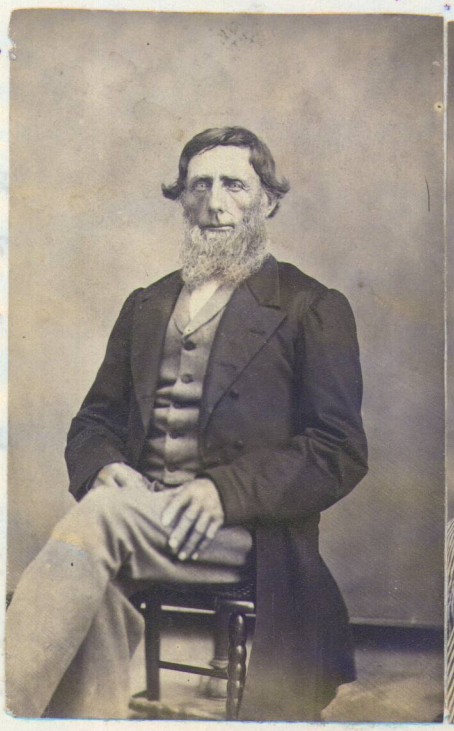
14. Rachel Russell, born December 20, 1800.

15. Mahlen Russell, born August 7, 1802.

16. James Henry Russell, born April 20, 1806.

17. Emily Jane Russell, born January 6, 1808.

Great Uncle Aaron Russell married in Virginia where he was born and moved to Champaign County Ohio when a young man . He was dead when I came to Ohio in 1876, but his widow, Great Aunt Tamson still lived in Urbana, and I was often at her home.



Uncle Aaron Russell. Aunt Tamson Russell.

They had a large family of boys and girls, some of whom are still living. George, Henry and Will

were in business together as Russell Brothers in Urbana, for many years. They had a large wholesale and retail dry goods store. I did not know the girls, but they were all married in the neighborhood of Urbana, and lived about there.

We have no knowledge of the descendants of any other of our great uncles or aunts, either in Virginia or elsewhere; but if the children followed in the way of their fathers, surely Louden County and adjoining counties are well populated with Russells. Great Grand Father William Russell died May 31st, 1813, aged 68 years, and his wife, my Great Grand Mother died May 10th, 1856, aged 94 years.

My Grand Father, Joseph Russell came to Champaign County, Concord Township, Ohio. He there, or elsewhere, became acquainted with Ann Neer, a sister of Uncle Joe Neer, who later married my Aunt Susan Monroe. They were of one accord and of one mind. He said, after the requisite preliminaries, "Will you be my wife?", and she very promptly said "I will". They were married March

12th, 1817. He was twenty four years, one month and twenty-two days old and she was nineteen years and twenty-eight days old. For fourteen years, nine months and twenty-one days, they lived and loved and worked together in a home where love reigned.

During this time there came to them as a pledge of their affections,

Nathan and Elizabeth Russell, born December 12th, 1817, nine months from the wedding day.

Edith Russell, born June 28th, 1818.

Martha Ann and William Conrad Russell were born April 20th, 1824.

Aaron Russell, born August 23rd, 1826.

Sarah Russell, born April 8th, 1829.

From now on my Grand Mother's health began to fail. The germs of Tuberculosis were in her family and no cure then known. They suffered the anxiety that attends the alternating hope and despair of that most fatal disease. Finally, after weary months of exhausting sickness the end came, and at the early age of thirty-three years, ten months and twenty-nine days. She died Grand Mother went to her own place, her untimely death lamented by her husband, her

sons and daughters, her relatives, and the entire community where she lived. I intend to hunt her up sometime and call her Grandmother, and get acquainted.

Grandfather was left with seven small children whose ages ran from one and a half years to thirteen years. He did the best he could to keep the family together and care for them properly, for almost two years, then he married again.

On December 4th, 1833 Grandfather Joseph Russell and Mrs. Celia Talbott Phillips, of the Concord Township neighborhood, were married.

Elsewhere I have paid tribute to the character of this noble woman, but , I will add here, from what Father and Mother have told me, and from what the neighbors said, and neighbors always know all about Step-mothers, she proved faithful to her trust, and in all the relations of life was earnest, efficient and faithful. To the second union of my Grandfather

Mrs. Celia Talbott Russell.
She looks as I knew her
in 1876.

there were born the following children:

Henry S. Russell, April 24, 1835.

Emily Jane Russell, March 28th, 1840.

Violett L. Russell, June 13th, 1844.

Elizabeth Russell marrieda man of the name of Wright and died October 3rd, 1847, but no further record of her or any of her descendants, is known. Uncle Nathan married a woman in Ohio and moved to Moravia, Iowa, where we lived. I think he was a harness-maker by trade. He had three sons and one daughter, Amanda.

Uncle Nathan Russell.

He died in 1861 of Typhoid fever and is buried in the Moravia Cemetery in our lot. After Uncle's death, they moved back to Ohio. Since which time we have lost all trace of them.

Aunt Edith Russell married Mr. Nathan Talley

of Champaign County, Ohio, and by this union came two sons and two daughters. Uncle Nathan died about the time of the civil war, There were Nathan Talley, Joseph Talley, Elizabeth Talley and another girl who Married Harrison Epley and died in Iowa of Tberculosis, leaving two daughters, Nora and Tamson.

Nora died in Ohio of Tuberculosis and Tamson is still living in Iowa.

Cousin Nathan, though quite young, was a soldier for the union and did gallant service all during that conflict. He is married, has one son and lives in Urbana, Ohio. Cousin Joe Talley and family lived all his life in Urbana until his death in 1915. Lizzie Talley married a man named Long, and the last I heard of them, they lived in Springfield, Ohio. She has a large family. When I taught school in Concord Township, I boarded with Aunt Edith, and she looked then

Aunt Edith Talley, 1879.

as she does in the picture. I liked her very much. She died at the home of her daughter, Lizzie, in Springfield, Ohio, about 1879.

William Conrad Russell, my Mother's twin brother, was killed by being thrown from a wild, run-a-way horse, at the age of fourteen years, eight months and twenty eight days, December 27th, 1838.

Martha Ann Russell's history is given elsewhere in this record.

Uncle Aaron Russell was born August 23rd, 1826 and died when quite young, aged twenty and one half years, probably of Tuberculosis.

Sarah Russell died in infancy. Grandmother died and of the second marriage we have,

Uncle Henry Sampson Russell was born April 24th, 1835, and was murdered in Leavenworth, Kansas, by a boy, in 1875; Dec. 6th, After his death, his widow, with her three children, came back home to De Graff, Ohio, where they still live.

Emily Jane Russell was born March 28th, 1840. She married Daniel Spellman, of De-Graff, Ohio, in 1885, and

Aunt Emily Jane Russell-Spellman.

died February 10th, 1903. No issue.

Violetta L. Russell was born June 13th, 1844, at De Graff, Ohio.

Uncle John, Aunt Violett and Cousin Charlie Adams.

She and John Adams were married in 1872, and lived, when I first knew them, near Urbana, Ohio. They looked then as they are shown in the picture. They had one son, Charles. They moved to Conant, Allen County, Ohio, and from there to Spencerville, Ohio, and Uncle John died there December 19th, 1908.

Charlie is a telegraph operator, is married, and lives in Lima, Ohio. Aunt Violett is still living, and is the last of her family. She is about 72 years old and lives alone at Spencerville.

Methodist.

Grandfather Joseph Russell died at De Graff, Ohio, August 14th, 1864 and was buried in the cemetery at that place, aged 71 yrs. 6 mos. and 24 days.

Grandmother survived him for more than thirty years, dying 1897.

Methodist. Republican.

Martha Ann Russell Monroe.

Mother was born in Concord Township, Champaign County, Ohio, April 20, 1824. When she was about seven years old, her Mother died of Pulmonary Tuberculosis. For a time she was under the care of her older sister, Edith, until a new Mother came to them. In about two years, Grandfather married again, a widow with two children, Mrs. Celia Talbott Phillips, the ceremony taking place at the bride's home, December 4th, 1833. This was a happy marriage, and Mother, like my Father, was blessed by the love and influence of a good Step-mother, and this love was returned. All my Step-grandmother's life, letters from my Mother were constantly sent back to the old Step-mother in Ohio.

For years, and perhaps for ages, the Mother-in-law has been the subject of an unholy joke. When the news came to our home in Iowa, that Grand-mother was dead, there was sincere grief and sorrow in my mother's heart for the one who had been to her the only mother she

had ever known,

In 1878 Mother came East from Iowa to visit me and all her old friends in Ohio, the first since she had left as a bride, many years before. The first one she wanted to see was her old old Step-mother, and it was my privilege and pleasure to be present at the meeting. To them it was a foretaste of that happy time when there will be no more parting. Mother's whole life was bound up with her family, the Church and the home. She was always gladly welcomed in the homes of all her sons and daughter. After her last visit East, she made her home with my sister Flora and her husband, and went to California with them. Before leaving for that State, she had a marble monument erected to mark the place where Father lay in Salubria cemetery. In the Sacramento valley, at Corning, California, she spent her last years, carefully guarded, and her every want supplied by sister Flora and my brother IN-LAW WALTER For about two years or more before her death, she partly lost her sight. That was a great af-

fliction, yet she was resigned and patient.

Sometime before going to California, she was visiting my Brother Frank, in Boise, Idaho, and they went out to Morris Hill Cemetery. While going about the grounds, she came to a nice, clean, level spot and said to Frank, "I think this would be a beautiful place to be buried". Frank never forgot it , and told Flora, and she too kept it in her mind. Through the infirmities of age, and the gradual increasing weakness, the end of her beautiful life was drawing towards the close. On January 20th, she was attacked with La Grippe, and because of her age, and lack of resisting power, she could not recover. She died on February 10th, 1899, at Corning, California, aged 74 years, 10 months and 20 days. All her life her prayer had been for " a quiet, peaceful hour in which to die". She had it. Clasped in sister Flora's arms, she passed from life into death, as a child goes to sleep. It was all ended, and calm and hopeful she reached the end of her journey fully trusting to meet again in God's time, the ones she had loved here. After her death, her wish to be buried in Morris Hill Cemetery, was

recalled and respected. Brother Joe, at Boise, met the body, took it to his home, and, after religious services had been held there, all that was mortal of our Mother was plaidd in its last resting place as she had wished. Brother Finley and I were not satisfied to have Father buried at Salubria, and Mother in Boise, so we had Brother Frank take his wagon and move Father's body and monument to Boise, and they sleep their last sleep together--they who had walked side by side for fifty one years, eight months and eight days.

This stone was placed here in memory of
A. A. Monroe and M. A. Monroe.

The grave of my Father and Mother is on an el-
evation that over looks the beautiful city of-Boise, Idaho. A marble monument of modest size marks the place where they were laid to rest nearly sixteen years ago. By the stone marked "G.A. R." is where they lie. The wreath of flowers was placed on the grave by Brother Finley, on"Decoration Day," 1914.

In August, 1907, I was privileged to stand, Brother Frank and I, by the side of this grave, while precious remembrances crowded my mind, and my heart was cheered by the dear hope of meeting again, never more to be separated. And a blessed, comforting thought it was to me that , not to my knowledge, had I ever caused them sorrow of sleep-less nights.

Our hands may be full of labor, our hearts burdened with care and the responsibilities of life, and our homes far away, but a mother's grave, with all the hallowed associations clustering around her, can never be forgotten . The love we bear a mother is not measured by years, is not annihi-lated by distance, nor forgotten when she sleeps in dust.

Marks of age may appear in our homes, and on our persons, but the memory of a mother is more enduring than time itself. As I stood by that grave in beautiful Morris Hill Cemetery, I recalled her pleasant smiles, her words of counsel and her earnest prayers, and I said, "Farewell, Mother. We shall meet again."

The children of Alexander Angus Monroe and Martha Ann Russell Monroe:

David Skidmore Taylor Monroe,

D. T. Monroe.

Joseph Russell Neer Monroe,

J. R. Monroe.

William Henry Alonzo Monroe,

Lonnie Monroe.

James Angus Llewellyn Monroe,

J. A. Monroe.

Nathan Francis Marion Monroe,

Frank Monroe.

Edward Alphonso Reich Monroe,

Eddie Monroe.

Milton Finley Orlando Monroe,

Finley Monroe.

Flora Annetta Monroe,

Flora Monroe.

D. T. Monroe.

D. T. Monroe was born near West Liberty, Muscatine County, Iowa, May 17th, 1844.

During the years, from that time to March 3rd, 1862, he lived at Rochester, Indiana, Keosauqua, Iowa, and Moravia, Iowa. He worked on the farm during the summer and went to school in the winter. In the spring of 1862, a man came to the school house and said he wanted to speak to Dave Monroe. He was a recruiting officer, and was hunting soldiers to fight for the Union, the Constitution and the enforcement of the laws. Finally, after much discussion and hesitation on the part of father and many prayers and tears from mother, on March 3rd, 1862, he enlisted in the Seventeenth Iowa Infantry, Company H, Captain Craig of Albia, Monroe County, commanding.

At this time Dave was only a boy, not very robust, slender, but in good health. He was 17 years, and 9 months old. During his service, he was extremely fortunate in not being sick and not

receiving any severe wounds in battle.

D. T. Monroe, Soldier.

He served two years and was discharged because of expiration of enlistment. He then re-enlisted for three more years during the war, serving three years and five months in all. In one battle, Missionary Ridge, in 1863, he was wounded in the anterior aspect of the right leg, just above the knee. Fortunately it was a spent ball and the force was only sufficient to drive the ball against the bone. Dave dug the bullet out with his knife blade, wrapped the wound with his handkerchief, and went on fighting. After the battle was ended, the surgeon dressed the wound properly and it gave but little trouble afterwards, only a scar to remind him of what might have been.

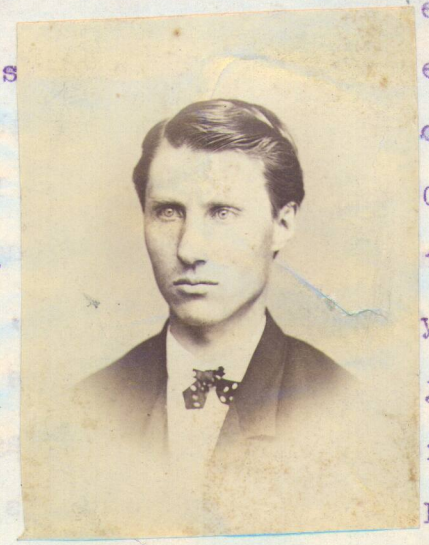
During Dave's army life, his services were wholly in the Western army, and he served under Generals Pope, Halleck, McPherson, Logan, Rosecrans, Sherman and Grant, and participated in the following battles: The siege of Corinth, Mississippi, May 1862, Corinth, October 3rd and 4th, 1862, Coldwater, 1863, Raymond, Mississippi, 1863, Jackson, Mississippi, May, 1863, Champion Hills, Mississippi, May 16th, 1863, and many other battles and skirmishes of lesser note. We used to have a picture of the battle of Champion Hills, Mississippi, hung on the wall , at home when I was a boy, and I could see the Seventeenth Iowa Infantry swinging around, enclosing the enemy, and I felt sure I could pick out Brother Dave as one who was helping to win the battle.

He was in the first assault on Vicksburg, Mississippi, during the siege of that place, May 22nd, 1863, and the second assault also on June 27th, 1863. With his Regiment he took part in the battle of Missionary Ridge, Tennessee, November 25th, 1863. With Companies H and I, he engaged with Joe Wheeler's cavalry four miles south of

Dalton, Georgia, and the battle of Tilton, Georgia, in August. Was here captured second time 1864. He was twice captured. The first time he was held only three days, being parolled by General Joe Wheeler. The second time he was more unfortunate. He was confined in the prisons at Cahaba, Alabama, Wilson Stockade and in Andersonville, or as the Rebels called it, Camp Sumpter, Georgia. After being confined more than seven months, he, with seven other comrades, managed to escape, and made their way through forests and dark and diamal swamps, part of the time wading in streams to throw the blood-hounds off the scent. At times they were near capture and kept a constant, fearful look out,

"Like one that on a lonesome road,
Doth walk in fear and dread,
Hastes on, and turns no more his head,
Because he knows a frightful fiend,
Doth close behind him tread," and because, also, they knew that capture meant certain death. They finally made their way to Charleston, South Carolina, and reported to the Union forces,

and were heartily congratulated on the manner and success of their escape. By this time the war was at an end and there was great rejoicing all over the North at the successful issue of the dreadful, fratricidal war. After having been honorably discharged, Dave came home and took up his interrupted education. For two years he attended the Unionville Academy, Stephen Hickman, Principal, at Unionville, Iowa. He then entered the Iowa Wesleyan University at Mount Pleasant, Iowa, and graduated Scientific Course, at the end of three years.



At the end of his college work, he was elected Super intendent of schools of our home County, Appanoose County, Iowa. He served one year and resigned to join the Iowa Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church.

On September 15th,

D. T. Monroe. 1870.

1875, he and Miss Sarah Isabel Hays, of Monroe County, Iowa, were married at the home of the bride, and they began house-keeping at Unionville, Iowa, where Dave was preaching.

Rev. D. T. Monroe. Sarah Isabel Monroe.

After traveling on Southern Iowa circuits for six years, he decided to change his location. In 1880 he moved to Kansas, preceding the rest of the family a short time. There he lost his first born son, Albert Francis, aged 3 months and 14 days. He died near Minneapolis, Kansas, February 17th, 1880. The climate in Kamsas not being satisfactory, he moved to Carlin,

Nevada, where his second son, Edward Hayes was born, April 4th, 1882. Here Dave taught school for two years and then moved over into Idaho, Washington County, where George Clarence was born November 15th, 1885. Here is a picture of Edward and George taken together.

Edward. George.

In the same place, September 27th, 1889, Adrian Angus was born. Sometime Sometime after this, Dave, with his family moved to California, where, at Nord, Mary Isabel was born, July 29th, 1897.

Hoping for a better chance for the boys to go to school, they moved from California to Pullman, Washington, where there was the State Agricultural College. Edward and George attended college for

Mary Isabel

some time.

Edward.

About this time public interest was aroused as to the chances of obtaining free land in Canada, and Dave and family all moved to that country and located in the Alberta region. They all got land and for a time seemed satisfied; but the rigorous climate seemed too severe for Dave, and he, his wife, Edward and wife and Mary all moved down into Alabama which was a very unfortunate move for them. They were wholly unacclimated to that malarious region.

Edward H. Monroe. Mrs. Edward Monroe.

Soon little Mary sickened of malignant, remittent fever and, after a short illness, died. This was a severe blow to her father and mother. She was their baby and only daughter, and of a most unusually, lovely disposition.

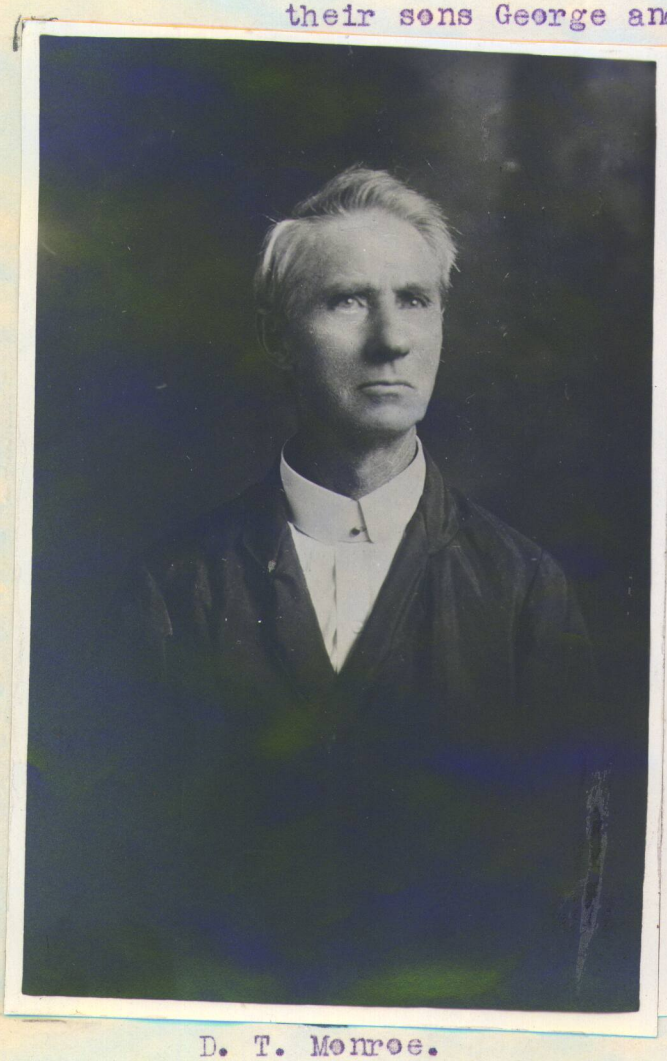
She died September 14th, 1912, and was buried near Shortleaf, Alabama, "in a lonely grave-yard, many miles away." She was 15 years, 1 month and 15 days old. Edward was seized with the same disease and almost died. When able to travel, he and his wife went to California, near Los Angeles, hoping to regain his failing health.

Mary Isabel Monroe.

But it was not to be. The germs of Pulmonary Tuberculosis had found a lodgement in his system, and he was too weak to resist their fatal work.

He died April 3rd, 1913, at Pomona, California, and lies buried there. He was 31 years of age at the time of his death.

Heart broken at the loss of their oldest son and only daughter, Dave and Sarah disposed of their property and went back to Canada to be with their sons George and Adrian who still lived there.



D. T. Monroe.

Sarah Isabel Hayes Monroe.

The following appreciation of the life, influence, character and death of Mary Isabel Monroe and of Edward Hayes Monroe, written by their mother, and placed here at the request of their father, is added to show more fully, than what has been written, the character of those two who were called home at the very beginning of their life:

Obituary.

Mary Isabel, only daughter of D. T. and S. I. Monroe was born in Nord, California, July 29th, 1897 and died September 14th, 1912, aged 15 years, 1 month and 15 days. When very young, before three years of age, she would listen attentively to Bible stories and stories of good children. If anything sad was connected with the story, her eyes would fill with tears. From that time she had a tender conscience towards God and tried to do right toward all her associates. At the age of twelve she met the conditions of salvation according to the Scriptures and received a bright assurance of her acceptance with Christ and was "buried with him in baptism". What time she could spare from her school books and music was closely occupied with

Christain reading, including her beloved Bible.

While she enjoyed playing with, and entertaining her young friends, yet she never wanted to do anything or go any place that would grieve the Savior. About a year before her death she saw the necessity of consecrating herself more fully to God than she had known how to before, according to Rom. 12:1,2. She was much interested in foreign missions and loved to contribute something to that cause out of her own little purse.

She wondered if, when she was grown up, the Lord would let her go to China to seek after the perishing ones. As if it had been partially revealed to her that her call to leave this world might come early in life, above all hymns she loved and treasured in her memory and it was wrought out in her life, the beautiful hymn—

"I'll not be afraid for the terror by night,
Nor the arrow that flieth by day;
For the Lord whom I serve is my shield and my light;
He will guide and protect all the way.

I'll not be afraid, tho' the stormy winds blow,
And the billows sweep over my soul;

He who calmeth the sea will protect me I know,
And will lead me to heaven's bright goal.

I'll not be afraid of the scorns of the world,
Nor to tell of his wonderful love;
When from satans vile host fiery darts shall be hurled,
I'll be strengthened with grace from above.
I'll not be afraid when the grave I shall see;
Just beyond its dark shadow is rest,
And the welcome of angels is waiting for me
When I enter those realms of the blest."

During her ten days of sickness there was never a murmur escaped her lips, and she made few requests.

She seemed more anxious over the other members of the family who were afflicted, than over her own sufferings. When the pain in her mama's head was very severe, her feeble , little hand was laid on in agree-ment with prayer, according to Mark 16:18, which had so many times been verified in her behalf. Instantly the pain ceased and did not return, though for several days she was ~~she was~~ very low with the same disease that took Mary away, but God saw fit to restore her to health.

For herself, dear Mary had little hope of recovery, and toward the last was quite positive that she was going. Her testimony , at home and abroad , by words and also by her gentle, loving, selfforgetful life was that she was ready. As she neared the end, when the goodness of God and her confidence in him was mentioned, she lifted both arms heavenward to once more witness that her love and trust was in Him.

Adrian Angus Monroe.

Obituary.

Edward Hayes Monroe was born April 4th, 1882, at Carlin, Nevada, and died April 3rd, 1913, at Pomona, California, of consumption. From childhood he was religiously inclined and showed much reverence and confidence toward God. But he did not make a whole-hearted surrender to Him until four years before his death. From that time onward he lived a faithful and humble Christain life, the "fruits of the Spirit" growing more abundant all the time.

When with people, who were without hope in Christ, his heart was always deeply stirred in their behalf, which moved him to prayer and kindly effort for their spiritual welfare. When death seemed near, with tender words of comfort and exhortation, also of testimony concerning the peace, trust and loving submission which God had given him, he took leave of his companion, his parents and his two brothers, his sister having preceded him to the heavenly home six months before. To his loved ones far away he wrote that his time to leave this world might be near at hand. If so, his sentiment was expressed in these lines:

"Shall I wear that bright crown God has offered to me,
When my life shall have come to a close?
O, happy I'll be when my spirit is free
Over there in such blissful repose.

Shall I trust him alway? Yes, the promise is mine;
Be thou faithful, my child, unto death,
And I'll give thee a crown which forever shall shine,
Endless life at thy last fleeting breath"."But" he said,
"if God spares my life longer, my own purpose, for the rest of my days, is expressed in the following lines:"

"Since Jesus gave his life for me, should I not give him mine?
I'm consecrated, Lord, to thee, I shall be wholly thine.
My home and friends are dear to me, yet he is dearer still;
In my affections first he'll be, and first his righteous will.""

Thus his gentle spirit passed away, almost to his last breath, testifying to the peace and strong confidece God had given him.

George is married and at the present time lives in British Columbia. On April 10th, 1908, at ~~Puffer~~ Edmonton, Alta he was married a Gospel worker in the Church of God, Canada, to Ethel Bevier. They have ~~one child~~ two children. He is a preacher and farmer.

D. S. Warner Monroe,
born Feb. 12, 1909,
Puffer, Alta, Canada.
Sadie Grace Monroe,
born Aug. 12th, 1912,
Highland Park, Alta,
Canada.

George C. Monroe. Ethel Bevier Monroe.

On the Sixth of last September, 1915, Adrian was married. The following is a copy of the announcement which came to me:

Mr. and Mrs. T. M. Crumley

announce the marriage of their daughter

Leila

to

Mr. Adrian Angus Monroe,

on Monday, September sixth,

Czar, Alta Canada.

Adrian Angus Monroe. Leila Crumley Monroe.

Ever since Dave's army life, he has been of a wandering disposition. Since he and Sarah were married, they have lived at Unionville, Iowa, Monroe County, Iowa, Minneapolis, Kansas, Carlin, Nevada, in many places in Idaho, Nord, California, Corning, California, Pullman, Washington, Puffer, Alta Canada, Camrose, Alta Canada, Shortleaf, Alabama, then back to Canada again where they live now, in that cold country,

"Where the short-legged Eskimo
Waddles in the ice and snow,
And the playful polar bear
Nips the hunter unaware." and he will likely spend the rest of his days up there in King George's country. This is the house he lives in.

Residence of D. T. Monroe, Camrose, Alta Canada.
Brother and wife are standing on the porch.

But, where ever they have lived, preaching, teaching or farming, they have been active in every community, in all good works, and were always allied with the powers that work for righteousness.

Of a modest disposition, he has never pushed himself into conspicuous positions, but was willing to take what was given and be satisfied, and be known only by his works.

"The forest trees once asked the fruit trees, 'Why is not the rustling of your leaves heard in the distance?' The fruit trees replied, 'We can dispense with the rustling to manifest our presence; our fruits testify for us.'"

Where ever Dave has lived, he has left a name for right living and an influence for good.

Republican. Was a Methodist,

now Church of God.

D. T. Monroe
1926.

OBITUARY OF D. T. MONROE

In glancing over the long, worthy life of the departed one, we must say that those of us who knew him best are sure that if he could have his way concerning his obituary he would only have those points mentioned as would glorify God and be helpful to humanity that others might profit by his mistakes and failures.

David Taylor Monroe was born near Muscatine, Iowa, in 1844, and departed this life January 17th, 1933 in Edmonton, Alta, Canada., being eighty eight years and eight months old at his death. He was converted at the age of seventeen, and a few months later he left his home and loved ones to serve his country as a volunteer in the Civil War in the United States; thus helping in the great task of freeing the thousands of slaves at that time in the Southern States. Through Bible reading and daily prayer he found grace to keep him from yeilding to the evils abounding on every side--instead he used his influence for Christ.

Among other hard experiences, he was cantured and held for seven months in the Andersonville prison--an open pen, with little food or clothing. There he saw his companions dying daily from hunger and exposure, buthe was spared and he kept his health and also his friend, who was with him when he volunteered. While enduring the horrors of war he believed he was in the path of duty, and tried by the grace of God, to keep a conscience void of offence toward God and man--giving God the praise for his success.

At the close of the war he took a college course, taking up educational work, and was soon elected superintendent of public instruction in Appanoose County, Iowa. Later he felt called to preach the gospel, and promptly obeyed the call, joining a conference of his chosen denomination, the Methodist. Instead of seeking after places of higher salaries he labored in frontier fields among the poor; sometimes aiding himself financially by teaching school.

For fifteen years he was totally blind and during these years he spent much of his time singing hymns of praise, being full of gratitude for all the tender care his loved ones bestowed upon him. Thus, he became an inspiration to all his relations and friends, endearing himself to all he met.

He died in peace and his friends all watched him go with satisfaction.

1844_1933--88~~days~~.

TO MY FATHER (blind)

Here's to my father,
He sits in the night,
Yet patient and cheerful is he
For he has a vision
That brings him delight--
With his clear mind's eye he can see.

He can look back on a useful life,
Conquering sin and life's strife;
A soldier he was in the Civil War,
But later a soldier better by far;
When a preacher he fought for those in sin--
Many a battle he helped to win.

He can look back as a father too,
And see little ones on his knee;
The stories he told and advice he gave
When he taught and guided me.
With conscience clear he looks back today;
He set our feet on the narrow way.

And then his mind is a library too,
Of scripture verses from Genesis through.
When tired he opens his mind's great book
And at God's promises has a look.
Then, too, the stories he can recall;
My father sees much after all.

He can look forward, my father can,
And into the future his mind's eyes scan.
He's nearer heaven than most men are
And sees its glories better by far
Than most of us who sit in the light
Dazzled, confused, by this earth so bright.

Yes, and his mind is a hymn-book too.
We hear him singing as he scans it through--
Songs about God and His love for all;
Songs of redemption from Adam's fall.
Some day he will sing a grander hymn,
Angels will carry him home with them.

O sightless pilgrim with vision true--
God loves you more than mortal can do.
Keep travelling on: I'm following you.
This road is straight and will lead us through;
I think we have caught your vision too.

Geo. Monroe.

J. R. Monroe.

J. R. Monroe was born near Rochester, Fulton County, Indiana, April 29th, 1847.

To the age of about sixteen years, he worked on the farm during the summer and went to school during the fall and winter. Because of sickness, as is told elsewhere, father was discharged from the army and came home, so Joe thought it was his th time to go and take father's place.

E. Cummins, a friend and neighbor, in Moravia, Iowa, recruited a cavalry company, and at the age of 15 years, 10 months and 25 days, Joe enlisted in the Eighth Iowa cavalry, Company F, June 24th, 1863, E. Cummins, Captain. They were assigned to the Third Battilion under Major Price, Colonel Joseph B. Dorr, commanding. At this stage of the war not very much time was taken up with drilling the troops or military tactics, but they were hurried forward and sent into action where most needed. In three or four months they were far south in the midst of the dangers and

turmoil of war. In October of 1863 they marched from Louisville, Kentucky to Nashville, Tennessee.

On the North western railroad, ninety miles out from Nashville, they went into winter quarters, but not to rest. All that winter they were kept busy scouting, and fighting guerrillas. They took many prisoners during the winter and escorted them to the prison at Nashville.

When spring opened up, they fell in with General Sherman's army and took up their march south. They struck the rebels in force at Dalton, Georgia and from there on, it was almost continous skirmishing and fighting the whole of the way from there on to Atlanta, that being the place where they made their last great effort to annihilate Sherman's army before he could make his famous march to the sea.

Joe was in the battles of White Pine Church, Buzzard's Roost, Lost Mountain, Ringold, Franklin, and two other battles while on that raid. He was also in the battle of Cassville, Georgia, and at that place had a part in one of the grandest and most daring cavalry charges that was made during the civil war. In writing of the part the Eighth Iowa cavalry took in the war, only such is named as Joe had an immediate interest in, and as he was sick or wounded, he missed no action while in

In writing of the part the Eighth Iowa cavalry took in the war, only such is named as Joe had an immediate interest in, and as he was never sick or wounded, he missed no action while in the service, except while in prison. In this battle of Cassville, Georgia, General Joe Hooker's infantry was drawn up under cover to support the cavalry, if if needed. They were hid from the enemy by the woods, but had full view of the charge, and they pronounced it grand and awe-inspiring. Casswell was about two and a half miles distant, situated on high ground in the edge of some woods, at the far side of an old open plantation. This open field was barren of anything save a few old, scattered rails and a force of rebels. The union cavalry was on the oposite side back under cover of the woods.

About 2 p. m. all was ready and the order given to advance. They rushed into the open field with a battery of six guns, with six horses to each cannon, just in the rear at full gallop, and the Company F boys, with the others ona dead run , yelling at the top of their voices.

The cannon would limber up at intervals and fire over the union soldiers into the rebels, then come on again as fast as the horses could be forced to run. The rebels were driven one and a half miles before a halt was ordered. At this time two of the Eighth Iowa companies rushed into the rebels with a cross fire that completely demoralized them, and here, at this time two thousand rebel prisoners were taken and hurriedly marched to the rear of the union forces. By this time the rebels had obtained our location and by their accurate firing from their batteries were doing terrible terrible execution in the union ranks. The union battery had now gotten into position, their horses sent out into the cover of the woods, and the union soldiers sent off the field, except Company F, who had been ordered to support the union batteries, and now it was an artillery battle. It was Hawkeye against Cracker and may the best side win. After a time Captain Cummins ordered us left front into line. As we swing into line, Captian Cummins got a bullet in his left leg and had to be carried to

the rear. Because of this misfortune, old Jack Morrow, the Lieutenant, took command and ordered them to dismount, every fourth man to take the horses to the rear. The rebels soon understood what was taking place, and for a short time they concentrated their fire on the union soldiers who were ordered to form in line. For a few moments the rebels sent their boom shells into the Eighth Iowa soldiers so fast that they were compelled to drop flat on the ground and rise and try to form between shells, as the burning fuse would give warning. At last the line was formed and the order given to double-quick to one hondred and fifty yards in front of the union battery and then drop flat on the ground again, and as they looked back to see what the battery was doing, it looked as though there was a continued stream of fire coming from each cannon, and a continued fierce shrieking of passing shells just above the soldier's heads. The rebel batteries were doing their utmost to dismount the enemies' guns, and, occasionally, they would cut the range a little

and then the union boys would get the full force of the shells. There they were lying face down between two fires. Joe, in telling of this battle, said it was the hottest, the most fearsome place he had ever been in. For a time it seemed as if no living thing could come out alive. Before the sun went down that night the union batteries put the rebels out, and the day was won. It was during what was called the Stoneman and McCook raid, around and in the rear of Atlanta, Georgia, when Joe was captured. They were on the march constantly, day and night, for five days and nights. Joe had lost his horse, but had caught one that belonged to the Southern Confederacy, with a rebel saddle, and a little bag of corn meal tied to the pommel of the saddle.

They were on the retreat at the time. After a hard fought battle near Newman, on the Atlanta and Montgomery railroad, twenty-five miles south of Atlanta, they were surrounded and surrendered July 30th, 1864. Joe had become separated from his comrades, and the first thing he knew was the stern command from a fierce rebel, with a revolver

in his out-stretched hand, "Surrender, you blue-bellied Yankee son-of-a ----." The command was promptly obeyed. The next command was "Take off them boots, and, here, I'll trade hats with you." His watch and money and clothes were taken he was marched away to prison, dressed only in his under-clothes.

With him were a number of the home boys from Moravia, Iowa, who comforted and cared for each other. They were first taken to Andersonville, Sumpter County, Georgia, known in the south as Camp Sumpter, where he was kept on wevilly, wormy beans and peas, and corn meal ground cob and all together, for seven long, long, horrible, starving months. This awful prison life was the Nation's tragedy, especially at Andersonville. There, in 1864--65 in a stockade of thirty-eight acres, in a period of fourteen months, more than fifty-two thousand of the boys in blue were imprisoned.

As many as thirty-two thousand were there at one time. With no shelter but the clouds and the sky, in heat and cold, in thirst and hunger and starvation, in disease and pain, in agonies and

prayers, near fourteen thousand of them died there, and their stark skeletons were carted away like cord-wood to be half buried.

Joe was confined also in Charleston, South Carolina for a time, as also at Florence, Darlington County, South Carolina, and was parolled at Goldsborough, North Carolina, on the 27th day of February, 1865, and turned over to our army at Wilmington, North Carolina, the following day, ragged, dirty, lousy and starved to such an extent that he could not stand. He came very near being one of the dead that was carted carted away to an umknown grave.

It took stremuous work to make the exchanged prisoners presentable. Joe, as well as the others, was taken to a room, stripped, soaped, scoured, scraped and bathed, his hair cut and his head shampooed; his old rags burned and new clothes furnished him. He was kept and nursed and fed carefully until he was able to care for himself, then, because of an order issued that all prisoners of war should be sent home, he was mustered out

of service at Davenport, Iowa, on the 31st day of May, 1865, having served 1 year, 11 months and 7 days. While in prison he contracted inflammatory rheumatism and that and allied rheumatic affections have crippled him, more or less, all his life. After a year or so at home, Joe visited our relatives in Ohio, living most of the the time with Uncle Joe Neer, for whom he was named.

J. R. Monroe, 1867.

After Joe's return from the east he took charge of the farm for awhile until he thought he would like to see something more of the south again. He and a neighbor boy, John Thomas Ramsey, went to Texas and lived there for a number of years. On the 23rd day of March, 1875, he and Mrs. Luvenia Abbott, of Bellville, Illinois, were married at Sherman, Texas. There was born to them a son on March 26th, 1876, and named

Charles Francis. He died August 8th, 1877, and lies buried in Pine Tree Church Cemetery, Gregg County, Texas. In 1878 Joe moved to Kansas and th there met the rest of the family, the first time in more than ten years. On January 10th, 1879, in Linn County, Kansas, a daughter was born and named Flora Mabel. With the others of the family family Joe and family moved to Idaho where for many years he engaged in business in the Capital City of Boise.

J. R. Monroe.

Luvenia Abbott Monroe.

On February 2nd, 1881, near Georgetown, Bear Lake County, Idaho, a son was born to them and named William Angus. The little boy grew and thrived and was a great pleasure to his father and mother.

When the heart is light, when the future hopeful and prosperous, and business is satisfactory, and we look forward to many days and years of enjoyment, then may come the greatest disappointment and shock to us. So it was with Joe. One day, on coming home , he found his house quarantined, and he was refused entrance.

His only daughter , was stricken with malignant diphtheria, and on the 19th of September, 1895, she died, and was buried the next day in Morris Hill Cemetery, aged 16 years, 8 months and 9 days. That misfortunes never come singly, is shown in that only

Flora Mabel Monroe.

a few days, and Willie, the only son and only child, was taken with the same dread disease, which was equally fatal.

He died October 3rd 1895, aged 14 years, 8 months and 2 days, and lies buried by the side of his sister. Joe might have said as did the Patriarch of old, "Joseph is not, and Simeon is not"."If I am bereaved of my children, I am bereaved."

William Angus Monroe.
Flora Mabel Monroe.

"And the stately ships go on,
To their haven under the hill,
But, oh! for the touch of a vanished hand,
And the sound of a voice that is still."

"My Lord has need of these flowerets gay,"
The Reaper said, and smiled;
"Dear tokens of the earth are they,
Where He was once a child".

"They shall all bloom in fields of light,
Transplanted by my care,
And saints, upon their garments white,
These sacred blossoms wear."

And the parents gave in tears and pain,
The flowers they most did love;
They knew that they should find them all again
In the fields of light above.

Oh, not in cruelty, not in wrath,
The Reaper came that day;
'T was an angel visited the green earth,
And took the flowers away."

Joe's cup of sorrow was not yet filled. Only a few years later his wife, with whom he had lived so many years, was stricken with an incurable disease. All means were used to cure her, with no help or aid, and after long, and severe suffering, she died of cancer of the breast, March 30th, 1904, and lies buried in Morris Hill Cemetery, by the side of her son and daughter.

The Middle Stone Marks their last Resting Place.

The funeral was held in the Methodist Church and was largely attended. Frank and Ida and Finley and Katie were with Joe in his trueble and comforted him with their presence. In time of sorrow and distress, there are no friends like your own people, and no folks like home folks.

Joe ceased to try to keep up a home; but sold his household effects and moved to Long Beach, California, to be near sister Flora, where all the family have always gone,if possible, when in sorrow or trauble. In 1913, Jan. 8th , he married again, Mrs Jennie Thomas of Long Beach, California. They live in their new home built about seven miles above Passadena.

Mountain View Home.

Mr. and Mrs. J. R. Monroe.

Time has not dealt so gently with Brother Joe as with the rest of us. His exposure and starvation in Andersonville and other prisons during the civil war, have left their effects on him all these fifty years or more.

J. R. Monroe, 1916.

Mrs. Jennie Monroe.

Rheumatism and neuritis constantly tease and pain him so that life is scarcely worth living. In spite of these afflictions, Joe holds up

well and bears his troubles with a brave heart, looking forward to a time, soon coming, when all suffering and troubles here will cease.

Joe is delighted with his little bungalow, mountain home, situated on an elevation of 1400 feet, and surrounded by beautiful oak trees and mountain scenery on all sides. His lot is 72 by 150 feet and is planted in plum trees, apple trees, peach, orang and lemon trees and various kinds of grapes.

The garden furnishes beans, peas, lettuce, onions, potatoes, tomatoes, corn, melons and berries of all kinds.in abundance. The climate is free from moisture, the air pure, cool and bracing and the temperature the most delightfol in the world.

This is another view of his home.

Mr. and Mrs. J. R. Monroe sitting on the steps.

J.R. Monroe
1926

Valley Pioneer Answers Call

Joseph R. N. Monroe of 2725 Sycamore street, Verdugo City, passed away at Pacific Military Hospital, Friday night, March 13, at the age of 84 years.

Mr. Monroe was born at Rochester, Indiana, April 29, 1847, later moving with his parents to Keosauqua, Iowa. After spending a few years at that place the family moved to Moravia, Iowa, where he lived until the outbreak of the Civil War in 1863. When only a lad of 16 years he enlisted in the Eighth Iowa Cavalry, Company F. He participated in the last great battle against the rebels led by General Sherman at Atlanta, Georgia. In 1865 he was mustered out of service at Davenport, Iowa. In 1875 he was married to Louvina Abbott in Sherman, Texas. In 1880, after a short stay in Kansas, they crossed the plains to Boise, Idaho in a covered wagon, taking three months to make the journey. There were born to them two sons and one daughter, who preceded him in early life. After a few years his wife was stricken, passing on March 30, 1904. He was affiliated with the Methodist Episcopal church.

With relatives, Mr. Monroe moved to Long Beach, Calfornia and there married Mrs. Jennie Thomas. In 1914 they moved to La Crescenta, building their home on Sycamore street where once more his companion was called. He leaves three brothers, Rev. David T. Monroe of McBride, B. C.; Doctor J. A. Monroe of Wheeling, West Virginia and Finley Monroe, former state senator from Idaho and a sister, Mrs. Flora M. Evans of Long Beach with other nephews and nieces to mourn his loss. Local relatives include his sister-in-law Mrs. Ida Monroe, niece Mabel M. and two nephews Frank J. and Arthur F. Monroe, all residing at 2725 Sycamore street, Verdugo City.

Interment was made at Mountain View Cemetery, Pasadena, Tuesday, March 17.

After Joe's wife died he secured admittance to the Soldiers Home near Los Angeles, California, where he lived at various intervals until he died in 1931. In 1907 I visited Joe and Flora in Long Beach, Cal. where I had a most delightful reunion and a visit with them that I have never forgotten.

DIED

Joseph Russell Monroe, died on March 14, 1931, at ten o'clock P.M. of pneumonia. He was buried on March 17, 1931, near his wife, Jennie, in Mount View Cemetery, Pasadena, California. The Reverend George Weiss of East Pasadena, California had charge of the funeral ceremonies. Mr. and Mrs. Foss, old friends, sang, "There's No Disappointment in Heaven.", and so we leave him until the Resurrection Morning.

	Year	Month	Day
	1931	3	14
	1847	4	29
	83	11	15

Alonzo Monroe was born near Rochester, Fulton County, Indiana, April 29th, 1849, and came to Iowa with the rest of the family. In the latter part of 1863 there came a dreadful epidemic of "Spotted fever", Cerebro-spinal meningitis, to that vicinity, and many died. In February, 1864, Lonnie was siezed with that disease and

Alonzo Monroe.

after most excruciating suffering, passed from this life on February 15th, 1864, aged 14 years, 9 months and 26 days, and is buried in the Moravian Cemetery at Moravia, Iowa. In the summer of 1892 I was back at the old home, visited his grave and that of Brother Eddie, who lies by his side. I also contributed sufficient money to care for their graves in perpetuity.

J. A. Monroe, M. D.

I was born at Rochester, Fulton County, Indiana, on September 26th, 1852. When about three years of age we moved to Keosauqua, Iowa, and after living there for two or three years, we all moved to Moravia, Appanoose County, Iowa, where Father bought a farm and where we lived for many years.

North Side Square,
Moravia, Iowa.

Moravia, named for the Bohemian Hussites, or their descendants, who had found refuge in Moravia, in Austria, and had emigrated to the United States, and established a community at this place; Moravia was a typical, western country village,

Stores, residences, offices and saloons were

built around a large square, with a two-story frame school house in the center. The house to the right is the Cumberland Presbyterian church, and the two-story brick building to the left, used to be a general store, a drug store and the post-office, all under the control of Captain E. Cummins, long since dead. Many times, when a little barefoot boy, I have played games with the other boys on the public square shown in the picture.

Our first house was, like many others of that early day, built of logs, and we lived in it until a fortunate cyclone came along one night and blew the top of the chimney down and the roof fromthe house,

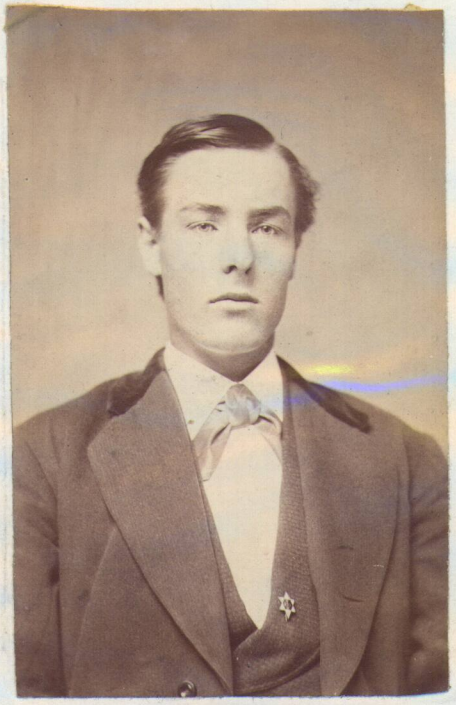
My Boyhood Home.

then this house was built and still stands. I worked on the farm during the summer and attended our country district school in the winter until I was about eighteen years old. Then I went to school to Prf. H. Welker Zentz, in Moravia, for a time till I could secure a certificate to teach. I also attended a select school over west of Centerville, Iowa, taught by Prof. Brand, after which I passed the examination and received a certificate. This was when Brother Dave was County Superintendent of schools, and the certificate was given partly by grace of scholarship, and partly because of my relationship to the examiner.

After teaching my first school at Tranquillity, Iowa, then at the "White Dove" below Moravia, then two terms at the Biddle school, my home district, then a subscription school in Moravia, then a full term below Unionville, in the Dunkard neighborhood; then to college.

J. A. Monroe, Teacher.

In 1871 I entered the Freshman class at the Iowa Wesleyan University, at Mount Pleasant, Iowa, Fall term, classical course. I continued in school until the end of the Junior year, paying my way by working and teaching.



J. A. Monroe, Student.

While in school I was a member of the Greek fraternity, Delta Tau Delta. I have always regretted that I did not "buckle" to it and complete the course and take the degree.

For many years I had wanted to see my Father's and Mother's folks in Ohio. In July, 1876, I came East to Ohio, intending to visit awhile, attend the Centennial Exposition in Philadelphia, then go back home. At the suggestion of my friends, I took a school in Concord Township, Champaign County. I did not go to Philadelphia, nor did I go back to Iowa, not till years afterwards and ~~not~~ then only for a short visit.

J.A. Monroe.
Urbana, O.
1877.

It was a great pleasure to me to meet and teach in my school the grand children of my mother's old school mates, when she was a girl.

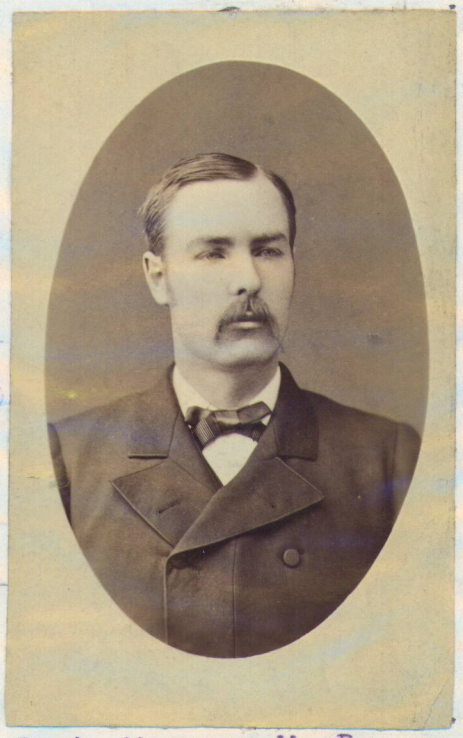
J. A. Monroe, Medical Student.

For three years I taught school, then I took up the study of medicine in the office of Dr. J. C. Butcher, of Urbana, Ohio. I attended my first lectures at the Eclectic Medical College, Cincinnati, Ohio, in 1879, and graduated on June 6th, 1882. After much anxious inquiry, and looking about, I opened an office in North Bristol, Trumbell County, Ohio, and lived and worked there until the following spring. I liked those Western Reserve people very much. They were originally from the eastern states. That was the home of James A. Garfield and Senator Ben Wade, who exerted so much influence in Congress about the time of the beginning of the Civil war; the "Cambellite" Reformation or rather Restoration, Isaac Errett, the Thayers,

the Wakefields, Alison Wilcox, of Cleveland, Hiram College, and many more, all influenced public opinion for good in all that region.. About the first of March the following notice was sent out to different people:

J. A. Monroe, M. D.
North Bristol, O.

Mary F. McCutchin,
Claysville, Pa.



J. A. Monroe, M. D.

Mrs. M. McCutchin

requests the pleasure of your company
at the marriage ceremony of her
Daughter,
Thursday Morning, March 8, 1883
at eleven o'clock,
Claysville, Pa.

We were married in Claysville, Pennsylvania, March 8th, 1883, by Rev. James L. Leeper, pastor of the Presbyterian church, assisted by the Rev. Samuel Kyle, of the North Buffalo United Presbyterian church.

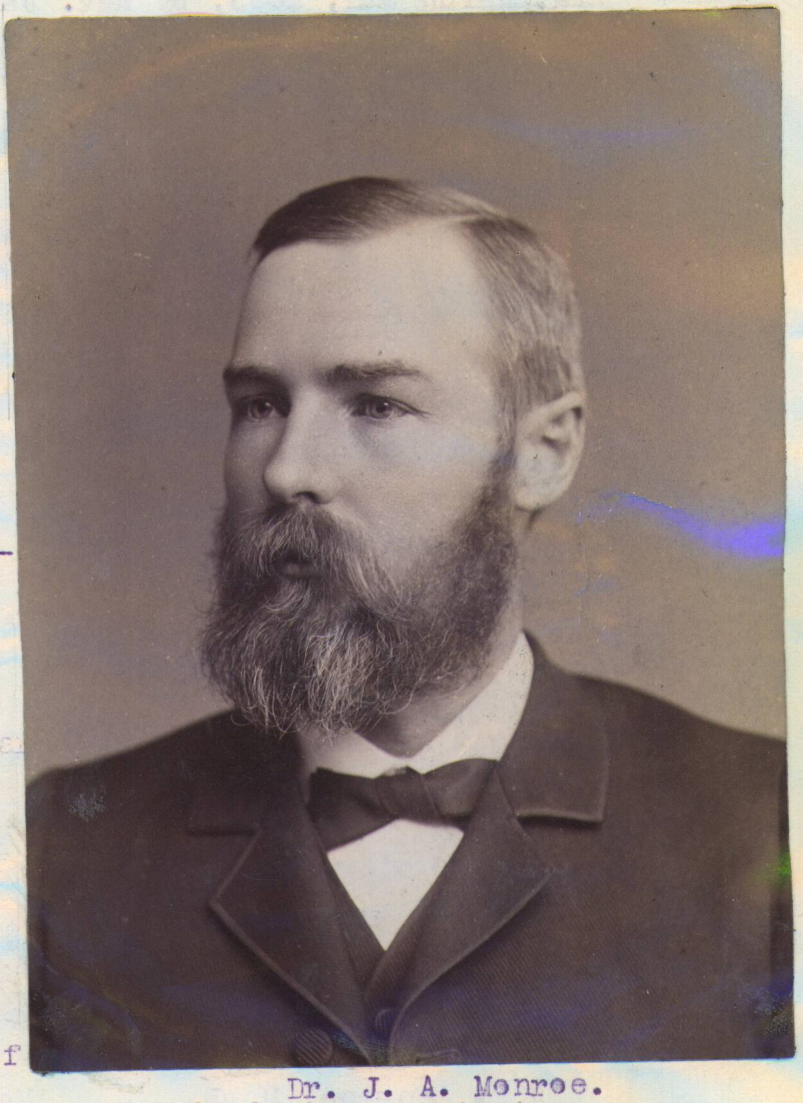
J. A. Monroe, M. D. Mary F. Monroe.

After a short honeymoon spent with friends at North Bristol, Ohio, we moved to Urbana, Ohio.

On Septerber 25th, 1883, we moved to West Al-

Alexander, Washington County, Pennsylvania. Here I lived and worked for near fifteen happy years.

In February, 1896, Mary died and left me with three children to care for. I worried along the best I could for nearly two lonesome years.



Dr. J. A. Monroe.
When Whiskers Were in Flower.

Mary A. Baron was born in Wheeling, West Virginia, January 23rd, 1858. She is of English descent- the daughter of Abram and Mary Kershaw Baron. She graduated from the schools of Wheeling and then taught in Ritchie District of that City

for a number of years. In 1876 she began the study of medicine with Dr. J. R. Spencer and graduated from the Eclectic Medical College of Cincinnati, Ohio, in 1879, and immediately took up the practise of medicine in Wheeling.

She and I were married on September 21st,

Dr. J. A. Monroe.

Dr. Mary Baron Monroe.

1897, at High Noon, by the Rev. Doctor W. H. Lester of the West Alexander Presbyterian church, as-

An interesting wedding occurred at high noon today at the home of Mr. A. Baron, the father of the bride, at Forty-seventh and Jacob streets, in which the principals were Dr. James A. Monroe, of West Alexander, Pa., and Dr. Mary A. Baron, of South Eoff street. The ceremony, simple but impressive, was performed jointly by the Rev. Dr. Lester, the aged pastor of the Presbyterian church at West Alexander, and the Rev. L. W. Roberts, pastor of Wesley M. E. church, Wheeling.

Those who witnessed the celebration of the rites of matrimony were relatives of the contracting parties. The wedding was purely a home affair, and as such it was one of the most notable of the month in Wheeling social circles. At the conclusion of the ceremony, and after the customary reception, the newly wedded couple left at 1:15 over the B. and O. railway for a several weeks' trip through the east. Upon their return they will reside at West Alexander, where Dr. Monroe has been successfully engaged in the practice of medicine for fifteen years. His bride is one of the best known physicians in the city and she enjoys the distinction of being one of the first, if not the first, women of the state to graduate in medicine. Her plans for the future are not wholly complete, since many of her friends urge her to retain her practice in Wheeling.

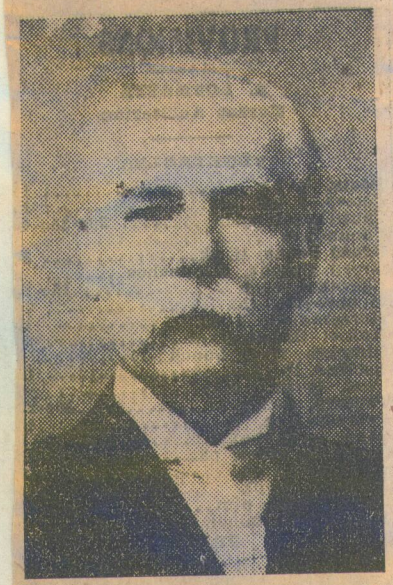
sisted by Rev. L. W. Roberts of Wesley M. E. church, Wheeling. We spent the next ten days in Pittsburgh, Philadelphia, Washington City, Atlantic City and New York. Until July of the next year we worked separately, she in Wheeling and I in West Alexander, when our house was completed in Wheeling. I sold my home and practise to Dr. J. W. White, who succeeded me in the work at West Alexander. Since that time we have attended closely to whatever work has come to us, with only an occasional short vacation. In 1907 I took a long contemplated trip to California to see the country and visit with my brothers, Joe, Frank and Finley and sister Flora, all of whom I had not seen for many years. The visit was very satisfactory and enjoyable in every respect, except that it was not long enough. The ocean bathing at Long Beach, the camp-

Dr. J. A. Monroe, Delegate to the National Eclectic Medical Association, Los Angeles, Cal.

ing out on the Sacramento River, with Joe and my brother-in-law, Walter H. Evans, near Mount Shasta, with the great benefit derived from drinking the exhilerating Shasta Springs water, and the trip to and camping and fishing at the beautiful Payette Lakes with Finley's family, was an experience never to be forgotten.

Mary and I are in the "sere and yellow leaf"

DR. J. A. MONROE



Having held continuous membership in the First Christian church of Wheeling for the past 32 years, Dr. James A. Monroe of Chantal Court, is greatly responsible for much of the good work done by that congregation. Ever since his affiliation with the church Dr. Monroe has been the teacher of the Willing Workers Bible class, an organization composed of women. Twice this class has had such a large membership that it was necessary to form a separate organization.

At the present time Dr. Monroe is an elder, which position he has held for 27 years; he is a member of the board of trustees and is chairman of the church board. He has retained the last mentioned position for one year less than a quarter of a century.

Born In Indiana

Dr. Monroe is a native of Rochester, Ind., having been born there on September 26, 1852. He took his pre-medical training at the college at Mount Pleasant, Ia., and received his degree from the Cincinnati medical college. He entered the practice of medicine in 1882 and moved to West Alexander, Pa., in 1883, where he was a general practitioner. In 1898 Dr. Monroe and his family moved to South Eoff street, Wheeling, where they resided until 11 years ago, moving to Washington avenue, Chantal Court. The first four years of his connection with the First Christian church Dr. Monroe officiated in the capacity of deacon.

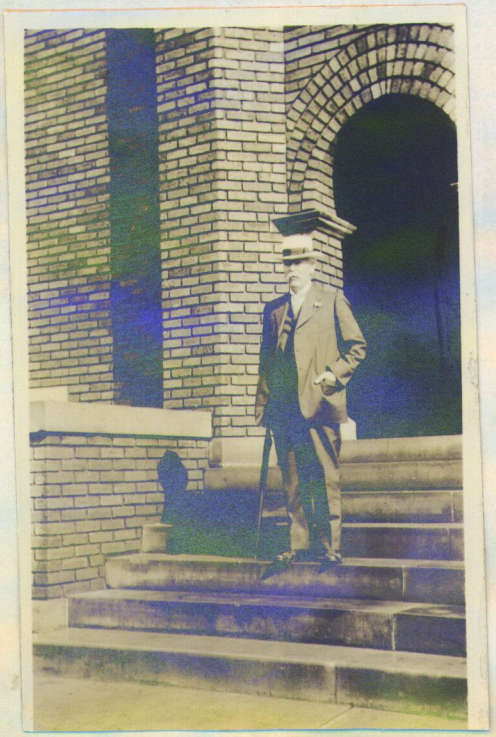
For the past eight years Dr. Monroe has been totally blind, yet with this great physical handicap he attends church regularly, having not missed a service in the past seven years.

Fraternally Dr. Monroe is a member of the Masonic lodges of Wheeling.

From September 29 to October 5, a week's celebration will be held at the First Christian church honoring Dr. William H. Fields, the pastor, who will formally celebrate the silver anniversary of his period of service with that congregation. At that time the members of the choir will conduct home-coming for members of that group who served in former years.

In connection with the celebration Dr. Monroe will take a decidedly active part. He assisted greatly in the making of plans for the erection and maintenance of the present edifice, and is vitally interested in the affairs of the congregation. Dr. Monroe stated that "the home-coming and jubilee will be a good thing. The meeting of friends after many years of separation is unusually fine, and leaves memories that will not soon be forgotten."

and cannot hope for many more active our profession. Since living in Wheeling, I have served six years on the school board as Commissioner from Webster District. I have been a Director in the Center Wheeling Savings Bank for the past ten years and still hold that position. I have led an adult class of women in the Sunday school for fifteen years, and am a Trustee and an Elder in the First Christian church.



J. A. Monroe.

Our br
of ele
sition
it loo
toward
does n

No. 2

SOUTH SIDE

DRS. MONROE TO CHANTAL COURT

"DR. MARY" HAD BEEN PRACTICING AT SAME STAND ON SOUTH SIDE FOR OVER THIRTY YEARS

DR. MONROE HERE FOR A QUARTER OF A CENTURY—DR. PHILLIPS PURCHASES PROPERTY.

What will be received with keen regret by practically all residents of the South Side is the announcement of the departure of Dr. J. A. Monroe and Dr. Mary Baron Monroe from this section of the city, May 1st. The Drs. Monroe on Thursday closed a deal with Archie Hupp, Jr., for the beautiful little Hupp bungalow located at Chantal court, and will take up their residence there. "Dr. Mary," as Dr. Mary Baron Monroe has been affectionally called by those whose highest admiration and affection she claimed, was born and reared on the South Side, being a daughter of the late Abram and Mary Baron, pioneer residents of this city. Her family name was ever associated with the strides that have marked the progress of this section, and it is with sincere regret that South Siders will receive the news of her removal which marks the departure of the last member of the family from their native territory, south of the creek.

Early in life Dr. Mary decided to enter the medical profession and with that aim in view, after many years devoted to study she was raised to the ranks of this profession, which was an unusual distinction for a woman in this section of the country. Dr. Mary has rounded out thirty years actively engaged in this profession, which until recent years has been considered a distinctly male profession. Next month she would have been ministering to the ills of South Side residents for thirty-one years, during which period she has had a most unique career among her patients, most of whom reside below the creek, as Dr. Mary always catered first to those in her own vicinity. She has treated practically every form of disease and scores of South Siders owe their life to her, she having brought them safely through critical attacks. Between 4,000 and 5,000 South Siders, many of whom are now grown to maturity, have been assisted into the world by her. In numerous instances she has had the unusual experience of ministering to the ills of three generations in a family.

Dr. J. A. Monroe has been practicing on the South Side for a quarter of a century, and the enviable practice that he has built up during that time and the high repute in which he has always been held by all to whom he rendered medical assistance, vies with that of his estimable wife. Both have been working in conjunction at the same stand, No. 2713 Eoff street, for the above period. Therefore, the universal regret at their leaving is easily explained. A few are already aware of their departure, and the telephone and door bell in the Monroe office have been kept busy during the past few days besieging both doctors with question regarding the truth of the report and many "impatient patients" showering questions upon them regarding whether they were giving up their practice.

In connection with the last question, the Drs. Monroe will give up their work to a large extent, although after a six months rest at their new home, they anticipate continuing a small part of their professional work. The past two winters, which have proven such strenuous ones for all members of the medical profession, have been responsible for the decision upon the part of these doctors to retide for the present and resuperate from the strain under which they have been working. While the South Side residents regret their leaving, nevertheless with them go the best wishes of all for many years of happiness in their new home.

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Dr. E. M. Phillips, well known physician and surgeon of Thirty-third street, who has been practicing in this city for a period of nearly ten years, during which he has gained a reputation as one of the leading members of the local profession, has purchased the Monroe property. Dr. Phillips contemplates moving into his new quarters the first of the

For Flora
The best he
ever had
taken. Margaret
can't hide
undrawers
just as he
looked comin'
down the stairs
for the last time.

After thirteen years in our new home many things have come to us which are not very pleasant to dwell on. I have lost my sight and am totally blind and have been so for about ten years. This has compelled me to give up all the practice that I had. All the outside interests that I have is the Official Board Presidency and am still the teacher of my Sunday School Class which I have kept so far. Mary is in fairly good health for one of her years. She occasionally waits on someone who is sick but does not make any calls outside of the home.

Dr. Monroe Honored

Dr. James A. Monroe, one of the most prominent physicians of the city, will be honored this evening, when members of the Willing Workers class of the First Christian church, of which Dr. Monroe has been the teacher for the past 35 years, will entertain. Dr. Monroe is observing his eighty-second birthday anniversary today. The guests will arrive during the early evening, and sharing honors of the evening, will be Rev. and Mrs. W. H. Fields, pastor of the church. Singing, games and varied diversions, will be followed by the serving of refreshments. Mrs. Cecil Mann is president of the hostess class.

DR. J. A. MONROE
1934 AGE 82 YEARS,
SEPTEMBER 26, 1934.
~~RETURE APRIL 1935.~~

DR. J. A. MONROE
1933 AGE 81 YEARS.

DR. MARY B. MONROE
1933 AGE 75 YEARS.

OBITUARY

DR. J. A. MONROE SUCCUMBS TO HEART ATTACK THURSDAY

AGED RETIRED PHYSICIAN DIES SUDDENLY AT CHANTAL COURT RESIDENCE

PRACTICED PROFESSION HERE FOR 22 YEARS—SERVICES TO BE SATURDAY

Dr. J. A. Monroe, 82, prominent retired physician and former member of the Wheeling Independent school board, died suddenly Thursday afternon at 2:50 o'clock at his home, 116 Washington avenue, Chantal Court.

Dr. Monroe had gone for an automobile ride Thursday morning and had returned to his home at noon for lunch. A little later he retired to his bedroom to rest. He was stricken suddenly by a heart attack and was found dying by his wife, Dr. Mary A. Baron Monroe.

Born in Rochester, Indiana, December 26, 1852, a son of the late A. A. and Martha Ann Russell Monroe, he moved to Moravia, Iowa, with his parents when a child. Dr. Monroe spent his early life ther and was educated in the public schools an Iowa Wesleyan college.

For a number of years Dr. Monroe taught school in Pennsylvania and Ohio. While teaching in Urbana, Ohio, he studied medicine and began his practice in North Bristol, Ohio. He was married to Mary F. McCutchin, of Claysville, Pa., in 1883. After a few months' residence in Urbana, Dr. and Mrs. Monroe moved to West Alexander, Pa. Mrs. Monroe died there in 1890.

In 1897, he was married to Dr. Mary A. Baron, of Wheeling. They resided in West Alexander until 1898 and in that year came to Wheeling. For 22 years they practiced their profession at 2713 Eoff street. Both retired in 1920, at which time they moved to Chantal Court.

Dr. Monroe was a member of the board of education here for many years. He was a director of the Center Wheeling Savings bank. He was a staunch member of First Christian church. Dr. Monroe was president of the board of elders and a member of the board of trustees. At the last congregational meeting he was elected president of the board for life.

Surviving are his wife, Dr. Mary A. Baron Monroe; one son, Dr. Harry S. Monroe, of Pittsburgh; two daughters, Mrs. Margaret Monroe Koehnline and Mrs. Anna Mills, of Wheeling; one brother, Finley Monroe, of Emmet, Idaho; one sister Mrs. Flora M. Evans, of Long Beach, Cal.; and three grandchildren, Billy Koehnline, Mrs. Clinton Davies, of Cadiz O., and Florence Mills.

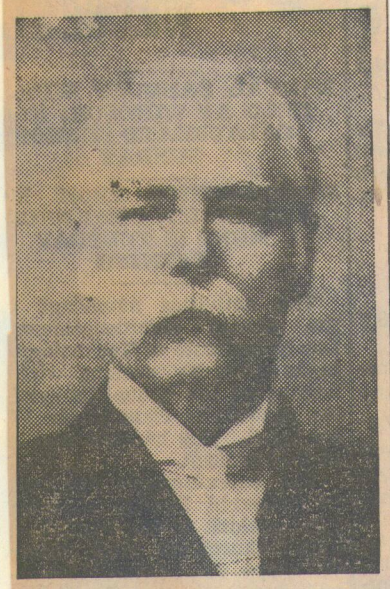
The body was removed to the Kepner funeral home and today was returned to the late home. Services will be conducted there Saturday afternoon at 2:30 o'clock. Rev. William H. Fields, minister at First Christian church, will be in charge. Interment is to be in West Aexander cemetery.

Active pallbearers will include: John Wright, William H. Wheeler, Thomas Baron, Martin Fisher, Watt Neuhardt and Dr. W. F. Maury.

Honorary pallbearers will be: A. Vincent, Dr. Leonard Eskey, Frank Dowler, C. H. Dowler, Remick Truxell, M. B. Bickel, Frank Wagener, John Ulrich, N. E. Davis and Dr. Thomas F. Downing.

31, 1935.

TAKEN BY DEATH



Dr. J. A. Monroe, retired Wheeling physician, died suddenly Thursday at his home in Chantal Court.

OBITUARY

DR. MARY BARON MONROE DIES AFTER LONG ILLNESS AT HOME

ONE OF CITY'S OUTSTANDING WOMEN DIED THURSDAY NIGHT

Dr. Mary Baron Monroe, one of Wheeling's outstanding women, died at 10:15 o'clock Thursday night at her home at 116 Washington avenue, Chantal Court, after a lengthy illness. She had been in failing health since the death of her husband, Dr. J. A. Monroe on May 30, 1935, and critically ill since Tuesday midnight.

Dr. Monroe was a native of Wheeling, a daughter of the late Abram and Mary Kershaw Baron. She was educated in the schools of Wheeling and later taught in Ritchie school. After several years she studied medicine at the Eclectic Medical college at Cincinnati, receiving her degree in 1889. She returned to Wheeling and engaged in the practice of medicine, later marrying Dr. J. A. Monroe and together they practiced medicine in South Wheeling until 1920 when they removed to Chantal Court.

The deceased was active in civic affairs, was a member of the Ohio County Medical society, and a lifelong member of the Wesley Meth-

Surviving are three children: Mrs. Irvin Koehnline, of Wheeling; Mrs. Anna Mills of Cadiz, O., and Dr. Henry Monroe of Lincoln, Neb., two sisters, Mrs. Rachel Fisher and Mrs. J. A. Wright, sr., of Wheeling, three grandchildren and a number of nieces and nephews.

The remains will be returned late today to the late home from the Fields funeral home. Services will be held at the residence on Monday afternoon at 2:30 o'clock, conducted by Rev. W. H. Fields and Rev W. H. McKinney. Interment will be in the cemetery at West Alexander, Pa.

First Christian Church

2112 Market Street

Mrs. B. E. Witzburger, Gen. Sec'y.
Church Phone, Whg. 1367

WHEELING, WEST VIRGINIA
Wm. H. Fields, Minister

Parsonage, 114 Washington Ave.
Phone, Woodsdale 1097

WHEREAS-
An all loving God has seen it wise to call from our midst our beloved Brother and Councelor, Dr.J.A. Monroe, and

WHEREAS-
Our heavenly Father has taken unto His home a son who has labored so faithfully and tirelessly in His vineyard for so many years, and

WHEREAS-
his going from us leaves a void which time alone can fill, and although our hearts are sad because he is no longer with us, yet heaven is dearer to us because he is there, therefore

BE IT RESOLVED
That this expression of our sympathy be conveyed to those of his family and friends who are left behind with hearts saddened as are ours.
And be it resolved that a copy of these Resolutions be spread upon the minutes of the Church Record.

W D Barnhart
R. P. Trufell
John S Rife
Wat H. Penhart
John A. Mussin
W. F. Maury
E E Amos

Elders of First Christian Church

Insert in Monroe Memoirs
At Appropriate Place
- Letter from Flora Monroe
to her Brother James
March 2, 1916
(2 sides
(incomplete)

#2

Flora Pool Stewart's husband died of
kidney trouble Either Bright's disease or diabetes
You say Tuberculosis

You say Nathaniel has two daughters.
He has three daughters & one Son
His son is teacher of Agriculture in
L.A. Schools — One daughter is married.

You say I came west on train with
Mother. I came with Father, Frank &
Dave with Ohus by wagon. Three mo-on
way the Summer after I was 15 yrs-ago.

I am sending you the temperance pledge
You boys all signed & sent to mother
to keep some 43 yrs. ago- She kept it-
in her Bible & treasured it.

The Bible of Grandfather Russell is in
my possession. Aunt-Edith gave it-
to Mother when we were back- You
know Mother was with Aunt-Edith in
her last sickness at Dayton Ohio -
You have it- She died some where
else I think. If I am wrong in
any of these no harm is done-

I meant to write this sooner but-
as I told you my friend died & it

Pasadena, Cal. Mar 2" 1916-

My Dear Brother-

Your large package with Aunt Violetta's enclosed received a few das. ago I also received the tablets. Thank you very much.

I have read every thing thro. Forgive me for making this criticism, I know you have gone to a lot of work as it is. but since you are into it, take more time & give as you say more "human interest stuff" - Now as to your own, it will not be satisfactory to your decendents, it is not to me. It is do them to know something of your lifes work, incidents etc - I know that a fine history could be written of your work & it is dear your folks to have it: I'd write it my self if I could but - we have always lived so far apart. But you know. The same I would say of your family - I know a great history could be written of Dr. Mary & I would love to have it: Enough said

A few changes. You state Mary Ellen Pool Moore (Cozy-Mary Moore) died of tuberculosis she died of heart failure. While driving from her home Thru mi. out into Quincy to see her Mother, died alone in her buggy. Her husband died of tuberculosis after they had been married 2 1/2 happy years

#2

(2 sides
(Incomplete)

Mar 2, 1916

Mother James

Memoirs

Place

John Neer Monroe.

John Neer Monroe was born in West Alexander, Pennsylvania, February 29th, 1884, at 8:30 A. M.,weight eight and one-half pounds.

John Monroe.

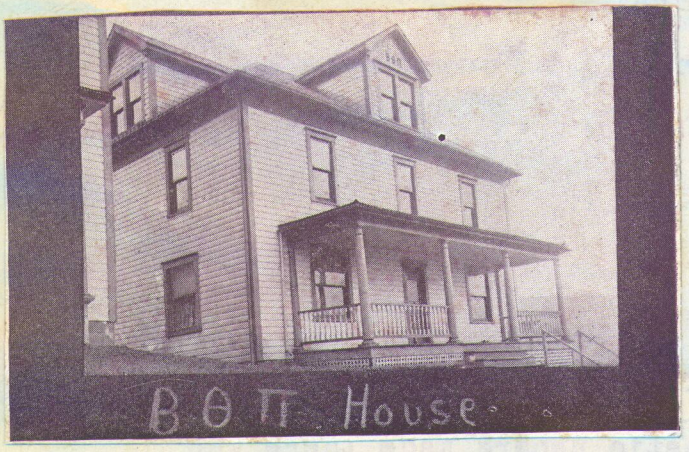
When he became of school age, John attended school at West Alexander, and had as his teachers Miss Myrtie Bell, Miss Kate Howell, George A. Knox, Prof. David W. Rasel and others, until the fall of ~~1903~~ 1899 when he entered Wheeling High school.

He took the Classical course and graduated with honorable mention, in June, 1902. In the following September, he entered Bethany College, Bethany, West Virginia. John took the full college course. He was blessed with good health during the full three years, never sick nor absent. His scholastic record made there was

above the average, judged by his teacher's reports. He finished the required work in June, 1905, and graduated with the degree of Bachelor of Arts. During his Senior year he was elect- editor of the Bethanian, the college paper, and acquitted himself of that obligation with credit.

He was a member of a Greek letter fraternity,

John N. Monroe, Student.



-The Beta Theta Pi House.

the Beta Theta Pi, and has always been a loyal member. He took post graduate work during 1906 and received his Master's

and is still with them. He has been promoted three times? He likes his work very much.

Not married and lives, at present, at 426 Air Brake Avenue, Wilmerding, Pa.

An Odd Fellow and a 32 degree Mason. and a Noble of the Mystic Shrine.

Christian Church.

Republican.

John N. Monroe.
Bethany, June, 1916.

John N. Monroe, having had from his early youth, a strong desire to enter the healing profession, and having become thoroughly convinced of the inherent merit of the chiropractic system of therapetics, rsigned his position with the Westinghouse interests in June, 1921. In September of the same year he matriculated in the Universal Chiropractic College, located in Pittsburgh, Pa.

Upon graduation, he established an office at 1117 Chapline St., Wheeling, W. Va.

Since his graduation he has taken an active interest in promoting rational chiropractic. As a member of the Legislative Committee of the West Virginia he took a prominent part in the fight to secure legal recognition of his profession during the legislative session of 1925. After the enactment of the Chiropractic law, he was appointed by Governor Howard M. Gore to the State Public Health Council, being one of two chiropractic members so appointed from the entire state.

He was also honored by the American Chiropractic Association, the national organization, by appointment to the important office of Director of Research.

DR. MONROE DIES SUDDENLY IN OFFICE; FUNERAL ON SATURDAY

CHIROPRACTOR SUCCUMBED THURSDAY AFTERNOON TO CEREBRAL HEMMORHAGE

DR. MONROE WAS 32° SCOTTISH RITE MASON AND ACTIVE IN ALL MASONRY

Dr. John N. Monroe, 45, chiropractor, died suddenly Thursday afternoon, death occurring about two o'clock in his office at 1117 Chapline street. Dr. Monroe, apparently, had been in his usual good health. He spent the morning in his office, went to the Scottish Rite Cathedral for luncheon at noon and returning to his office was not seen again until found dead. A patient in the office waited for the doctor for a half hour, and finally, hearing no sounds in the consulting room, opened the door and found Dr. Monroe near a couch dead. Dr. R. W. Lukens attributed death to cerebral hemmorhage. Dr. Monroe had suffered a similar but less severe attack about five weeks ago, but had seemed to have recovered.

Dr. Monroe was born in West Alexander, Pa., February 29, 1884, the son of Dr. A. A. Monroe and the late Mary McCutcheon Monroe. He came to Wheeling with his parents in 1898 and entered Wheeling high school, graduating in 1902. He then entered Bethany college, receiving his A. B. degree there in 1905 and his M. A. degree in 1906. Following his graduation at Bethany Dr. Monroe went to Pittsburgh to become associated with the Westinghouse Airbrake company as an accountant. Later he matriculated in the Universal Chiropractic college at Pittsburgh, graduating in 1922. Dr. Monroe returned to Wheeling and had been practicing chiropractic in Wheeling continuously since. He was recognized as a practitioner of great ability in his profession.

Prominent Mason

Dr. Monroe was an active member of the First Christian church and was a deacon in that congregation. He was prominently identified in local Masonic circles. He was a member of Wheeling lodge No. 5, Masons, and a 32° Scottish Rite Mason being very active in degree work of Scottish Rite Masonry. Dr. Monroe was also a member of Scottish Rite guards and of Osiris Temple, A. A. O. N. M. Shrine. Dr. Monroe was affiliated with Beta Theta Pi fraternity of Bethany college.

Surviving Dr. Monroe are his father, Dr. A. A. Monroe, and his foster mother, Dr. Mary A. Monroe, with whom he resided at No. 116 Washington avenue, Chantal Court; one brother, Dr. Harry S. Monroe, of Pittsburgh; one sister, Mrs. Margaret Koehnline and one nephew, Billy Koehnline, of Wheeling; a foster sister, Mrs. Anna Mills and two foster nieces, Margaret Eleanor and Florence Mills, all of Wheeling.

The body was removed to the Kepner home, 1308 Chapline street, and this afternoon will be returned to the family home, 116 Washington avenue, Chantal Court.

Funeral services will be conducted in the home Saturday afternoon at 2:30 o'clock. Dr. W. H. Fields, pastor of the First Christian church, will be in charge. Interment will be made in West Alexander cemetery, West Alexander, Pa.

DECEMBER-6-1929

LINCOLN-BULLETIN

INDIANAPOLIS-INDIANA.

A MAN HAS PASSED

Dr. John N. Monroe of West Virginia has presented some splendid contributions to the Chiropractic Profession. His recent and sudden death leads us to comment briefly on the passing of a splendid character.

Dr. Monroe was a graduate of the Universal Chiropractic College and was a member of the Board of Trustees of that Institution. He has been in charge of the Research Department of the American Chiropractors' Association issuing their monthly Research Bulletin. He was President of the Chiropractic Board of Examiners of West Virginia. His writings have been widely published and read. The Lincoln Bulletin has had the privilege of presenting some of his written work.

Whether or not one may have always agreed with Dr. Monroe, there has never been a question among those who knew him best as to his motives or sincerity. He spoke fearlessly and honestly; he expressed opinions based on careful observation and experience. He was intensely interested in the progress of Chiropractic. He realized its handicaps in the matter of progress and he did his best to strengthen it. In a sense Dr. Monroe was an idealist, but in another sense he was an extremely practical man. He realized that there is no short cut to success. He knew and constantly emphasized the fact that knowledge is the basis upon which every professional success of lasting career must be built. He pointed out time after time the necessity for Chiropractors gaining more knowledge. He had a pronounced respect and high regard for that ever-growing group of Chiropractors who see in this profession a splendid service for sick people and who are constantly improving themselves that this service may be rendered with greater efficiency.

With the passing of Dr. Monroe, the Chiropractic profession has lost a man of splendid ability and unquestioned integrity, yet his work has been well done. The seeds of thought which he has planted are being nurtured in the minds of many. They will flower and bring forth wholesome fruit. He has lived well.

JUST FOLKS

BY EDGAR A. GUEST.

MEMORY

I had a friend who is no more,
In terms of death to speak,
He'll never walk my threshhold o'er
My comradeship to seek.
In terms of death the smile is gone
And stilled the voice I heard.
Last night his face I looked upon,
The eyelids never stirred.

And yet in terms of memory
He'll call and call again,
That smiling face of his I'll see
Untouched by grief or pain;
In terms of memory I shall hear
His footsteps at my door.
And every thought shall bring him near
And oftener than before.

A thousand things will bring him back
To walk or sit with me.
I'll stop to shift my heavy pack
And at my side he'll be.
Some one will sing his favorite song
Or praise his favorite book,
And I shall see him in the throng
With his familiar look.

To those who think in terms of death
A friend no more will come,
Eyes close with life's expiring breath,
Henceforth the voice is dumb,
But though the dead have journeyed o'er
The dark uncharted sea,
They're nearer to us than before
In terms of memory.

There Is No Death

I tell you they have not died,
They live and breathe with you;
They walk now here at your side,
They tell you things are true.
Why dream of poppied sod
When you can feel their breath,
When flow'r and soul and God,
Knows there is no death!
I tell you they have not died,
Their hands clasp yours and mine;
They are now but glorified,
They have become divine.
They live! they know they see!
They shout with every breath,
"All is Eternal Life! There is no death!"

jm 144a (not pasted in book)

DR. JOHN N. MONROE FUNERAL IS TODAY; PALLBEARERS ARE CHOSEN

MEMBERS OF WHEELING LODGE NO. 5, A. F. & A. M., ACTIVE PALLBEARERS.

CEREBRAL HEMORRHAGE FATAL TO PROMINENT CHIROPRACTOR ON THURSDAY.

Services for the late Dr. John N. Monroe, 45, chiropractor, will be conducted this afternoon at 2:30 o'clock in the late home, 116 Washington avenue, Chantal Court. Dr. W. H. Fields, pastor of First Christian church, will officiate. The body will be laid at rest in West Alexander cemetery, the committal rites at the grave being in charge of Wheeling lodge No. 5, A. F. & A. M.

Active pallbearers will be members of Wheeling lodge No. 5, A. F. & A. M.

Honorary pallbearers will be M. H. Bickle, Dr. H. Lamont, Dr. Frank W. Remick, Dr. George A. Stolz, A. F. Ulrich and Allan S Arams.

Dr. Monroe died suddenly Thursday afternoon, death occurring at 2 o'clock in his office after he had suffered a cerebral hemorrhage. For the past seven years Dr. Monroe had practiced chiropractic in Wheeling and was a leader in his profession. He was a graduate of Wheeling high school, Bethany college and Universal College of Chiropractic at Pittsburgh. He was a member of First Christian church and a deacon of that congregation. Prominently identified in Masonic circles, Dr. Monroe was a member of Wheeling lodge No. 5, A. F. & A. M., Scottish Rite Guards, Osiris Temple of Shrine and a 32° Scottish Rite Mason.

Dr. Monroe is survived by his father, Dr. A. J. Monroe; one sister and one brother, his step-mother, and one step-sister.

Universal Chiropractic College

3531 Forbes Street **BULLETIN** Pittsburgh, Pa.

Volume No. 3 QUARTERLY No. 2. November, 1929.

In Memoriam

On Thursday, September 12th, our friend and co-worker. Dr. John N. Monroe gave up his labors among us for eternal rest and peace.

The sorrow which comes to his family and immediate friends is shared by thousands of chiropractors who knew him through his work in the research department of the American Chiropractic Association and as a writer on chiropractic subjects. Our grief in the departure of our friend is assuaged by the memory of his noble character and his accomplishments in the field of chiropractic. He leaves the profession an inheritance of research findings which will keep his name before us for the years to come. Searching for the truth without fear or favor he has added emphasis and value to every principle of chiropractic. The memory of his faithful work to advance the knowledge of chiropractic will give courage to those who take up the burden of enlarging the usefulness of our system of healing.

In the fall of 1921, the U. C. C. was favored with the privilege of training John N. Monroe in the principles and practice of chiropractic. Our records show that Dr. Monroe was a graduate of Wheeling High School and of Bethany College, and that he had gained the A. B. and M. A. degrees at that institution. His college work was a preliminary training for medical education with the intention of following in the footsteps of his father, Dr. J. A. Monroe, a practicing physician. His original intention was foregone when he came to Pittsburgh and entered the employ of the Westinghouse Airbrake Co. Always keenly interested in healing work, he became attracted to chiropractic thru various opportunities to observe the effectiveness of the spinal adjustment on himself and others. Few people have entered our profession with more thorough preliminary investigation than that given by Dr. Monroe. Always a ranking student, he distinguished his work while in college by his keen appreciation for diagnostic subjects and practices.

Dr. Monroe entered practice in Wheeling, W. Va., in 1923. He scarcely had the opportunity to devote himself to the task of establishing himself in practice before he entered into the fight for the legislative recognition of chiropractic in his home state. His quiet convincing manner and his scholastic attainments made his services to the state association a valuable aid in securing legal recognition for the practice of chiropractic. He was appointed to the board of examiners and made a member of the public health council of the state in recognition of his excellent qualifications. These offices were held at the time of his death.

Dr. Monroe became affiliated with the American Chiropractic Association and served as its West Virginia vice-president until 1927, when he resigned in order to serve as a member of the board of trustees of his Alma Mater.

In 1926 Dr. Monroe was appointed director of the research bureau of the A. C. A. succeeding Dr. A. B. Chatfield. In conducting his survey of chiropractic work in the field of acute and chronic ills, Dr. Monroe brought out many valuable findings which have been preserved in the research bulletins of the A. C. A.

Always a diligent searcher for truth and a staunch defender of scientific practices, Dr. Monroe found many occasions to write on various subjects related to the practice of chiropractic. The West Virginia Bulletin, the A. C. A. Bulletin, and various college papers published his writings. He was perhaps the

foremost of the younger writers in our profession.

Dr. Monroe's earnest advocacy of more careful diagnostic work by the chiropractor was splendidly brought out in his article, "Recognition of Circulatory Weakness" which appeared in the June issue of the U. C. C. Bulletin and in the May issue of the West Virginia Bulletin.

Those who attended the summer vacation Post Graduate courses of the U. C. C., the past summer and in 1928, will recall the great emphasis he gave to all phases of physical examination work. His sudden death from apoplexy seems indeed to have been a final emphatic expression on what he believed to be an all important problem of the chiropractic profession.

We cannot review this extremely useful life without feeling most keenly the tremendous loss the profession has sustained in the passing of our friend and co-worker. Dr. Monroe's labors in chiropractic offer a stirring inspiration to those who knew him.

THE JOHN N. MONROE MEMORIAL CLASS

One of the important decisions made during the summer meeting of the College trustees was to establish the two enrollment per year educational program. During the discussions leading up to this decision, Dr. Monroe urged the adoption of the winter enrollment because it concurred with the practices of colleges and universities throughout the country. We cannot acknowledge his encouragement of the additional class, nor his services as a member of the board of trustees and as a leader in the cause of educational advancement more fittingly than to have the next class bear his name. Accordingly, the class which enrolls during the period of February 15 to March 1 shall be known as "The John N. Monroe Memorial Class".

Members of the college faculty have planned a schedule for the next class which will include the teaching of the research findings of Dr. Monroe and the dedication of the class to a program of research work. The faculty will make a special effort to foster in the minds of the students of this class the various recommendations of Dr. Monroe in the field of physical diagnosis.

We take this occasion to thank Dr. Monroe's parents, also his brother and sister for the gift, to the college, of the doctor's library of technical books and his papers of appointment to the West Virginia board of examiners and the state health council. The encouragement to carry on his work which is expressed in this way shall make the college strive hard to perpetuate his ideals and bring them to fruition thru greater educational efforts of the faculty.

NOTICE

Those who had depended upon Dr. John N. Monroe for the examination of specimens of urine should be advised that the laboratory of Dr. Geo. A. Stolze, 627 Main St., Wheeling, W. Va., which had done all laboratory work for Dr. Monroe, will continue to examine urine, sputum, blood and other pathological specimens and render reports as in the past.

THE VACATION P. G. COURSE FOR 1930

In the closing session of the recent vacation P. G. course at Lake George, those in attendance voiced their sentiments about the course which was just completing and gave expression to their ideas as to the course for 1930. The class gave such approval for the educational services of the College as to assure us that a 1930 session would be most helpfully supported.

Those in attendance were asked to express themselves with suggestions as to location and subject matter for the next course. The course as outlined and carried out was heartily approved. One suggestion of value concerned the addition of a clinic for the examination of problem cases. The faculty gives hearty approval to the idea and will be ready to establish a clinic at the next course.

It was suggested that the next course be held at some seashore vacation place. Ocean City, N. J. was especially mentioned. Drs. Wheaton and Kurz made a trip of investigation to the above mentioned place and report with favor for that location. No decision will be made until the Alumni of all sections of the country have had an opportunity to suggest and to ballot upon the choice of a location.

A suggestion to invite the participation of the faculty of the Lincoln School in the next course met with the hearty favor of the class. Accordingly, the chairman of the board of trustees presented the cordial invitation of the U. C. C. to the Lincoln School to join in the presentation of the next course. After careful consideration the Lincoln School, thru its president, Dr. Harry Vedder, notified the board of trustees that they must decline the invitation on account of their already prepared program of school work for the summer of 1930. Dr. Vedder expressed keen regret and said that they hoped that it may be possible to participate with us in the presentation of a course in 1931.

A suggestion to raise the tuition fee to $50.00 for the next course was made and approved by the class. The suggestion was based on the knowledge of those present that the value and the cost of presenting the course last summer was actually in excess of $35.00 per student. This suggestion has not been acted upon by the trustees. Action will be delayed until the cost of the next course can be estimated.

In order to more comprehensively anticipate the course for 1930, the board of trustees is issuing a questionnaire with this Bulletin. We ask that all alumni give thought to the questions which are therein rendered and return their answers to the College as promptly as possible.

Dr. N. S. Covell, secretary of the Maryland Chiropractors' Association and member of the Maryland State Board of Examiners, representing the International Chiropractic Congress, was a recent visitor to the College, coming for the purpose of inspecting and reporting on the educational work of our institution. We appreciate the opportunity to have our College and educational system investigated by one whose responsibility to the profession gives him the right to know what the U. C. C. is doing for the general advancement of Chiropractic.

John's little pal,
Billy Kochuline.

John N. Monroe, Born Feb. 29, 1884
Died Sept. 12. 1929. - Age 45 yrs. 6 mo. 13 days.

RESOLUTIONS OF RESPECT
to
DR. JOHN NEER MONROE

Inasmuch as God our Heavenly Father who doeth all things for the best, has taken from our midst, our beloved brother Dr. John Neer Monroe.

Be it resolved- that we who are left behind to mourn his departure, feel our loss keenly, and submit to the all-wise God and Father of us all - and may we resolve that as he in his unselfishness and devotion helped in the great work of the Kingdom, to carry on work he so faithfully performed.

Be it, further resolved- that these resolutions of respect to the memory of one who was a conscientitious worker in the Church as a deacon, and a counselor on the Official Board and as a physician who gave the suffering relief, be spread upon the minutes of this Board and a copy be sent to his family.

W. D. Barnhardt

M. H. Dickell

C. W. Brandfass

Harry Scott Monroe.

Harry Scott Monroe was born at West Alexander, Washington County, Pennsylvania on September 4th, 1886, at 5 o'clock a. m.

Harry attended his first school at West Alexander, George A. Knox, teacher.

Harry Monroe.

John. Harry.

He attended school in West Alexander until after his mother's death, when he entered Webster school, in Wheeling, Miss Reppetto, Principal. He pursued a continuous course, graduating in June, 1901. In the same year, he entered the

Wheeling High school, Scientific course.

Harry always took great interest in athletic exercises.

He was an expert swimmer, a first class base ball player and was Captain of the foot ball team in his Senior year. Since leaving school and taking up the duties exacted by his profession, even now, it is hard for him to keep out of a game, either of base ball or of foot ball.

Harry Scott Monroe.

He completed the High school course, graduating with the class of 1905. At the Class Day exercises, he gave the oration on behalf of the class.

Following the High school graduation, he and a boyhood chum took a trip to the western country, stopping at Chicago, Denver, Cheyenne, on their way.

Taken in Emmett, Idaho.
Harry Monroe.

They visited my brothers and sister Flora, all in Idaho. They had hunting trips in the mountains where they killed grouse, caught mountain trout in the cold mountain streams, and enjoyed themselves as only healthy, strong young fellows can when out on such a trip.

On his return home he entered Harriman University at Harriman, Tennessee. This was a co-educational institution and was conducted by President James A. Tate, an educator of much prestige

Harry Monroe.

in the South. The school was well known, probably more from extensive advertising, than from any great excellence. Harry spent one year there. During 1906 he worked in one of the iron mills at Wheeling, as shipping clerk, and continued until the fall of 1907, when he matriculated at the Eclectic Medical College of Cincinnati, Ohio.

Medical students at work in the dissecting room. The dissections are usually made at night. It is an eerie, weird, exciting place to be, with the lights turned low and the dead bodies lying about the room. Harry stands behind the X.

At the end of the Junior year, Harry, with a number of his classmates, took the Ten-

nessee Board of Medical Examiners, and all received a passing grade and obtained permission to practice in that state.

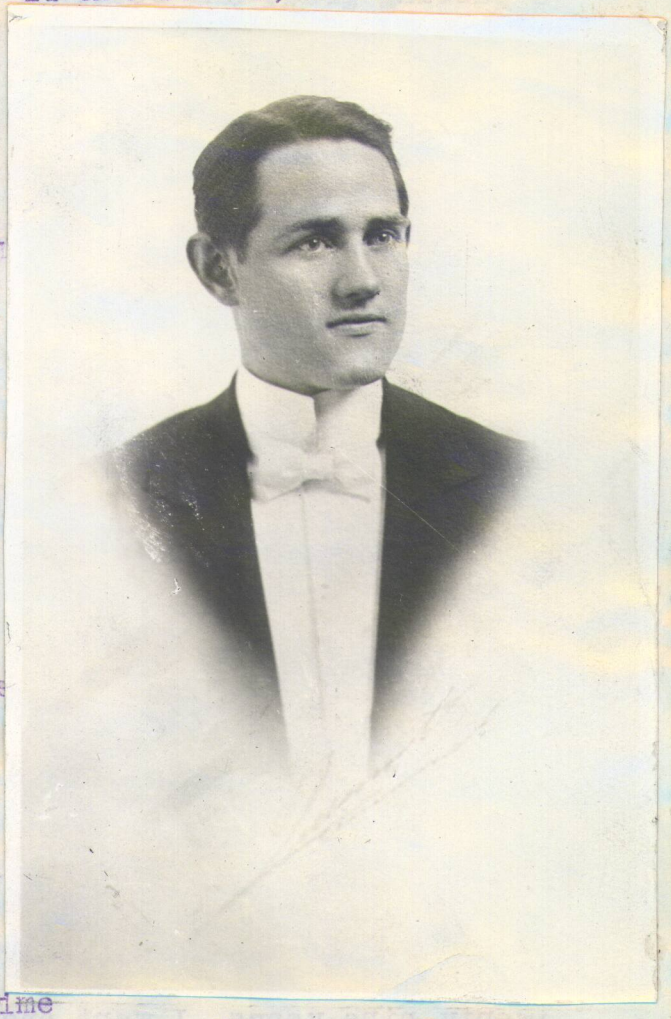
He put in the full four years, and graduated with his class in June, 1911. He was honored by being valedictorian, and gave the address on their graduation night.

The letter X designates Harry with his classmates in the dissection room.

Agreeably to a promise made I went over to the commencement exercises, the first I had attended for twenty-nine years. I went around to the old college from which I had graduated in 1882. It had been sold and turned into a business house, and replaced by a better building in a more suitable place. Many changes had taken place. All the old professors were

either retired or dead, and their places supplied by younger, if not better, teachers.

I enjoyed the meeting of the Alumni association, the banquet, and all the exercises pertaining to the turning out a full-fledged class of medical student graduates.



H. S. Monroe, M. D.

Harry and I returned the next day and he, until in July, put in all his time in reviewing his medical studies, preparing for an examination before the Board of Medical Examiners of Pennsylvania and West Virginia, an ordeal dreaded,

more or less by all who apply for a certificate to practice.

Harry passed both boards with credit and was now eligible to practice his profession in three states. I helped him fit up an office in Jacktown (Wind Ridge), Greene County, Pennsylvania, where he still lives. A country practise is a hard life, though, with many compensations. In Greene County they have bad roads, many hills, steep and rocky, dark and stormy nights and cold, winter weather.

On the morning of March 12th, 1914, there appeared in the morning Wheeling Intelligencer the following notice:

Yesterday at the home of Dr. J. A. Monroe, a pretty wedding took place, when Miss Nellie E. Durbin of Green County, Pennsylvania, became the bride of Dr. H. S. Monroe, formerly of this city, but later of Greene County. The ceremony was performed at High Noon, by Rev. W. H. Fields, Miss Clara Kuehl playing the wedding

Dr. and Mrs. H. S. Monroe

Home of Dr. H.S. Monroe.

march. After the nuptials a wedding dinner was served, and later the happy young couple left for a short honeymoon, after which they will locate at Wind Ridge. Only the immediate relatives of the bride and groom were present.

They were married on the 11th day of March, 1914, and have lived in Jacktown ever since.

As yet, no issue, but they have a member of the family that they regard very highly:

"Shep".
The Household Pet.

Member of Christain Church, Republican.

Addendum.

In the fall of 1916, when war was thought to be possible with Mexico, Harry made application to the War Department for a commission in the medical corps.

After some time of waiting, his application was recognized and he was ordered before the United States examining surgeon at Pittsburgh, for examination. He responded promptly and on November 6, 1916 he was notified that his examination was satisfactory and that he would soon be commissioned a First Lieutenant in the Medical Corps. On June 13, 1917, in Special Order Number 136, from the War Department, he was ordered to report to the Commanding Officer at Fort Ogelthorpe, Ga., for training for duty "Over-sea" in the war with Germany. He left for that camp June 15, 1917. He passed a perfect physical examination and was accepted. Preparation for future work was on from early morning until late at night. This continued until July 14, when an order came in for twelve doctors to volunteer for immediate service in France. Forty-nine doctors offered their services, and of these forty-nine, twelve were chosen, Harry being one of them. About July 23 orders came for them to report at New York for immediate departure

for the battle front. On July 28, 1917, at 10 a. m. they sailed. On board were 2600 soldiers 100 officers and a full crew. They took the Northern route by the way of Halifax and, after an uneventful voyage, they landed at London, August 14th, and left on the following day for Paris. They stayed two days in that beautiful city. Harry was assigned as Quartermaster at United States General Hospital No. 1, Base Section No.1, and was well pleased with his position.

First Lieutenant Harry S. Monroe, M. C.

The weather was wet and the atmosphere heavy, and a long the last of the month he developed a cough with a slight fever. There was so much tuberculosis among the soldiers that this cough aroused suspicion

in the minds of the doctors in the hospital, and on August 31 he was relieved from duty and placed in the hospital as a patient. He was given repeated physical and xray examinations. Finally after being under observation for twenty-eight days, it was decided, to be on the safe side, that he would better return to the United States for further treatment. He left France on September 28 and arrived at Hoboken, New Jersey, October 8th, 1917, early in the morning, and was transferred to the United States Army General Hospital No 1, Williamsbridge, New York. near New York City. He gained ten pounds on hiss journey back and felt fine. He frequently asked to be sent back and a promise was given him that he would probably soon be returned to duty. The Colonel in command objected and because of his authority, it was finally decided that he should be discharged. This decision was a great disappointment to us all and to Harry especially. In the war of 1812 and in the Civil War our name had been reresented, and we were proud that Harry had the disposition to do his "bit" in this most righteous war.

After a month in the hospital and a furlough

of four weeks spent at home, he was given an honorable discharge and returned home where he has been ever since.

November 4th, 1919.

First Lieutenant Harry S. Monroe, M. C.
American Expeditionary Forces.

QUESTIONS

If T. B. is called the "White Plague", why does it affect black people?
Ans. For the same reason that blackberries are red when they are green.

Irene:—"Katherine why don't you wear a hair net?"
Katherine Mc.:—"Oh, it's too hot to wear one."

It is strange that Lange keeps such close watch on the marriage licenses in connection with the Lancaster Avenue news, as the young lady who recently went home was already married.

Irene to Willomay:—"Did you hear about the cat in the Dispensary?"
Willomay:—"No, what happened to it?"
Irene:—"It committed suicide."
Willomay:—"How?"
Irene:—"It put th end of its tail in its mouth, and said here's the end of me."

The young men who have difficutly in procuring girls at the social gatherings might get better results by following Long's method of attending without a collar, with a four days growth of beard and a big patch in the seat of his trousers.

Kathryn of B-3:—"Oh! all my teeth are falling out."
Frances C.:—"They are your second ones and won't grow again."
Kathryn:—"I mean the teeth of my comb."

On a recent occasion Prof. Long, the golf expert, attempted to instruct two charming young ladies in the fine points of the game.
Assuming one of those noble heroic poses for which he is justly famous, he took careful aim, made a vicious circular stroke and——missed.
This he repeated three time, and then, with a wild, determined gleam in his eyes, again addressed the ball, one, twice, and——then swing.
For further details inquire of Miss Breisch and Miss Lee, the only witnesses of the catastrophe.

Naught's had, all's spent,
Where our desire is got without content.

Mary L.:—"Do you think you're on the beach this morning Joe?"
Josephine:—"Oh, I can see alright."

Younger discoursing on the hazards of horse shoeing,
George remarked:—"Say, Younger, did you ever shoo flies?"

The night is long, that never finds the day.

Judging by the way Sliver, champion scrubber of F. row went over the fence he must have decided to take up aviation.

Rumor has it that it requires the combined efforts of the other seven inmates of the cottage—G-2—to prevent Feleciana from scrubbing the entire hall himself.

Our hearts go out to makers of mirth.

Mrs. Fransen:—"Jerry" are you going to the picnic?
Jerry:—"No, I'm afraid they won't have good eats. I gained five pounds last week and I don't want to lose it."

WITH THE WAR
VETERANS

MONT ALTO, PA.

"Pack up your troubles in your old kit bag and smile, smile, smile."

A day that will no doubt go down into the memories of the patients of the War Veterans' Hospital is August first, 1922,—one of the red letter days of the hospital. This did not only concern the patients but the nurses and the members of the Medical Staff. On this day a farewell party was held for our friend and comrade, Dr. H. S. Monroe, who helped many of us along the road to recovery, and who will always be remembered by the patients of the hospital.

Dr. Monroe came to the War Veterans' Hospital as a patient about six months ago, and when we were short of doctors, he volunteered to help out, and has continued to do so up until this time when he has decided to leave us.

We all are sorry to see Dr. Monroe leave us, and in a short talk by Dr. Boddy, speaking for the staff of the War Veterans' Hospital, and by Dr. McCutcheon, as Medical Director of the State Sanatorium, we know that they too would like to have Dr. Monroe remain.

A very beautiful watch was presented to Dr. Monroe by the Reverend Roland Barber, on behalf of the ex-service men of the War Veterans' Hospital. Dr. Monroe, in his acceptance, emphasized the fact that we should always play the game fair and square and not neglect the chasing of the cure, to take our cure conscientiously and regularly, even though he was leaving us. He said that it wasn't so much what the doctors did to effect the cure as it was what each one of us did individually in taking the cure.

We wish to extend our thanks to the orchestra for the music, and to Messrs. Mohn, Rauscher, Professor J. M. Barber, and Mr. Carey for their instrumental and vocal solos, all of which helped to make the evening a success. We also wish to extend our thanks to the nurses and staff, who served the refreshments.

* * * * * *

Note: We hope to see several more of the gang before the fall term opens.

* * * * * *

Down on the depot platform,
  Bathed in the bleak wintry breeze;
Shy long ago, of its contents,
  With nothing inside it to freeze,
Shorn of its former glory,
  Tapped of its last amber dregs,
Bungless, Beerless and Friendless
  Stands an empty eight gallon keg.

Anonymous.

—30—

To compliment after the presentation of the medal.

Who's with the boys, in their pains and their troubles,
Who smiles away disappointment and care,
Who wants to see every lad getting stronger,
Who tries to help every Buddy be square —
Who helps the nurses in trials oh! so many,
Who makes the doctor's day easier go,
Who do we need every day that is passing
Heart of us — part of us? — Doctor Monroe!

Miss Clark - Nurse
War Veterans Hospital
Mont Alto
Pennsylvania

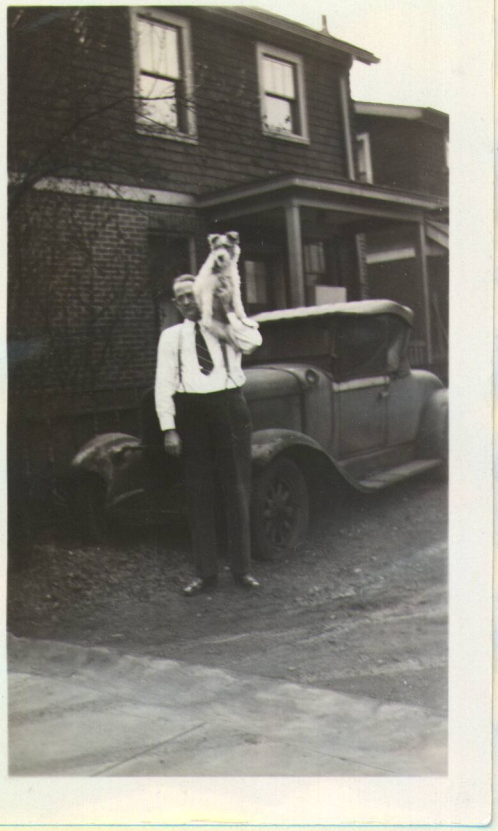
Who's with the boys, in their pains and their troubles,
Who smiles away disappointments and care,
Who wants to see every lad getting stronger,
Who tries to help every Buddy be square--
Who helps the nurses in trials oh! so many,
Who makes the doctor's day easier go,
Who do we need every day that is passing
Heart of us--part of us?--Dr. Monroe!

Miss Clark--Nurse
War Veterans' Hospital
Mont Alto
Pennsylvania.

When Harry left Mont Alto, War Veterans' Hospital, he came directly to Wind Ridge, Pa., and tried to regain his health. After some time passed and he did not improve he determined to sell his property and move to West Alexander. He was fortunate enough to secure a buyer for his home. This was accomplished and he moved into a house that his mother had built. He lived here three years and his health greatly improved.

At Mont Alto he had proved his ability to deal with sick soldiers. An offer came to him from the Veterans' Bureau at Pittsburgh which he accepted. He was appointed assistant to the Chief Officer. After a time had passed the Chief was relieved of his position and Harry succeeded him, which position he has held for nine years at this present date September 1, 1933.

Many of the soldiers who had tried and failed to get a pension, may thank Harry for his kindness to them in getting recognition for their services. No one knows how long he will hold this position but whatever results from the changes made by the Federal Government he may look back on his work with satisfaction because of work well done.



1934.
DR. HARRY S. MONROE AND HIS PET DOG "BOOTS".
TAKEN IN THE REAR OF THEIR HOME, WEST PENN PLACE, PITTSBURG, PA.

Dr. Harry Monroe and Wife Burned To Death in Summer Cabin Wednesday

Dr. Harry S. Monroe, 55, former resident of this city, and his wife, Nellie Durbin Monroe, were burned to death Wednesday morning in a summer cabin at Ross Mountain park, near New Florence, Pa., and close to Johnstown, Pa.

It is believed an oil stove exploded and set fire to the cabin while they were asleep.

The fire was discovered by a rural mail carrier, Winfield Dwight at 9:30 o'clock yesterday morning. Dwight attempted to force an entry into the cabin and failing to do so gave the alarm at New Florence. When the fire department reached the cabin it was discovered that the roof had fallen in.

Dr. Monroe's body was found upon a bed in one room and Mrs. Monroe's body was discovered on a bed in an adjoining room. A pet dog also perished in the fire.

The bodies were identified by Ralph Durbin, of New Florence, a brother of Mrs. Monroe.

Dr. Monroe was born at West Alexander, Pa., September 4, 1886, a son of Dr. J. A. and Mary McCutcheon Monroe. His mother died when he was a child and the family moved to Wheeling where his father engaged in the practice of medicine. His father later married Dr. May Baron, who died last year.

Dr. Harry Monroe was educated in the local schools and at the medical college at Cincinnati. During the World war he served in the medical corps. Later he was located at Wind Ridge, Pa., and then moved to West Alexander where he made his home for about 18 months.

In 1923 Dr. Monroe became staff physician at the U. S. government hospital at Aspinwall, Pa., where he remained 14 years. Later he was transferred to Indianapolis and still later to Lincoln, Neb. Failing health caused him to return to Aspinwall as a patient. Recently he had been residing at New Florence and taking treatment in a sanitarium there.

Mrs. Monroe was a native of Wind Ridge, Pa., and was united in marriage to Dr. Monroe there. They had no children.

Dr. Monroe is survived by two sisters, Mrs. Irvin Koehnline, of Chantal Court, this city, and Mrs. Anne Mills, of Cadiz, Ohio; and one brother. Mrs. Monroe's relatives resided at New Florence, Pa.

Funeral services are to be held at West Alexander, Pa., Friday afternoon at 4 o'clock. Rev. W. H. McKinney, pastor of First Christian church, Wheeling, will officiate. Interment will be in West Alexander cemetery.

SERVICES ARE HELD FOR DR. MONROE, WIFE AT WEST ALEXANDER

Couple Who Perished in Fire Buried in Washington County

NEW FLORENCE—Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Durbin of New Florence, formerly of Johnstown, have returned from West Alexander, Pa., where they attended the funeral of Dr. and Mrs. H. S. Monroe, who were burned to death on May 28, when fire of undetermined origin destroyed the cottage in which they were staying near New Florence. Services were conducted by Rev. W. H. McKinney of the First Christian Church of Wheeling, W. Va.

Dr. Monroe was 54 years old. He was graduated from Wheeling, W. Va., High School in 1905 and attended Harrimere University in Tennessee. Later he entered Eclectic Medical College in Cincinnati. After his graduation he started practicing in Wind Ridge, Pa., and later in West Alexander, Pa. He served overseas with the Medical Corps during the World War and later was appointed medical director of the U. S. Veterans Bureau in Pittsburgh.

He served in the latter ca
from 1923 to 1937, when
transferred to Indianapoli
After serving six months in
napolis he was transferred t
coln, Neb., where he served
years as chief medical dire
He was given a leave of abse
due to failing health and return
to Pennsylvania to recuperate pri
to taking another assignment o
July 1. Dr. Monroe was a son o
Dr. James Monroe and Mrs. Mary
Monroe, both deceased. A brother
Dr. John Monroe, also preceded him
in death. He leaves a sister, Mrs
Margaret Koehline of Wheeling, W
Va. The deceased was a member
of the Masonic order. His wife, Mrs
Nellie (Durbin) Monroe was 5
years old and was a daughter o
Mr. and Mrs. Hughes Durbin, both
deceased. She leaves three brothers
Thurman and John, both of Wind
Ridge, and Ralph of New Florence
Mrs. Durbin was a member of th
Eastern Star.

Margaret Monroe.

Margaret was born in West Alexander, Pennsylvania, on Friday morning, March 1st, 1895, at 2 : 30 O'clock A. M. On March 4th, she was weighed and registered even 6 pounds.

Margaret Monroe.

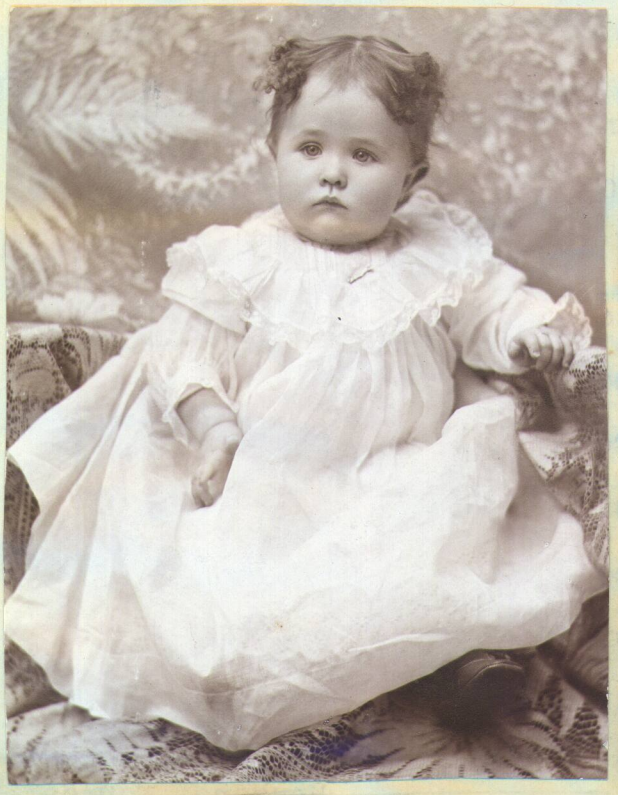
This, her first picture, was taken by our neighbor, Harry R. Link, on September 20th, 1895.

When Margaret's mother became too feeble to care for her, Mrs. Jennie E. Link, our friend and neighbor, in the kindness of her heart, took Margaret and cared for her until after her mother's death and funeral, and until other arrangements could be made..

Margaret was about one year old when her mother died, and for some years after that she was in the care of her grandmother, Margaret McCutchin, and lived in West Alexander the most of the time.

When she grew older she came to Wheeling and attended a kindergarten on Thirty-first

Margaret Monroe.



Margaret Monroe.

Margaret Monroe.

Street, taught by Miss Lou Helmbrecht. Because of age

John. Margaret. Harry.

and physical infirmities the grandmother went over to her niece's home, near Taylorstown, to her old home where she was born, to spend her last years, and Margaret came to her home in Wheeling.

In 1904 she entered Webster school and completed the course in four years, without being tardy once, and absent only one or two days, and this because of sickness.

Margaret Monroe.

She was Class Historian and Valedictorian of her class.

In September, 1908, she entered Wheeling High

Margaret Monroe.

school Classical course, Dr. Hervey B. Work Superintendent of the City schools, and Professor Charles S. Brilles, Principal of the High school. Margaret pursued the course steadily to its completion, and graduated in June, 1912 with an excellent record. She was now only seventeen years old and we thought one more year at home before she went to College would be best. In her school work, she has had in view a preparation for teaching, so for one more

Bethany College. Main College Building.

OGLEBAY GATES

FRONT VIEW OF MAIN COLLEGE BUILDING

year she pursued her studies in the High school, taking Normal T[illegible] Training and other studies.

Margaret Monroe.

In September, 1913, Margaret matriculated in Bethany College, Classical Course, in Sophomore class.

Because of advanced standing secured by taking a year's post graduate work in the High school, she will graduate in 1916, completing the four year course in three years, and also the Normal Training course. This Certificate of Normal school work will enable Margaret to teach in New York, Pennsylvania, Ohio and West Virginia without the trouble of a special examination

Margaret Monroe, Junior.

for a permit to teach. Margaret's three orations, Sophomore, Junior and Senior, were "John Brown of Ossawatomie", "Thou Shalt Not Kill", (Capital punishiment), and "The Death of John Barleycorn".

Margaret has been extremely fortunate in not being absent or tardy during her whole college life.

Margaret Monroe, A. B.

Margaret has taken great interest in Sorority work and has been a member of the Alpha Pi Delta for some time. This Society was founded on April 17th, 1893, and that date has been celebrated annually, in all colleges where an organization exists, as Founder's Day. They have a banquet, give toasts and sing college songs, and they have the rooms decorated with Alpha Pi Delta colors--double blue and gold.

Margaret's place is marked by an X.

PRESIDENT THOMAS E. CRAMBLET, A.M., L.L.D.

President of Bethany College.

The Sorority House.
For two years this was Marga-
et's home.

Class Roll

Lawrence Doak, A. M. New Martinsville, W. Va.
H. F. Gamer, A. M. New Martinsville, W. Va.
D. LeRoy Mantle, A. M. Adair, Okla.
Guy Mantle, A. M. Adair, Okla.
Alfred Sims, A. M. Louisa, Va.
Gladstone Yeuell, A. M. Fort Payne, Ala.
John Calhoun Gates, Jr. A. B. Princeton, Ky.
Carolyn Ferguson Gordon, A. B. Poplar Bluff, Mo.
Clyde David Helmick, A. B. New Philadelphia, Ohio
Margaret Monroe, A. B. Wheeling, W. Va.
Maynard L. Patton, A. B. Jeffersonville, Ohio
Mary Gillespie Royce, A. B. Ithaca, N. Y.
Lyrel Grace Teagarden, A. B. Danbury, Con

William Corean Fowler, Min. A. B. Pittsburg, Pa.
Elbert B. Hensley, Min. A. B. Bethany, W. Va.
Carl Wilhelm Pultz, Min. A. B. Brookings, S. D.
John Reason Sloan, Min. A. B. Petry, W. Va.
Edward Walter Lape, B. S, Piqua, Ohio
Stanley Franklin Bittner, B. S. Agr. Slatington, Pa.
John Mertens Lewis, B. S. Agr. Washington, D. C.
Arthur Leon Rudeback, B. S. Agr. Hilton, N. J.
Esther Tibbetts Royce. B, S. Dom. Science, Ithaca, N. Y.
Edith May Baker, Ph. B. Mannington, W. Va.
Martha English Cox, Ph. B. Wheeling, W. Va.
Rosa Margaret Dunlap, Ph, B. Claysville, Pa.
Elizabeth Merimether Morgan, Ph. B. Bethany, W. Va.
Joy Fraser Taylor, Ph. B. Bethany, W. Va.

Bethany College
Class of Nineteen Hundred and Sixteen
Seventy-fifth Annual Commencement
Thursday morning, June eighth
at ten o'clock
Chapel Hall

TROLLEY CAR, WELLSBURG AND BETHANY LINE, IN MAIN STREET, BETHANY

After many rainy days, the Eighth of June dawned clear and bright, a beautiful day, and Bethany, with its beautiful campus was at its best, with flowers, birds and shrubbery in great profusion. Mrs. A. L. Mills and Miss Clara Kuehl I went out on the early train and arrived at that historic place between nine and ten o'clock a. m.

The Commencement exercises are always preceded by the Academic parade.

The Academic Parade.

The walk in front of the College entrance.

Those who form the parade are the Faculty, distinguished guests, the graduating class and the Alumni. A cornet band leads

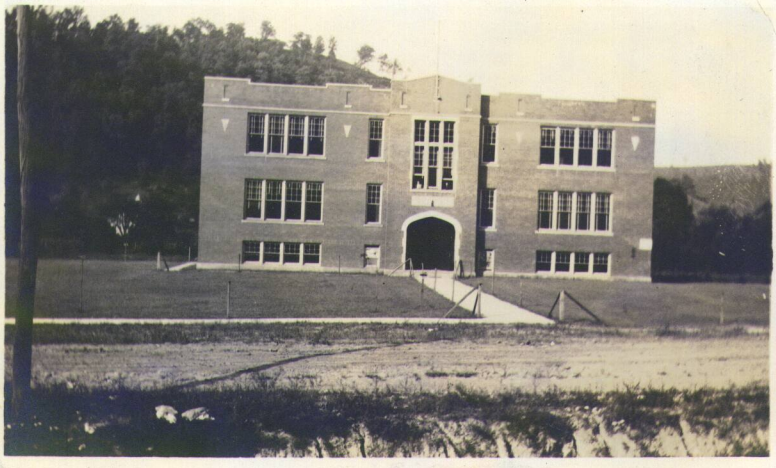
the way from the Heights to the College building, followed by the President and others in the above order, making an imposing array, dressed in their caps and gowns.

Marching to the Commencement Hall.

Margaret had been chosen one of the speakers and acquited herself with honor, the subject being, "Thou Shalt Not Kill". She received her Diploma and Normal Certificate and her college days were ended at last. After a week's rest at home, Margaret taught

six weeks in the College Summer School. Before Commencement she had applied for a position in the High school at Reader, West Va.

She was successful in obtaining the position she wanted, and will teach German, Latin and History. She will enter upon her duties the 4th of September, Nineteen hundred and sixteen.



High School.
Reader, W. Va.

Dr. and Mrs. J. A. Monroe

announce the marriage of their daughter

Margaret

to

Mr. Irvin J. Koehnline

on Thursday, the twenty-eighth of August

nineteen hundred and twenty-four

Wheeling, West Virginia

After returning from Poplar Bluff, Mo., Margaret secured a position in Wheeling High School as teacher of Mathematics, where she taught continuously until the close of the school year 1924.

At the end of the school year of 1922, she realized a long-expressed desire to add to her education by visiting Eurppe. She left for New York on the 17th of June, and on the 19th sailed for foreign lands. She visited Italy, Germany, France, including the battlefields of France, and there also had an airplane trip over Paris. She visited Holland Switzerland, and England, and returned home the last of August in time to take up her work again the first of September. It was a most happy, enjoyable, and instructive visit. Both going and coming she was free from any sea-sickness. During the summer of 1923 she took a post-graduate course in Columbia University, New York, specializing in Algebra and French.

About this time she became acquainted with Irvin John Koehnline of Bridgeport, Ohio, and they seemed to be mutually agreeable to each other and their acquaintanceship ripened into affection and on the 14th of July, 1924 the following notice appeared in the Wheeling Register:

Engagement Announced.

Dr. and Mrs. James A. Monroe announce the engagement of their daughter, Margaret Monroe, to Mr. Irvin Koehnline. The wedding will take place in early fall. Miss Monroe is very popular among a wide circle of friends and will be honor guest at a number of pre-nuptial affairs during the time intervening before her marriage. She has been a member of the faculty of Wheeling High school. Mr. Koehnline is a resident of Bridgeport, a graduate of Kenyon college and at present is connected with the Wheeling Steel corporation.

On August 29th the following appeared in the Wheeling Register:

INTERESTING HOME WEDDING

Miss Margaret Monroe and Mr. Irvine Koehnline Are Married at Home of Bride.

* * *

One of the interesting weddings of late summer was that of Miss Margaret Monroe, daughter of Dr. and Mrs. J. A. Monroe, and Mr. Irvine Koehnline, son of Mr. William Koehnline of Bridgeport. The ceremony was performed at 4 oclock by Rev. W. H. Fields, pastor of the First Christian church, before the mantel in the living room, which had been banked with summer flowers and greenery. The same flowers were used in profusion throughout the lower floor of the home. Before the ceremony Miss Emma Baron, a cousin, sang "O Promise Me," and played the wedding march from Lohengrin for the entrance of two little nieces of the bride, Margaret Eleanor and Florence Mills, who were the only attendants.

The bride wore a beautiful afternoon gown of pale blue georgette heavily embroidered in white beads. She carried a shower bouquet of bride's roses, sweet peas and baby's breath. The little ribbon bearers were in white organdie and they preceded the bride to the altar, forming a pathway with wide white satin ribbon. Following the ceremony, a wedding dinner was served, after which the bride and groom departed for New York, from where they will sail Saturday for Bermuda. Miss Mildred Koehnline caught the bride's bouquet. For traveling the bride wore a suit of dark blue duvetyne with hat and other accessories to correspond. Upon their return they will take up their residence in Brookside.

The bride is a very attractive young lady and for some time has been a teacher at Wheeling High school. Following her graduation there she graduated at Bethany college and later attended Columbia university in New York. Mr. Koehnline graduated at Kenyon college at Gambier, Ohio, and is connected with the Wheeling Steel corporation at the Yorkville plant.

Out-of-town guests here for the wedding were Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Baron and children, Annis and George, Jr., and Mr. and Mrs. F. M. Work of Steubenville; Mrs. Lulu Farmer and Miss May and Dr. Paul Farmer of Aitken, S. C.; Mrs. Nannie Reed and Miss Hazel Guess of Washington, Pa.; Dr. and Mrs. H. S. Monroe of Pittsburgh, Pa., and Miss Jennie Berry of West Alexander. The following announcements were sent out:

Dr. and Mrs. J. A. Monroe
announce the marriage of their daughter
Margaret
to
Mr. Irvine Koehnline
Thursday, August twenty-eighth
nineteen hundred and twenty-four
Wheeling, West Virginia

* * *

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Jennings of De-

Bride and Groom

Ready For The Honeymoon

On their return from their honeymoon, they took up their residence at 65 National Road, Brookside, Bridgeport, Ohio. They moved to Wheeling, W. Va. October 1st, 1925 living at 39 15th St. On May 1st, 1926 they moved to Chantal Court, Wheeling.

At 1:20 in the afternoon of August 10th, 1926 there was born to them a son, without spot or blemish, WILLIAM ANGUS, named after his paternal and maternal grandfathers.

Bank Day Aug 3, '32

William Angus Koehnline
Aged six months

"BILLY'S HOUSE"

BILLY & PAP-PAP

BILLY - AGED 9

BILL, HIGH SCHOOL STUDENT

Billy entered Steenrod School in September 1932 and his name was always found on the honor roll. At the close of the fifth and sixth grades he received the first Stifel awards for scholarship.

In 1940 he entered Triadelphia High School where he also received Stifel prizes in his freshman and sophomore years.

He was very much interested in journalism and had a place on the school paper, the Triadelphian, for three years. He served as reporter, first page editor, and as feature writer. He was president of the Nature Club and also secretary of the senior class.

At this time our country was at war with Japan and Germany so Bill took the Navy V-12 test in November 1943 and was accepted. He received his orders to report to the University of North Carolina at Chapel Hill, on March 1st 1944 for college and Naval training leading to a commission.

Koehnline and Brown Leave Monday, Other Boys Permitted To Finish

Bill Koehnline, who passed the Navy V-12 test will leave Sunday for the University of North Carolina. A member of the Triadelphian staff for two years and feature writer this year, Bill expressed his preference for the engineering division of the Navy.

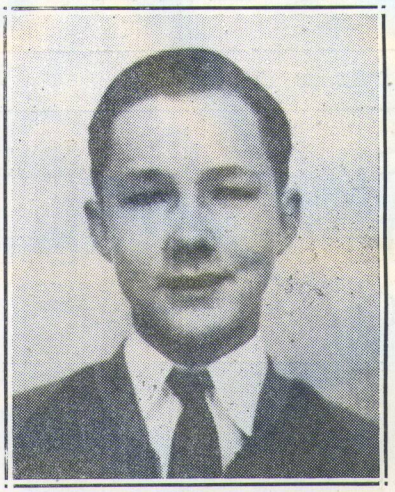
Since he had sufficient credits to graduate, he received his high school diploma "in absentia".

After having had one year's training in the V-12 unit, he was screened again and expressed a preference for Naval Reserve Officer's Training. He was accepted for this and will continue his studies at Chapel Hill for twenty more months.

William A. Koehnline V-12, U S N R

THE TRIADELPHIAN,

WHO'S WHO



Bill Koehnline, freshman, was the highest boy on the semester honor roll with an average of 95.5. Bill takes the college preparatory course and expects to attend Bethany college when he graduates.

His time is taken up, not only by studies, but by membership in the Nature club and Sodalitas Latina. Other than clubs, the Boy Scouts, his favorite sport of baseball, and his hobby of collecting coins wend their way into Bill's leisure time.

Although his mother taught algebra at Wheeling high, Bill seems to find English a more interesting subject because he likes Miss Erskine's teaching very much.

"Movies with plenty of action are my favorites," says Bill. Spencer Tracy and Paulette Goddard are his favorite players, although he has no favorite moving picture.

Popular music is enjoyed more by the five-feet-ten freshman than classical pieces, but no piece of popular music holds top rank in his mind.

Bill has visited our two close neighboring countries, Canada and Mexico, with which he was greatly impressed.

Bill came here after completing junior high at Woodsdale.

WELCOME TO THE NROTC

The eleven V-12's whose appointment to the Carolina NROTC unit was announced today are to be congratulated on this first step along the way toward an extended college education and a commission at the end of the road. Out of approximately 1200 men on campus, to have been chosen for this special program is a signal honor. Carolina is flattered that you wanted to stay . . . and hopes you will become officers that the Navy can be proud of.

Irvin John Koehnline and His Family

This first insertion in my grandfather's book is one that his daughter, the only one of his three children to have a son of her own, always intended to add, to provide for her posterity a more balanced account of their forebears, of whom all of the Monroes and Russells, the Bighams and the McCutchins and other folk described heretofore in this document are only a decreasing fraction -- half for me, one fourth for my children, and one eighth for any grandchild who may be added to the spreading tree of interconnected life.

Irvin John Koehnline, my father, was one of five children of William Koehnline and Rachel Fox Koehnline of Bridgeport, Ohio. The Koehnlines, who must have spelled the name slightly differently then, left Germany, probably the Rhineland near Koln and Dusseldorf, much later than the Monroes and my other Scot and English forebears left the British Isles. My grandfather Koehnline's wedding certificate (the religious document, not the civil licence to marry) was hand-lettered in German, in Fraktur letters, and the name was spelled "Koehnlein," while my grandmother's family name is given as "Fuchs." I do not know their birth dates nor the number of their siblings, but there were both Koehnline and Fox cousins living in and around Bridgeport in my father's time, and in my childhood. I had personal contact with Uncle Ed Fox, Aunt Amanda Fox, and Aunt Amanda's children, particularly her twin sons, Irvin and Nelson, the first of which was named for my father. Of the family members who died when I was a child, I have no precise record and certainly no personal recollection.

Rachel Fox Koehnline, from all that her children reported of her, was a beautiful person, an open-handed hostess, and a

wonderful mother. I don't believe my own mother, Margaret Monroe, ever knew her. Certainly I did not, though I was accustoned to seeing her photographic portrait in the house in Bridgeport.

William Koehnline senior, my grandfather, was associated with the family ice and coal business in his youth, but he derived most of his fortune, I believe, from building roads for Belmont County and the sate of Ohio, and from trading in real estate. As a builder-contractor for the several governments, he was rather deeply involved in Republican politics.

The house he acquired for his family on the river front in Bridgeport was a large and substantial brick structure, with full basement, dating from the time of the Civil War, when only a few homes dotted the west side of the Beautiful Ohio, just at the midpoint of Wheeling Island. This monument was destroyed when the Interstate Highway was built to replace the former rough brick road that formerly followed the river on the Ohio side. Not only I but my wife and all three of my children have many distinctive memories of that grand old monster of a house.

William and Rachel Koehnline's children were William Fox, Irvin John, Mabel, Elizabeth, and Mildred. William the younger, my uncle, like his brother Irvin, attended and graduated from Kenyon College, Gambier, Ohio. Like Irvin he served in the war to end all wars. He was a psychological casualty of that war and had to be institutionalized for many years in Columbus, Ohio. It was not until his sisters were reunited in Bridgeport that he was brought home to live a private life. During his last years he received the care of his sisters, who included him in as much of their activity as it was possible to do for a man of childlike disposition and unpredictability.

Mabel was educated as a teacher of home econmmics. For a

short time, she operated a tearoom in Milwaukee, Wisconsin, but thereafter she returned to Bridgeport and maintained a home for her father until his death. During all of her life until the onset of senility, she was the cook, the one who stayed in the kitchen and prepared, while her sisters were more visible. She was a rock of strength, with a warm passive sense of humor, and sometimes served as the butt of her sisters' or her brother's humor. She took kidding well. She was a wonderful aunt to me.

Elizabeth, the great storyteller of the family, attended Bethany college while Margaret Monroe was enrolled there. It was she who brought my parents together, and for that service I owe her everything. Elizabeth and Margaret's circle of friends in common included Caroline Gordon, southern novelist and critic, later wife of the distinguisehd poet Allen Tate, whom they used to call "Aunt Cal," "Callie," or "Carrie." In later years Elizabeth lost her warm feelings for this particular old friend who had achieved a short-lived fame, and when we named our second daughter "Carolyn," and started calling her "Carrie," she was less than happy with the coincidence. Still later, of course, our daughter was THE Carrie, and the novelist was referred to, if at all, by her full name.

Anothermutual friend from college days whom I remember was Elizabeth Morgan, who married Frank Lappin, a gentle carver of spoons who introduced me to the work of H. G. Wells to keep me pacified during an adult party in his house, and who participated in my initiation into the mysteries of modern art, particualry non-figurative abstracion and surrealism, when I o was twelve of thirteen.

Elizabeth and Mildred held a variety of jobs, first in Bermuda and then for nearly twenty years in New York City, where they

Mildred helped form my taste. She was responsible for selecting books and magazines that helped to form me -- John Martin's Magazine when I was learnong to read, Asia when I was in sisth or seventh grade, and ART News beginning in 1941, after my return home from the art capital of the world. She introduced me to Robert Nathan, James Branch Cabell, and William Saroyan, and helped me to discover John Steinbeck's The Red Pony and Stefan Zweig's The Royal Game. She took me to the WPA production of Porgy and Bess. She read to me and told me stories.

Nobody could have had three more indulgent or more stimulating aunts than I had, despite Patrick Dennis. And to step out of chronological order, I feel I must report that they became good friends of my intended wife from their first meeting with her, and with each of my children resumed the wonderful "aunthood" that they had exemplified for me.

When I was a child, my parents and I would go to the Lincoln Avenue (Bridgeport) home nearly every Sunday, and take a ride in the country with Mabel and "Pop." My grandfather was too far gone into old age and self-concern to give any real attention to me, but I observed the loving care which Mabel and my Dad gave to their father, and I guess it influenced me positively.

My relationship with my father was less close than that with my mother, my Uncle John, my grandfather Monroe ("Pap-pap"), and my Koehnline Aunts. His tastes and mine were apparently nearly always at odds. During my grandfather Monroe's lifetime, which was roughly also my granfather Koehnline's lifetime, my father stayed home, played golf, or worked in the garden, while my mother, my grandfather Monroe, and I went to church together.

Thus he excluded himself, as my son has done two generations later, from an important part of my life. Later, he formally joined the First Christian Church and became an elder of that congregation, but I tend always to think of him as an outsider in religious matters. His baptism echoes with that of "Father" in Clarence Day's ever-popular play.

The four brief paragraphs that are devoted to my father in my grandfather's notebook as it came to me describe two of the positions that he held with the Wheeling Steel Corporation. They omit the best job he ever had, that of laboaratory assistant and associate inventor for and with "Dr. Peacock." a research metallurgist with whom he secured several patents, which they signed over to the corporation in accordance with the terms of their employment. When Dr. Peacock died, after only a brief period of their work together, the staff of the laboratory was disbanded, and "I.J." was given a chance to try his hand at sales, a function to which he devoted the rest of his working life, but one from which he derived comparatively little personal satisfaction, at least during the years when I was there to observe him.

At the end of World War I, an experience that he never described to me, my father not only served woth the army of occupation in Germany, but also attended the University of Paris and lived for a while with a French family. He secured a diploma in aeronautical engineering at a time when that specialty had just begun to exist. Charles Lindberg was a special hero of his, and he insisted on taking his terrified son up in an open cockpit plane before I was three. He never got a pilot's license, and I never even aspired to one.

Three things that I know about were important to my father, outside of his family, which came first in his hierarchy. These were the technical side of his work -- the process which he loved to show to any customer or friend who cared to see it -- the international fellowship of Rotary, and the public body which he helped to found, Oglebay Institute. And of these, the greatest by far was Oglebay.

Although not a naturalist and by no means expert at recognizing species of birds or flowers or trees, my Dad identified himself with Oglebay in general and with its Nature Education Department in particular from 1930 until his death in 1952. For three years he served as President of the Institute. The nature Library, such as it is, was established as a memorial to him and to my mother.

I.J. followed the nature trails with Alonzo Beecher Brooks and his successors. He helped to grind the reflector for the reflecting telescope, and he lectured to stargazers night after night. He helped to build -- and rebuild -- and again rebuild -- the mountain camp at Terra Alta, West Virginia. In his commitment to Oglebay, he set me an example for my own commitment to Oakton Community College, which I would be pleased to have my children remember.

I.J. received shrapnel in his lower leg during the war, and he always walked slightly one-sidedly. He did not coddle himself or others in any way. I think he didn't believe in the reality of illness. When I had my tonsils out at age 6, he had his out at age 40, except that he refused to take any anesthetic. Under Dr. Woodruff's knife, he twitched once. It nearly killed him.

My father and mother celebrated a belated twenty-fifth wedding anniversary with a return trip to Bermuda, where they had spent their first honeymoon. There the photograph used in

the Koehnline Nature Library at Oglebay, of which I have a replica hanging in our bedroom, was taken. Befoe their twety-eighth anniversry, he was taken by cancer. His final illness was brief but painful. I don't know whether he approved of me, or whether he knew how much I loved him, or how much I respected him as a man of solid and unshaken principle. We never told each other.

Written in Vancouver, B.C.
June 7, 1982

William A. Koehnline

The Monroes as I Knew Them

I was born, as my grandfather relates, in the bedroom at 116/232 Washington Avenue (116 when I was born there, renumbered 232 when the bridge at the foot of "new" Wahington Avenue was built, some time after 1944). This bedroom was later mine (1940-1944) and still later my mother's (1952-1954). My first home was a second-floor apartment three or four doors down the street, near the Roller and Ackermann families. Mr. Roller was my first non-family barber.

Some time before my Uncle John's death in 1929, my parents moved to the new home built for them at the rear of the lot on which my grandfather's home stood. That is the house illustrated with the caption "Billy's House," in my grandfather's book, assisted by my mother.

My earliest memories of the family at 116 include my Uncle John, who had the room in which I slept overnight after his death, when my parents had an evening engagement and I was left at the big house in front for safekeeping. There were no non-family babysitters for me, ever, as I recall. This room became my study room and my mother's sewing room when we moved into the front house in 1940, after Dr. Mary's death. Uncle John and I were pals, as another caption calls us. He teased me, but only gently. He remarked on my lack of eyebrows. He played with me on the floor under the dining room table. His death when I was three years old was never explained to me. Like my Uncle Bill Koehnline's condition, it was never discussed in my presence until I was old enough to understand, and by then of course I had no facts at my disposal to make understanding possible. I concluded that I was supposed to forget my pal, and it came as a surprise to me that I was expected to remember him in even greater

detail than my limited experience could warrant, and with an affection that had faded with my deliberately suppressed memories.

Also living in the house were Anna Mills, then widowed for the first but not for the last timd, and her two daughters, Florence and Margaret Eleanor. Florence was in high school at Trladelphia and Margaret Eleanor was being courted by "Clint," who became her husband, when I first remember them. Anna was a singer, a sometime sitter for me, once with disastrous results when my carriage went down the seventeen front steps of the house in back, and she was a survivor. She is that still (6/82). When her daughers married, she moved with them to Cadiz, where we sometimes -- rather rarely -- visited them before Margaret Eleanor and her family moved to Jacksonville and Anna, Florence, and her family moved to Mesa, Arizona, where they still live, in mutual hostility, at this writing. Margaret Eleanor suffered many illnesses and was bedridden for years before her death. Anna married Russell Crouse, a widower whom we never met, employed in the aircraft industry, and lived with him in California and then in Arizona until his death. Anna attended my mother's funeral. I visited her once in Mesa while she was living in a trailer court there. Later she moved into a senior citizens' complex, of which she sent me photographs.

Living with Dr. Mary Baron Monroe and her blind husband, my grandfather, in the earliest days of my memory was Aunt Rachel Fisher, Dr. Mary's widowed sister. Her son Martin brought farm produce for the household nearly every week for the first seven or eight years of my life. Aunt Rachel's death was undramatic. Like Uncle John's death, it was concealed from me.

Mary Ann Baron Monroe, as I recall her, was a strict, starched,

unsentimental general practitioner who had pioneered medicine for women in West Virginia. She had a friend, Dr. Lily B. Martin, who had done the same thing in Cleveland. Dr. Mary had a repertoire of horror stories with which she regaled me during the series of childhood illnesses that hit me when I entered public schhol. (I missed about one day out of three that first year, much to everybody's outspoken disappointment.) She had no bedside manner to speak of and it was an event when she consented to hold our dog Fritz for a brief moment for purposes of a photograph. No outside babysitter could have been more strict. Living with a sentimental, handicapped husband, I think she overcompensated. I remember her with respect and admiration, but without affection.

The daily occupation of Aunt Rachel and Dr. Mary in my childhood was the making of quilts. They had a quilting frame set up in the front bedroom (the one where I was born, where I slept during all the nights of my high-school years, and where my mother took her daily naps during her ten years of reduced energy and the need for afternoon rest.) For years this was the quilting room. The products of their industry were distributed far and wide, to the Mills girls, to the Fisher family, and finally, of course, to my parents and me. For some reason, though, none passed to my wife and me when the several sets of personal belongings were disposed of after the deaths of their owners. Thus no sample of the product of all those hours, days, and years of careful handwork remains as evidence. The quilts survive for me only in memory, and for my children only as paternal hearsay.

One act of Dr. Mary's, in addition to her medical services to me and my victims, should be mentioned as acorrective to the otherwise severe picture I have painted. It relates to piano lessons, taken when I was eight. This is another instance where

my mother pushed me. I said I would like to be able to play the accompaniment when we sang Christmas carols. That remark provided an opening for encouraging me to learn to play the piano. I was to take lessons from Mrs. George Bailey, across the street. Either as a stimulus to me, or out of a genuine interest of her own, Dr. Mary said that she, too, would take lessons from Mrs. Bailey. I had to go to Mrs. Bailey, but Mrs. Bailey was willing to come across the street to teach Dr. Mary on her own retuned piano at 116/232 Washington Avenue. The assigned lessons, at least through Czerny's Studies in Velocity, were similar if not quite identical. Or progress was comparable, more remarkable for her than for me. She didn't quit before I did. I wish I could say that her example caused me to persist as a pianist into adulthood, but that is not the case. It did help me to get started, and it carried me through at least one recital, something that I don't believe she ever had.

Dr. Mary's brother was a stockbroker, George A. Baron, I believe. Certainly it was through Dr. Mary and the Baron office that stocks, particularly drug stocks, came into my mother's possession, and ultimately into mine. My father also bought, sold, and speculated in stodks through the Baron office, dealing with a son-in-law, William (always called "Bill," even to me) Wheeler, husband of Florence Baron Wheeler, for whom Anna Mills' younger daughter was named. Florence and Bill had two dhilcren, a girl my age and a youger boy, another "Billy." These cousins by marriage lurked on the edge of my childhood. I was frequently compared unfavorably with my cousin Claire Ann. She may have turned out to be a perfectly wonderful woman, for all I know, but as a child, I couldn't stand her, and I think the feeling was mutual. One summer the Wheelers conned my parents into spending part of

my father's vacation at Chatauqua, where I had my first experience of camp life. I blamed Claire Ann for my misery there, too.

Another family connected through the Barons, I believe, was that of Mr. and Mrs. Norval Davis, Sr. Mr Davis sold pianos, and he played beautifully. His wife Nellie survived him for many years and was living in Montana as recently as Christmas, 1980. They had at least two children, a boy named Norval and a girl named Sarah Josephine. Norval was the grasscutter at 116/232 when I was small. Unfortunately, I grew into it. Norval was not industrious. Neither was I. Those were my only contacts with Dr. Mary's family, many of whom lived in the neighborhood where I alleded Junior High School.

J. A. Monroe, author of the body of this book, to which these comments provide an expended footnote, was a big factor in the first nine years of my life. He read to me and with me from his big "Moon method" books for the blind. He and Dr. Mary read all of Robinson Crusoe aloud to me and I saw Friday's footprint first through Pap-pap's blind and watery eyes. He held me on his lap until I was certainly too heavy for him. He was affectionate to me and he loved all of our pets in succesSsion. They were fox terriers, mostly, and three were deliberately poisoned by a neighbor, Mr. Christian (!) Hoffman, before we acquired a survivor of mixed breed named Fritz.

Beginning when I was four, and interrupted only by school and trips with my parents, I would "lead" my grandfather on a daily -- sometimes twice daily -- walk down the street to Sonnefeldt's green garage (still green in my mind no matter what color they might paint it), and back again.

I knew then that the book Pap-pap had written for his beloved daughter Margaret was destined to be mine. Fifty years later, I

sat in a hotel in British Columbia, scribbling on hotel paper, bringing it up to date.

Uncle Harry lived in Pittsburgh with his wife Nellie, their wire haired dog, "Boots" being one in a series, and a young woman named Lucy, who also worked at the Veteras Administration Hospital, Aspinwall. My mother and I drove to Pittsburgh several times a year, and did the following things there: we visited our relatives, shopped at Kaufmann's or Booggs and Buhl, ate at Isaly's ice-cream restaurant, and -- this was the high point -- visited the Carnegie Museum in Schenley Park. When Harry and Nellie moved to Lincoln, Nebraska, we visited them once, as part of our trip to Yellowstone in 1940.

My mother's maternal relatives, the Reeds of Taylorstown, were part of the "Monroe" side of the family, although my grandfather gave them little space in his book. They were "Auntie Nan" the matriarch, her son Arthur and his wife Wilma, their son Arthur, Jr., and an elderly sister of one of the parents, "Aunt Felsh" (Felicia?). We visited them when we went to take flowers to the cenetery in West Alexander, Pennsylvania.

These are my earliest, and in most cases my only, memories of my mother's family.

Georgia Hotel, Vancouver, B.C.
June 7-8, 1982

Skokie, Illinois
June 21, 1982

William A. Koehnline

Meetings with Aunt Flora and Uncle Walter

I had two contacts with my mother's only aunt on her father's side, and her husband. The first occurred in 1933, two years before my grandfather's death, when I was seven. Aunt Flora and Uncle Walter drove from Pasadena to Wheeling in their Studebaker to visit, to be with Flora's brother, and to meet his wife, Dr. Mary, who had faithfully written a weekly letter at her husband's dictation, with insertions of her own, to the sister-in-law whom she had never met. Pictures were taken at that time. Of all the many "western" Monroes who figure in this book, only Aunt Flora and Uncle Walter, and Mabel Monroe and her family (see below) were known to me personally until I met Marie McFadyen Monroe, widow of mother's cousin Fred (see my Introduction to the Koehnline copies, and also below) at the time of my daughter Carolyn's college graduation in June, 1982, thereby initiating my renewed interest in this record.

In 1936, after my father had made an investigatory trip to San Francisco, to determine whether he should accept a position with the Pacific Can Company of that city, My mother and I took a memorable trip to Chicago, Banff (where my wife and I were about to go as I wrote this section in the railway station in Vancouver), Vancouver, Seattle, Portland, San Francisco, Los Angeles, Long Beach, San Diego and home via the Grand Canyon and Kansas City, the last-named point being notable that year for two reasons: the seventeen-year locusts, which had just taken flight and formed a plague, and Alfred M. Landon, who was running hard for the presidency of the United States, at the end of FDR's first term. In Los Angeles we stayed with Aunt Flora

and Uncle Walter for several days, went to church with her, and took a side trip to Long Beach for shopping and a visit to the Sullivans -- who have a section of their own in the original J.A.M. notebook text. Flora seemed to me, at nine, to be the upright and opinionated person her brother's account suggests. Walter, then 73 years old, was less assertive, more inclined to care for his yard than to enter into conversation or debate. I recall that the subject about which he talked most was sunstroke and heat prostration, which he had suffered at various times. I imagine that he had been overwhelmed not only by the sun, but by the numerous Monroes of several generations more than once.

Mother's Cousin Fred, and Marie

Elsewhere in the original book will be found an account of my great Uncle Finley Monroe's adventures in the unsettled west, written by himself. Although I never met any of my mother's Monroe uncles, Finley was a character in my earliest mental draft of the family saga. This is due to my grandfather's spoken recollections of boyhood and just a few meetings later, to Finley's own contribution to the Monroe Memoirs, and to my mother's experiences with Finley and his son Fred on a trip to "The Yellowsone" before her marriage. That trip is described in her travel notebook, "Seeing America First" (Unfortunately she didn't do an equally thorough job in writing her 1923 excursion, which could have been called "Seeing Europe Second."). On the Yellowstone trip she got to know Finley's son Fred, who was a near contemporary. Twenty-odd years later she and I.J. visited Fred and Marie at their home in Wenatchee, Washington. At some point, Marie started including my mother in her family correspondence, consisting notably of a full annual account of

the condition, progress, and current roster of the Monroes in Idaho, Washington, California, and British Columbia. When my mother died in 1954, Marie started directing her annual letter to me, and Phyllis and I reciprocated with news of our small branch of the clan, wherever we were at the time.

When the American Association of Community and Junior Colegesheld its annual convention in Seattle, when Jim Davis became president of Wenatchee Valley College, and when our daughter Carolyn started attending The Evergreen State College in Olympia, Marie extended invitations to Phyllis and me to come and visit her. Cousin Fred died in the early seventies (1972?), but Marie maintained her rounds of visits to her family and his, and continued to keep us informed of developments.

Finally, when Carolyn announced her plan to participate in the graduation ceremony in Olympia on June 6, 1982, Phyllis and I had an opportunity to include Wenatchee on our itinerary. We took an Amtrak train from Glenview, Illinois, after church on Sunday, May 30, up to Milwaukee and across Wisconsin, then through North Dakota and Montana, where we viewed the American Rockies and Glacier National Park, and arrived at the depot in Wenatchee not too long after the scheduled arrival time of 4:25 a.m. tuesday, June 1, 1982.

There was Marie, in a pantsuit and two beautiful yellow roses, waiting to meet us. She took us home to 105 North Garfield, let us take refreshing baths, bed us a huge and delicious breakfast, showed us the walls of her family rooms -- for all of her house is a family room -- covered with pictures of son Edward's children, son Jim's children, and daughter Catherine's children. We didn't learn all of their names, but we saw that they were numerous, intelligent, and beautiful, interesting human beings.

I had brought the notebook containing the Monroe memoirs and was amazed to find that Marie already had her own copy (Finleu's copy, passed to son Fred, and to her) and that it represented a variant typing, with different spacing and pagination (still no page numbers, but different starting and stopping points on the successive pages), different typographical errors, and some significant additions, subtractions, and possibly substitutions. Before leaving Wenatchee I asked for copies of those pages not represented in my copy, and promised Marie copies of all that I have that her copy lacks -- including these newly-composed pages. (On Tuesday, June 22, a package from Wenatehee arrived in Skokie, enclosing baby powder we had left there, a graduation gift for Carolyn, and the precious promised pages!)

Marie drove us to Wenatchee Valley College, where I talked briefly with President Jim Davis, then in his fifth year in that office after leaving McHenry County, Illinois, where I knew him. Afterwards Marie drove us around the campus and around the city of Wenatchee, and then back "home" where we awaited Carolyn's arrival by bus in mid-afternoon.

With Carrie, Marie took us some forty-five miles to Lake Chelan, showed us a home of friends where she house-sits, took us to a lodge built on Indian lands, etc. We ate at the Sand and Surf restaurant at one end of the lake, and returned to Wenatchee, where Carrie and I enjoyed being together by reading parts of the family history to each other. Marie was still watching "Nightline" on ABC-TV when we three Kohnlines all fell asleep.

June 2 we arose at a more normal hour, had both a breakfast and a big brunch, both accopmpanied by great conversation. We took some pictures, I listed explicitly my wants and promises, and we got to the bus station comfortably to catch the 11:25 for Seattle. It had been a too-short but very significant visit.

Margaret Monroe Koehnline, Mother

Elsewhere in its assigned place in Grandfather Monroe's orderly scheme -- following the entries on her older brother and preceding the entry on her adopted sister -- is a rather full account of my mother's life up to her marriage, as seen or imagined by her father. Here I want to add the observations of a devoted only son, who saw her from a quite different perspective.

Margaret Monroe was a good daughter, full of filial piety, an affectionate and loyal wife, a caring and indulgent, understanding mother, a good sport, a wonderful teacher, an apt pupil -- even to her son in areas of his special interest and assumed expertise, from an early age -- a keen and witty, sometimes slightly malicious, observer of people, in fact an inveterate people-watcher, an organizer, and a loyal participator in the work of the YWCA, the First Christian Church, the nature education program of Oglebay Institute (She was good at identifying genera, species, and variants, particularly in the plant kingdom. Colonel Robert P. Carroll said she could recite the "Asclepias mass," the Latin names of the milkweed and butterfly bush family). Mom was a good diarist and letter-writer. She kept in touch with herself and with others far better than I have done. Why she didn't write some of the pages I am now supplying, I don't know. I write them as her amanuensis and continuator, a role I am proud to play.

In my childhood, Mom played golf with her husband. She quit beford he did. Like other family athletic activities, their golf didn't rub off on me. Perhaps I resented it too much for taking them, an especially her, away from me at an early age.

Mom saw to it that I learned to swim, but she didn't push me too hard, perhaps not hard enough. She allowed me to read -- once I had gotten the knack, which came slowly -- and she allowed me to be quiet and more passive than my father or my aunts quite liked.

She was good at card games -- Rummy, Canasta, Bridge, etc. -- and she was a demon competitor in word games, especially Anagrams, at which she beat everybody else in the family. Dominoes was the sedentary pastime of the Koehnline men. Board games engaged all of us from time to time. Margaret Koehnline was a competitor, a survivor, and usually a winner.

Mom worked furiously in the yard. She encouraged me in my one attempt to plant a garden -- corn and cosmos in equally assorted measures, in the same hills. She protected me from my father's scolding and angry outbursts. She mediated between her spoiled husband and her spoiled son as best she could.

She took pride, as did her father, in my achievements, and both of them let me know it. My father, on the other hand, bragged to strangers but kept his pride secret from those closest to him.

When I went to Chapel Hill, Mom visited me and let my campus become hers by extension. She never seemed to regret that circumstances had prevented me from attending her <u>alma mater</u>, of which she was a Trustee. She had patience with me when I returned from the Navy and waited to go back to college, still never having held a regular civilian paying job. Her relationship to my wife and my first child, her illness and widowhood, and her death I will take up in a later section. While I was a child, an adolescent, a college student, and a bachelor, she was to me all that her wonderful father, her own strong character, and the circumstances of life encouraged her to be, an unforgettable, all-sustaining, inspiring mother.

The Death of Dr. J. A. Monroe, First Author of this Book

Some of my mother's earliest friends, including Hazel Guess (the only one whose name comes to me) and many of my grandfather's friends of thirty or forty years' standing, lived in West Alexander, Pennsylvania, where he had made his home and carried on his practice during his marriage to Mary McCutchin, and the birth of all three of his children. On Momorial Day, 1935, as on many previous Memorial Days, grandfather Monroe and his daughter, this time accompanied by her nine-year-old son Billy, went to West Alexander for the patriotic ceremonies. Dr. Monroe met and chatted with a number of his dearest and oldest friends. He heard a description of the spring flowers and the burgeoning trees. He went to the services and participated as thoroughly as a blind man could. He fully enjoyed the morning and the early afternoon.

We returned home, had a light lunch, and he then lay down for his regular afternoon nap. He never woke up. No person could have a more peaceful or less traumatic death.

Unlike earlier deaths in my family, this one was made known to me. I was sent to get Mrs. Reinocker, who helped us out in emergencies. I attended the funeral. I said goodbye to my grandfather's body. I have never said goodbye to his spirit. He looked over my shoulder as I sat on VIA train 2, "The Canadian," Car 229, Bedroom D, en route from Sicamous to Revelstoke, British Columbia forty-seven years and a few days after that visit to the cemetery.

Dr. Mary's Last Years

Both of the quilting ladies survived the former head of the household, Aunt Rachel for a year or two, Dr. Mary for

five years. During this period of her widowhood, she ceased to practice, was often depressed, and became more and more decrepit, weak, and sickly. For years she had survived on a self-devised diet of tea, butter, and cream of wheat. Her delicate balance was strained more and more, and she died as reported in the newspaper clipping that my mother added to the book of memoirs some five years after it passed into her possession.

Harry and Nellie's Last Trip

My Uncle Harry, as reported in the clippings included elsewhere in this record, was on leave from the Veterans Administration during the spring of 1941, the year after we had visited him at his home in Lincoln, Nebraska. He had begun to develop psychological problems related to the depressing nature of his work, I believe. He and Aunt Nellie were staying in one of the cottages in New Florence, Pennsylvania, where they had stayed before, near her home and his first medical practice in Wind Ridge. Harry smoked in bed. Whether for that reason or another, the cabin caught fire and Harry and Nellie were burned to death.

This tragic fire occurred on the night befoe my ninth-grade end-of-year graduation assembly, marking the somewhat artificial passage from junior high school to senior high school. The day was important for my mother and me, since I had received no Stifel prize in seventh or eighth grade, and now I had managed to earn one during my first year at Triadelphia. Mom came to the assmbly, which ended befoe noon. We then went together into Wheeling for lunch and a movie. While we were in the movie, our names were flashed on the screen (in a form that only we could recognize), and we were called to the office, where my mother was told the shocking news. She was named executor of Harry's

estate, and over the next many months found herself required to make frequent trips to Pittsburgh, to consult with the VA, the several insurance companies, and two sets of attorneys, one friendly, one hostile. Much of this complication was due to the inablity of the authorities to establish the order of the deaths of the two persons. This indeterminacy resulted in the legal assumption that the deaths had occurred at the same split second, and therefore the assets constituted one estate, not two, and must be distributed in conformity with the two wills, where neither the one nor the other was in conflict with the law of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania. Among the property not specified in either will and not valued by the Durbin family (Aunt Nellie's heirs) was an extensive library. I was given my pick of all the unclaimed books.

I chose enough to fill the back seat of our car, and of those books I remember particularly a six-volume set of the works of John Galsworthy, bound in green, which I read in 1941-42 and again some ten years later, as a part of my doctoral review of Edwardian and early modern British literature.

I never had a chance to observe the relationship that my Uncle Harry had with his father and his sister. During my lifdtime, I believe, he was the least affectionate, demonstrative, and filial of the three siblings of my mother's generation.

Margaret Koehnline, 1944-1954

I have described my mother in an earlier section, with emphasis on the years during which we lived under the same roof (1926-1944). Mom lived for ten years after I left home for Chapel Hill and the world. Aside from vacations, I was with her for extended periods only in 1947 (April through Sep-

tember) and in 1953 (summer).

For most of the last ten years of her life Mom's daily activity was limited by doctor's advice. She was suffering with a defective liver and was quite limited in her diet. She was also required to take a nap every day. It is amazing to me as I think about it now how little her health, her diet, and her required rest interfered with her having, or certainly giving the outward appearance of having, a full life for all of those years, eight of them with my father, two of them alone.

When my father, who had never previously admitted to being ill, was diagnosed as having inoperable cancer, some of the spark went out of Mom. I.J. died on June 10, 1952, and P.A. and I spent the summer in Wheeling with Mom. I tried to work on my dissertation on Arnold Bennett, using the back room which had been successively the consulting room -- and operating room -- of the Drs. J. A. and Mary B. Monroe, and then the ping-pong room of the Koehnlines.

In the summer of 1953, P.A. and I stayed in Columbus. I secured a job at Battelle Memorial Institute, a rented half-house in Grandview, and my first car (grey Plymouth, priced at $2222.00). Mom came to visit us at the time of the Ohio State Fair. It was she, I think, who first noticed the truck marked "Practical Burial Footwear" and who enjoyed the melancholy absurdity of such a copporate entity and especially such a name.

Nearly every weekend, we drove to Wheeling to see Mom, although P.A. was pregnant with our first child. Lyn was born at the end of the year and befoe the winter was over the three of us began a series of weekly trips to see Mom. Twice in my anxious absence, Mom checked herself into Ohio Valley General Hospital because of acute pain. She was getting sicker and

sicker.

In August of her 58th year, Mom left 116 Washington Avenue for the last time. She was in the hospital for about ten days. We were with her on the two weekends. She died of heart failure, really just one of many concurrent failures of bodily functions, on September 3, 1954.

As I wrote this final segment of the memories of my mother, sitting on a train somewhere east of Regina, Saskatewan, I could not believe that I had lived more years after my mother's death than I had sahred with her on this earth.

William Angus Koehnline, As He Remembers

There is some of my own biography included in Grandfather Monroe's book, updated to 1942 or thereabouts by my mother. There is also some autobiography included in my accounts of the Koehnlines, the Monroes, and my parents in particular. On the assumption that these notes will pass to my children, and that they have some interest in my life, I will insert here a systematic, or at least roughly chronological, narrative of the first fifty-five and three-quarter years of my life.

Birth to Dancing School, ,926-1931

We lived on Washington Avenue, our house pressed against the steep hillside which extended all of the lots on our side of the street two or three times the depth of most building lots in the city, or even in our neighborhood. On our right lived the William Brasch family, with five daughters, a son my age, and a live-in mother-in-law. Thew were Catholic, members of ST. Michael's parish. The girls were Margaret, Katharine, Mary, Bertha Wilhelmina (called "Billie") and Theresa. The son I -- and

only I -- called "William," because I was Billy. His mother called him "Baby" until he was ready for parochial school. He was from birth to his early death always much more active and aggressive than I have ever been.

On our left was the parsonage of the First Christian Church, not very conveniently located for the pastor or the majority of the congregation, but very convenient for my grandfather and his good friend, the Rev. Mr. W. H. Fields, who served the church for at least thirty-three years. In that house, too, there was a Billy in our age group.

Across the street lived the George Bailey family, with only Nancy near our age, and she was an older girl, with no real interest for me. Her mother became my piano teacher in the next phase of my life.

Next to the Baileys lived the Merschrod family, whose daughter was a pianist. At least she was a perennial student of piano. Windows were left open at night in those days and I knew Virginia's repertoire by ear as well or better than she knew it by fingering. I knew just where she was sure to runinto trouble with a chord or a change of tempo.

Beyond the Merschrods lived the Kennen family. Charles was five or six years older than the three Bills. Arthur Conrad (usually called "Junie") was our age. Russell was one or two years younger, and then there were numerous half-brothers and maybe a sister or two, all of whom were too young to be of any interest to the gang.

On our side of the street, several houses down, lived Lois Ackermann, whose claim to fame in this book is that she bit me on the finger the day of her sixth birthday party. I carried a discoloration of the nail, and told the sory of my dishonorable wound, for years, until it faded and disappeared.

Directly across the street was a vacant lot, and behind it an alley. On the far side of the alley, facing Mills Street beyond, liv3d Bobby Laue, his big sister Wilda and his little sister Marjorie. It was Bobby who locked me in his chicken coop one memorable pre-school day.

Several streets away lived Jeff Beresford, the "bad" big boy who was a threat at all times, except when he had a broken limb, which was a frequent condition with him.

Finally, up the street on our side, beyond the Brasch and Hoffmannn houses, lived Helen "Boomy" Drumm, a friend of the Brasch girls who tended to play with younger kids at odd intervals, and Alberta Wasser, two or three years younger, who was a persistent target for resentment as she tagged along on excursions when she was uninvited and unwanted.

Those were the kids who defined my pre-school culture. I was a dropout from much of their activity, but that still gave us thousands of hours to help form each other's characters and personalities. The street on which most of us lived was in three parallel bands. On our side it was rough oiled macadam, full of potholes. Down the middle ran the trolley tracks of our ,ocal "Toonerville" shuttle. On the far side was a 1 and 1/2-land brick section, also somewhat rough. We played pick-up baseball and softball in the roughest parts, where cars seldom ventured. When there were enough players to choose up sides, I wasn't chosen. Mostly I didn't mind. We had a woods behind Alberta's house, arocky area we called the "caves," two wonderful hillsides -- one ours jointly, the other belonging to Mount de Chantal academy, located downhill on the other side, where Wheeling College of the Jesuit order is now located. There and in the basements of our houses, especially in the Brasch house, in the abandoned chicken house at the top of the hill, and in the

holes we dug just for fun on the hillside behind our houae, our collective life was lived.

Just once, as I recall, I was pulled into a mob scene of pure malicious destructiveness. One day, for some boyish reason long forgotten, we all decided that the thing to do was to break all the windows in Mr. Ackermann's greenhouse. I hot without sin, cast my share of stones. Unlike the other saboteurs, I eventually paid for every pane I broke (estimated) at the rate of ten cents a pane, using up many weeks of my allowance. This was the first lose/lose event that I remember. I lost standing with my parents for indulging in group rampage. I lost face with the gang for paying my share of the cost and thereby setting an example that they could not or would not follow.

When I was five, I was given a birthday party. I really didn't want to invite Lois A., the notorious finger-biter, to my party, but protocol called for it, and she even came. There were the Laupp children from our church, and my "Cousin," whom I was loathe to acknowledge, Claire Ann Wheeler. These outsiders, of course, didn't mix comfortably or well with the neighborhood group. It was William Brasch's first meal (ice cream and cake) outside his family, and daredevil that he was, he feared it and refused to eat in public. After the party, during a game whose point I forgot long ago, Billy Fields brought down a sledge hammer on two of William's fingers, leaving them deformed for the rest of his life. Years later, at Carolina, I used that day as the basis of a short story, which was notable for inconsistency of tone, imperfect foreshadowing, and for grim pessimism. In short, it was too much like the day itself.

During my fifth year, for some reason I was never told, I was enrolled in Miss Lydia Good's dancing class instead of in

kindergarten. My mother had to take me all the way to downtown Wheeling several times a week. For dancing I had zero aptitude. Social graces I had neither before nor after the dance phase of my education. Two recollections from this uncomfortable episode stick with me. One is my fascination with the wholesale plumbing supply showroom that we had to pass on the way to Miss Good's rented studio. I could have looked in that window all day, particularly if it could have gained me a reprieve from my sentence of compulsory dancing. The other is the song, "I Found a Million-Dollar Baby in a Five-and-Ten-Cent Store." That was the record that Miss Good used as background music for all purposes. What kind of dancing did a group of five-year-old boys and girls attempt to learn? I don't know. I've suppressed it too long.

Steenrod School, Lower Elementary Grades

I dreaded going to school. I just wanted to stay home, where I already knew the routine, and where I had a place of my own. During the final weeks before school, I wouldn't leave the house. Of course I cried -- off-camera -- on the first fatal day.

My first teacher was "Miss Mitchell," Ruth, perhaps, a young, pretty, gentle lady, wh never really had a first name for me. As reported elsewhere, my health was not good in first grade. I had mumps, measles, rhubella, whooping cough, scarlet fever, and chicken pox, all before Easter. All those germs were new to me. My bedroom was semi-permanently quarantined. As a result, Miss Mitchell didn't teach me to read, Mom did.

My second teacher as I recall her was an unforgivable slob. Her name was Mrs. Rhea Rogerson. I think she didn't like children. certainly she didn't like the particular class of second-graders of which I was a member. She did me two notable disservices. She

taught me that I was a monotone (I wasn't), that art wasn't important(it was and is), and that teachers often stand in the way of learning (they do). I attended more days, my rank in class improved, but I disliked second grade much more than first.

My third-grade teacher was Miss Mary Supler, daughter of missionaries to the Middle East. Under her guidance I moved from slow and reluctant learner to voracious reader and willing student. I acquired a lifelong interest in Egypt from her and from a slide show about Howard Carter and the tomb of Tutankhamun, which was shown in the Steenrod School gym one of those first three years. Next to my mother, Miss Supler is the teacher most responsible for the kind of student that I have been all the rest of my life. When I came to write up my Egyptian trip (1877), as will be described below, I though appreciatively of her.

A Century of Progress, 1933

During the summer of 1933, my parents took me to Chicago to join in the eelebration of the fortieth anniversary of the World's Colubian Exposition. This was Chicago"s secong great world's Fair, with an Amos 'n Andy Sky Ride instead of THE Ferris Wheel, but it was my first, and it was a landmark in my young life. This was the first of a number of essentially unsharable experiences that I had in those years, which discouraged my attempt to to communicate wtih my contemporaries and to seek peer approval. None of my neighborhood gang went to the Chicago World's Fair, or any other. Theygave the impression that they never heard of such things except from me, and they would far rather not hear about them from me. Therefore, I tried to tell Anna. I specifically remember trying to dox so while she was dusting the steps at 116. I tried to tell Mrs. Brasch, a great listener to my chatter. I tried

to tell Dr. Mary and Pap-pap (it was getting a little late to use this infantile name, so I ~~never~~ really didn't call him anything; I never solved that problem -- not even in this book). I couldn"t tell the story of how much that experience opened up the world for me. I still haven't done so, but I assert taht there is a story inside me still waiting to be told.

Steenrod School, Upper Elementary Grades

In these years I studied piano, as reported in my acoint of Dr. Mary B. Monroe, above. My fourth-grade teacher, Miss Helen Clator, placed a higher value on children's artistic expression than Mrs. Rogerson, of second-grade infamy, had done. She even arranged a recital, at which I was one of the performers. This was my first and last recital. My rendition of the set piece was expedited if not otherwise enhanced by my deliberately not repeating any of the passages marked for repetition, and also by leaving out the middle two pages of the sheet music. To my way of thinking at that period of my life, the piece was sufficiently long even in its expurgated and truncated form.

Miss Kathleen Lipscomb was my fifth-grade teacher. Later she moved from the elementary school to the high school and was waiting for the girls in my class when we all arrived there. In Steenrod School, her specialty, perhaps her special penance, was the teaching of Palmer method penmanship in all the grades of the building. She was "Miss Palmer Method," so far as we were concerned. As such she plagued me for several years, until well into the sixth grade.

George E. Stifel cash prizes for academic achievement were awarded throughout the city of Wheeling every year from fifth through twelfth grade. By the time I reached fifth grade I was at the top of my class, and I got the prizeof $7.50.

Harold Thornburg was my sixth-grade teacher, the only male teacher in the six-room school and therefore the chief disciplinarian, and the specialist in the difficutt-to-teach aspects of mathematics, which was at that stage my least successful classroom acrivity. Duting sixth grade, my report card showed high marks in everything except arithmetic. I wasn't getting it, somehow. My other grades were the best in the school, however, and I still had the highest average, and thus "earned" the Stifel p4ize of $1o. oo on promotion day.

I had one other classroom problem. (Most of my problems at age twelve were in interpersonal relations outside the teacher-pupil transactions). Palmer method bored me, as nothing else in school did. Once I had learned how the letters were formed (six YEARS earler), and how they were joined (which I took as an intellectual problem until I realized that it was both arbitrary and natural, and I didn't need to think about it), I didn't want to practive "push-pulls and ovals" any more. I was required to stay after school one afternoon to meet with Miss Lipscomb, who obviously intended to give me a private tongue-lashing, except that she had a teacher's meeting, which she had forgotten, and I sat waiting in the fifth-grade room for nearly two hpurs.

When I had formed many Palmer-method sheets full of the letters on which we were drilling, I realized how late it was, and began to think about how worried Mom would be, since I had never been "kept in" before. Thereupon I wrote a polite and nearly letter-perfect note to excuse myself. I had just deposited it on Miss Lipscomb's desk when she came in. After reading it, she never got on my case again.

In the summer of 1936, my mother and I took the western trip that I have sketched in my account of the Monroes as I knew them --

Aunt Flora and Uncle Walter, and Mabel Monroe Sullivan. I wrote the draft of this section after P.A. and I had diverged from the path that Mom and I took forty-six years ago.

It was a great experience. It included a visit to the Pan-Pacific Exposition in San Diego and a brief visit to Mexico with Mom's friend Sarah Berlin, who lived in San Diego. When I got home, somebody asked me if I had seen "San Francisco." I had seen the city, and I was full of it, but I hadn't seen the movie, which was what they had in mind. Again I found a major experience of my life essentially incommunicable.

I think it was also in 1936 that Mom, Aunt Mabel, Grandfather Koehnline, and I went to Cleveland for aweekend visit to the Great Lakes Exposition, my third world's fair. "Pop" had a medical emergency and we had to take him to the emergency room of a Catholic hospital, my first visit to such a place. I also remember eating an ice-cream confection cal led a "Mondae" in a drugstore in Cleveland.

Woodsdale Junior High School

After six years in the red-brick school on top of the hill opposite to ours, which we could see from our front porth, our class was absorbed into the larger environment of a regional junior high school, Woodsdale (which was also the name of our telephone exchange in those days) for seventh and eighth grades. Each grade had three sections, with the members assigned alphabetically. My home-room teachers were William T. Emblen for 7-2 and Laura B. Pell for 8-2. Bill Emblen had been one of my mother's pupils at Wheeling High School. He was, both as a pupil and as a teacher, a dud. Miss Pell did her best to make West Virginia History exciting, relevant, and challenging, although it consisted mostly of rote memorization in preparation

for a statewide examination. She failed in her attempt to discourage me from chewing the erasers off my pencils. She and I were both disappointed when I failed to win a Golden Horseshoe award for high score in the eighth-grade championship exam. My parents were disappointed -- though I warbed them that it was coming -- when I failed to take a Stifel prize in either seventh or eighth grades. All prizes were won by pupils who had spent their first six or seven years at Woodsdale. I don't know if that was mere coincidence, but in those days I suspected collusion and foul play.

The New York World's Fair, 1939

During the summer of 1939, my mother and I stayed at 55 Morton Street with Aunts Elizabeth and Mildred while we very thoroughly immersed ourselves in the first great New York World's Fair, the Grover Whalen version with the trylon and perisphere theme center. Dr. Mary B. Monroe died and Hitler invaded Poland during the time I was maintaining my first serious travel diary. This fair, the fourth that Mom and I had taken in together, was thoroughly and completely enjoyable. I didn't even try to tell the folks at home what it was like, but I filed it away in my store of precious memories, and it is still there four decades and more later.

Ninth Grade, Triadelphia, 1939-1940

Officially, Wheeling had a three-year junior high and a three-year high school in my day. Actually, ninth grade was like Limbo, but it was more like the high school, where it was physically located, than it was like the first two years of junior high, now left long ago and far away in a different

neighborhood. Our home room was in a frame house next to the beige brick high school building. Our home-room teacher was Emil Dupke, basically a jock-type pre-principal serving his compulsory teaching stint, teaching English -- my best subject -- without insight or enthusiam. I had two good teachers that year, namely Miss Sarah Ann Whieley for first-year Latin and Miss Mary Erskine for English, notably A Tale of Two Cities and -- her favorite and therefore mine that year, Walter Scott's The Lady of the Lake, lots of which I memorized. Miss Erskine encouraged me to takejournalism, and I did so during second semester.

My Last Family Vacation with both Parents

Nearly evey summer from the time I was two or three years old, when we first went to Lake Temagami and I was covered with mosquitox bites, we spent two weeks in Ontario, fishing. In the late 1930's, we went once to Nova Scotia instead ("Where is Sydney?" "In Nova Scotia; I've been there." "Wrong, it's in Australia and I'm sure you just made that up!") I.J. rode in a dory behind a harpooned 700-pound tuna fish, and had his picture taken by the Movietone News crew, as part of a brief filler for a week when the news was unexciting. This was shown at some time in theaters around the nation, but we never happened to see it. Two summers we went to Manitoulin Island in Georgian Bay. I liked the travel and the family togetherness, but didn't put my heart into the fishing itself, much to I.J.'s disappointment and disapproval. I once made the mistake of asking what time it was, and provoking him to fury.

In 1940, I.J. bought a new car, a dark blue Packard 120, took off at noon on a Saturday, and drove it and us to Topeka, Kansas, before we stopped for the night. On Sunday we reached

Pike's Peak -- without "busting" -- and climbed it. The trip included Yellowstone, Cheyenne during "Frontier Days," and the visit to Harry and Nellie in Lincoln, already reported. Although I had no such idea at the time, this was the last major event in my happy but solitary, family-centered, passive childhood.

Lydia Good Revisited

About the time I started eighth grade, Mom once again though I should learn to dance, this time for social purposes. My old nemesis, Miss Lydia, was still in business -- after all, I was aging much faster than she was in those years -- and was now operating not next door to a wholesale plumber's shop, but in the gymnasium of the YWCA, my mother's own pet organization, on Chapline Steet. I attended as directed. I more or less learned to waltz, and to fake other steps. Only one night of the two-plus-year experience was enjoyable. For some reason, on just one snowy evening, Miss Good and her accompanist were both unable to attend. My parents took Patty McFadden, a female member of the awkward set, and me to the movies instead, and we saw the Charles Laughton version of The Hunchback of Notre Dame. We watched Esmeralda (Yvonne DeCarlo?) dance for the crowd, and we cheered for Quasimodo.

Triadelphya, Really High Schhol

My most influential teacher and best teacher-friend was Miss Katherine Metzner, whose brother became Miss Whiteley's husband. She taught Latin II, III, and IV -- Caesar, Virgil, and Cicero, in the order in which we took it. She used me as assistant when she gave a talk on Knossos, Mycenae, and Tyrns for the AAuW.

One other English teacher and one teacher who taught both

English and journalism deserve special mention in any account, however brief, of my high school years. Miss Margaret Dunlap was the sophomore or junior English teacher whose classes were the high point of my school day for at least a semester. Miss May Hervey was the very important lady who started me to write with an eye to the reader for the first time. She taught me journalism in the second semester of ninth grade -- by special dispensation -- and my first serious course in English (British) literature in the first semester of my senior year. Miss Hervey encouraged my writing, made me a page editor when I was a sophomore, and then over-all editor of the entire paper when I was a junior. That was a big deal for me, the biggest in my life up to that time. I got to do what turned out to be a humorous interview of Drew Pearson, as well as to decide what was news. I can still smell the ink on those biweekly copies of the Triadelphian, now lost except for the small clipping from my first sememster, before I had anything to do with the paper other than to serve as the guinea pig for some other student reporter.

A Movie, Two Camps, and a Solo Trip to New York

Four special events in the year before I left home should be mentioned. The first is a pilgrimage to see a movie: FANTASIA. I saw it with my parents in the Shubert Theater, Pittsburgh, having made in advance a full scrapbook based on the publicity generated by Disney and the criticisms in the New York Times and elsewhere. I've long since lost count of the number of times I have seen Walt's masterpiece since than, but certainly that first viewing and that particular hearing of each of the works of music have left their mark indelibly upon my sensibility.

My first camp experience in "the summer of '42" (having absolutely nothing to do with a much later movie of that name) was at the displaced Oglebay mountain camp in eastern West Virginia. Instead of being held at Terra Alta, on the land owned by Oglebay Institute, it was held at a Boy Scout campsite, Pok-a-Weu(sp?), for some reason connected with the war. I was a serious nature student (presiddant of the club devoted to such things at school) and I learned a lot about ferns, which we identified as pteridophytes, and butterfly weed (Asclepias tuberosa, etc.), birds, mammals, slime mold (going down the road singing "The Eyes of Texas Are upon You," according to Colonel Carroll, the botanist from VMI who was our inspiration that year), and ecology, a word I heard for the first time. I also learned a lot about human beings and other mammals.

My second camp experience the same summer was at the Boys' Camp of the First Presbyterian Church of Pittsburgh, held near Ligonier, Pennsylvanis. There I was called "Nature Study Bill," and I earned $21.00 plus by food and lodging for two weeks' "work." I also made a perfect score in the Bible Sudy quiz, much to the amazement of the pastor. The nature study was my first "professional" employmant, and my first effort at teaching. I likkd it.

Finally, that same summer, I was given a trip to New York, to celebrate my sisteenth birthday. I stayed for a week with my aunts on Morton Street, browsed through museums and bokkstores, concentrating on post cards of modern paintings, walked one day from Washington Square to 88th Street, then across Central Park and downtwwn a few blocks to the Hayden Planetarium and the Natural History Museum. I used the specialized resources of the Art History section of the New York Public Library (Minotaure, Signature, the 1936 Max Ernst Retrospective, etc.) and in general I set a pattern I have followed ever since in visits to cultural centers.

Chapel Hill, Part One, 1944-1946

The time was coming for me to enter military service of some kind. I opted for the Navy's version of pre-service college, the V-12 program, and applied for assignment to M.I.T., Cornell, or Bethany, in that order. Kenyon College didn't have a V-12 unit. I took a physical exam in Pittsburgh, passing it at the end of the day whn my rapid pulse finally fell back into the normal range. Later I went to Charleston for induction, and spent an awkward evening with Nancy Lee Bucy of that city, who had been on retreat at Bethany with me in 1943. I left high school and home in February, 1944, travelling with classmate Chandler Brown, who was assigned to go to Duke University, Durham, North Carolina. My own assignment was to the University of North Carolina, Chapel Hill, about which I knew only what the National Geographic had said in an article published in 1937 or 1938, which some friend of our family had hppened to save.

I spent twenty-eight months in Chapel Hill as an undergraduate, the first eight months in V-12, the next twenty months in the Naval Reserve Officers Training Corps, my welcome to which is the last entry by my mother in the page of her father's book devoted to me. During thse months I wore a seaman's uniform and lived in a succession of dormitories, the first being the sun porch of the Pi Kappa Alpha house on Faternity Row, which I shared with fifteen other academic sailors, thirteen of them Jewish boys from the north, and two of them -- Wiliam T. Ensminger of MUNroe, Louisiana, and Robert Buren Morgan of Morganton and ECTC (Eastern Carolna Teachers College) -- at least nominal Christians like me. Art Soybel of New York was the showoff of the whole crowd, but Bob Morgan and Murray Rosenthal of Greenville Mississippi were my best friends during that period.

I later lived in Old East, Old West, and the "new quad," at least once in a room formerly occupied by Thomas Wolfe, and once right across the street from the architecturally distinguished Playmakers' Theater, where I saw many stimulating productions, including my first staging of Thornton Wilder's The Skin of Our Teeth, which prompted me to read all of Wilder that I could find, and to attempt my first reading of Joyce. I had three teachers who were important to me while I was in the Navy program. They were Jim Godfrey, who taught English and other history with wit; Lyman Cotten, who taught modern poetry with clarity and class; and J. O. Bailey, author of Pilgrims through Space and Time, who taught modern fiction and whetted my appetite for all the soties I hadn't yet read.. Professor Brauer of the matematics department, formerly of the University of Berlin, was both humane and intellectually stimulating. I came closer to getting a feeling for the beauty of pure mathenatics that first year than at any time beore or sice, except perhaps for readings in Newman's anthologh or in Martin Gardner's puzzles. Professor Zatzkis of the physics departmnet, on the other hand, made his subject of thermodynamics into a foreign language and kept it beyond my comprehension. Spanish came much more easily.

My social life was limited. I associated myself with the Baptist Student Union, which was very important to me when I came back to Carolina as a civilian, and both wrote and illustrated stories for the BSU newsletter. Two girls were part of my life at this time, one very marginally and one quite seriously. The first was Polly Bell, a plump farm girl from eastern Carolina. I simply sat next to her at suppers, and my fellow contributors to the BSU paper tried to make something of that meaningless fact. The second girl was Anne Rogers, a Twiggy-type hyper southern

belle Army child, who lived on Country Club Road. We were sufficiently involved with each other for it to seem natural for our parents to meet each other. Therefore, when Mom was in town on one of her several visits, she and I were invited to have dinner with Anne and her parents. Quite innocently -- how was she to know? -- Mrs. Rogers asked Mom if she were a member of the United Daughters of the Confederacy. Margaret Monroe, whose junior oration -- see above -- was on John Brown of Ossawatomie, burst into uncontrollable laughter. That drove the nail into the coffin of our relationship right there.

I graduated with an A. B. in Naval Science, having passed up the chance to get a B.S. in Mathematics, on the grounds that it would be misleading and potentially embarassing for the rest of my life, and received my ensign's bars on June 6, 1946

The Postwar Navy, 1946-1947

After a brief visit with my parents in Wheeling, I took the train from Pittsburgh to San Francisco, travelling with a classmate whose family's most recent home was in Brownsville, Texas. We were assigned to Bachelor Officer's Quarters in a converted hotel not far from Market Street. I was assigned to temporary duty as "loading officer" at the port, seeing to it that compartmnets were filled to capacity on ships sailing to Pacific duty stations. This duty was not arduous. It involved me for only three days a week for a month, leaving me the rest of the time to get acquainted with America's favorite city. Then it was my turn to be loaded on an outbound ship, in this case the U.S.S. General W. A. Mann, a converted civilian vessel loaded to the gunwales, bound for Guam.

My assignment was to the U.S.S. PC 1149, a submarine chaser which had been unmanned for four or five months. My orders were

terse to the point of being cryptic: WHEN RFS, PROCEED WESCO. In English that meant that I was to get the vessel ready for sea, and then to deliver it to an unspecified port on the West Coast of the continental United States. My daily crew was drawn from the local brig. Each morning I would pick them up and take them to the submarine base, where our submarine chaser, which looked like the scale model of a destroyer, 110 feet by 23 feet, loaded with rocket launchers, depth charge racks, etc., was tied up in a nest of five similarly in capacitated and unmanned craft. Each evening I would return them to the lockup. Supplies were issued "in kind," and since we had the right to draw on the rations that would have been issued for a fully manned ship for all of the days when it had zero personnel, and since we were eating only one meal a day on board, both breakfast and dinner being provided elsewhere, we were able to be highly selective in just which rations we were willing to accept -- only steaks and cakes and ice cream, very fresh local vegetable, but no soup meat, no canned peas. Somehow, we used an awful lot of little bottles of tabasco sauce.

Finally, we were "RFS," and I requisitioned a temporary commanding officer, fueled up, and steamed off as part of a convoy bound for Kwajalein, Eniwetoc, amd Pearl Harbor. We were the fastest vessel in the convoy, but that just meant we had to go in circles around the other vessels, using up all of our fuel on each leg of the voyage, while they finished the trip with reserve supplies still in their fuel tanks. I changed skippers twice, but got a "keeper" named George Perkins Miller, a crusty old bachelor, former enlisted man with the temporary rank of Lieutenant, wh stayed with me through the decommissioning, and then was demoted and assigned elsewhere.

When we reached Pearl Harbor, we required a thirty-day refitting before we were once again fit for the open seas, and the 1149's last voyage under its own power. Our course was set for Astoria, Oregon, where the already rusty PC was destined to become part of the Pacific Reserve (or "Mothball") Fleet. I stayed on board while we were towed up the Columbia River to Portland, where we spent Christmas and early January, 1947. The PC. was in drydock and Ilived with a group of young officers in a reasonably good civilian hotel. I met a nice Catholic girl named Marie Stevens at a party on New Year's Eve, and after the shop was towed back to Astoria and I was housed in BOQ there, I took the bus to Portland several times, once to buy a civilian suit and suspenders (the only pair I ever used, as it turned out), once to attend a dance at Marie's school, once to play tennis. These weekend trips relieved the boredom of being Assistant Materiel Maintenance Officer for Ordnance, in other words, a bilge inspector!

My months of useless service dragged to an early end and I was taken to Seattle for release from active duty. I flew to Pittsburgh from the northwest, and was met at the airport by my mother and Mrs. Brasch, with whom I had an old-style Isaly ice cream supper on the way home to Wheeling.

Interlude

Between April and September of 1947, I was restored to childhood. I went to the Nature Leaders Training School at the Terra Alta Mountain Camp, and edited the report for that year, participating in the design and production of a six-color silk-screen cover. It was five years since Pok-a-Weu, and a war on two fronts had been fought and won, but I didn't feel as if I had changed very much. I dated Ann Moyers of Martins Ferry.

Fall, 1947, through Summer, 1949

Return to Chapel Hill

I was accepted as a "special student" at the University of North Carolina, where I had three quarters of undergraduate deficiencies to make up before I could enter the Graduate School as an M.A. candidate in English. I lived for those three quarters in one of the Sunday School classrooms on the second floor of the Baptist Church, renewed my association with the Baptist Student Union -- I could scarcely avoid it, even if I had wanted to do so -- experienced flooding on my oversize Picasso still-life reproduction, played ping-pong with the ten-year-old from next door, and shared facilities with Jack Gue, a suicidal playboy very badly out of place; Milton Bliss, a singing orphan from Mars Hill; and others.

In addition to English courses with J.O. Bailey, Lyman Cotten, Arthur Palemr Hudson, and others less important to me, I took introductory psychology with fellow BSU member Fran Greene (a town girl with a great personality, a disfigured leg, and few if any inhibitions), and two great creative writing courses, one with Charles Edward Eaton of the English faculty, and the other with Phillips Russell of the School of Journalism. In the latter class I met Roy Moose, John Ehle, John Foster West, and a girl who became one of Hugh Hefner's first Playmate centerfolds. Could her name have been Duncan? I know it wasn't Sandy.

At Christmas time Ed Strain and I went to New York together and attended a YMCA-sponsored seminar at the United Nations, then still at Lake Success. We experienced a big snowfall, met J.C. Herrin at Union Seminary, attended musical events at Carnegie Hall and the old Metropolitan Opera House.

My "special student" status ended in the spring term, 1948, when I was accepted as a full-fledged graduate student and moved from the church to the new graduate dormitory, "B," near what had been the V-5 (Pre-Flight) compound, for the summer. At the end of that term, I packed my wooden chest full of books and clothes that I wouldn't need until October, took one suitcase with me for purposes of a trip and a visit home, and left Chapel Hill early on the morning after my last exam for a trip to New England with my mother which is important to me because it was the only major trip that she and I took together after my ninth year, and it was my last experience of being primarily my mother's son rather than a self-sufficiant adult, and soon to be engaged and then a married man.

We drove up through the Middle Atlantic States, did our best to get around rather than into New York City, for once, drove up the Hudson, and made our first destination Bridgewater, Connecticut, where Mom's Bethany classmates Frank and Elizabeth Morgan Lappin were living, surrounded by books and culture, he making wooden forks, spoons, and salad bowls in his home workshop while he listened to Arthur Godfrey on the radio (not TV -- it was too early for that and the image would have been distracting). That evening the guests included a late-middle-aged spinster author-illustrator of books for children (was it Marjorie Flack?) and the fascinating and famous couple, Caroline Gordon and Allen Tate. As a graduate student in English, I soaked up everything that was offered. As a participant in the evening's social life, I was non-existent.

Mom and I included two other New England points on our trip. We got to Boston during the 1948 World's Series (Boston vs. Boston) and spent an afternoon at the Museum of Fine Arts while everyone

else was at the ball park. It was then that I saw the golden snake-dancer from Knossos for the first time. From Boston we went to Cape Cod, where we bought a woodcut of a ruffed grouse by Claire Leighton, who had been living or visiting in Chapel Hill the previous year, and who had spoken at a meeting that I had attended. We saw Plymouth Rock, etc., and drove home through beautiful autumn foliage. I treasure the memories of that very special trip.

During the spring quarter, and especially during the summer, I began to be involved with several of my fiction-writing classmates, led by Roy Moose, in the creation of the CAROLINA QUARTERLY, a three-times-a-year publication designed to replace the 115-year-old CAROLINA MAGAZINE, which the student body had voted not to support with its activity fees. I served on the Fiction Board for the first three or four issues, and had the pleasure of working with fresh manuscripts from several people later quite successful in the writing game -- John Foster West, John Ehle, etc. -- as well as the old war horses of Southern writing -- Paul Green, the Fugitives (now living elsewhere) etc. It was a heady experience for me and it contributed to my sense of self-worth during the period just before and just after my getting serious about P.A., which was the next and biggest event in my life at Chapel Hill.

Beginning in the fall quarter, when I returned to the University after my trip with Mom, I was given a stipend for teaching one section of freshman composition each quarter. That, I might say, was the beginning of my career.

At the beginning of that quarter, I attended, as usual, a Sunday night supper with the BSU in the basement of the Baptist church, recently my dormitory. I happened to share dishwashing

REMEMBERING RANSON

I first came to Chapel Hill as a rising junior, in September 1942, a transfer from Mars Hill Junior College. I spent the summer working in the Navy Yard in Charleston, where I could be close to my fiancee, Nan Love. By the end of the summer, I had spent almost all I had made on engagement and wedding rings, hoping they would keep Nan safe for me, (which they did, but barely).

I applied for student aid soon after arriving on campus and was made one of (Student Aid Director) Ed Lanier's "soldiers." The basement of Steele Dormitory was our barracks, with 20 or so of us in double bunks. Our job was to rise around 4 am and report to Lenoir Dining Hall to work for the next four hours preparing and serving breakfast (steaks, etc.) to Uncle Sam's golden eagles, the Navy Pre-Flight Air Cadets.

In addition to a small pay check, we got breakfast and all the food we could scrounge and squirrel into our barracks. I supplemented leftovers with 15 cents for my lunch. Dinner usually cost a quarter. It was not a hard job—except when Commander Kessing came around wearing white gloves and looking for a speck of dust.

I also had my lesson from Coach Ranson—as did Philip Kind '35 (article in February issue). I ran the mile and two-mile at Mars Hill for two years and was never beaten. Cross-country was just putting the mile and two-mile end to end and slowing down a bit. I came in either first or second every time we practiced. Our problem that fall of '42 was that we had no intercollegiate competition to run against because of the war. Finally, Coach Ranson arranged a meeting with Annapolis. On the following Saturday we were to compete with each other and determine who went with the team.

By then I was missing Nan, and I could see no reason to try out since the Coach knew how fast I was. I sold my tennis racquet and hitchhiked to Charleston. When I returned, I learned very quickly that Coach Ranson was through with me as a runner—at least temporarily.

That was the only cross-country meet we had that year. Those who went to Annapolis received UNC monogram letters when they returned to school, after the war.

I had another encounter that fall that touches history. Gerald Ford was one of the phys ed instructors for the Navy cadets. I'm sure I saw him every morning, though it would have meant nothing to me then. One of these navy officers ran with me frequently in the late afternoons, though I don't recall his name.

The big event that quarter occurred when Kate Smith and Ronald Reagan, among others, presented a program at the auditorium. At its conclusion, I encountered my running companion, who took me backstage. I was so subdued by a beautiful blonde starlet that Ronald Reagan left no impression on me. I may have been in the presence of TWO future presidents of the United States, because the officer who befriended me could have been Gerald Ford.

—John Foster West '47
(AB Jo, MA '49)
Prof. of English
Appalachian State Univ.,
Boone

(Editor's note: Foster West returned to Carolina in 1946 with Nan Love as his wife, and they lived in the veterans' trailer court. She died in an accident 16 years ago. Photos of the two of them in 1942 are below.)

Nan Love and Foster West '47—in student days

duty with a dark-haired girl with a broken arm -- Phyllis Ann Gentry, a Mars Hill graduate older than most of the girls from that college, who had visited Chapel Hill and the church once during the summer and who was well acquainted with some of the new boys -- those who had not been in service. We went to noon watch together, ate meals together, and had an extended series of non-dates. By Thanksgiving, when I couldn't get away from Raleigh-Durham airport because of weather, and I was able to spend the weekend with PA and her father, I was deeply attracted to her. I tried not to let it happen, but it did. Even my students noticed. When I repeatedly caught my leather-covered button in the drawer of my desk in the bull-pen, PA sewed the button back on for me. We spent much quiet time together.

During my last quarter at Carolina -- Summer, 1949 -- PA was at Mars Hill working to earn some money for her senior year, By arrangemnat, I visited her there, and it turned out to be the same weekend that her father had come for a visit. In spite of that, we got engaged to be married, setting the date nearly a year in the future.

Full-Time Teaching, Anderson, 1949-1950

I received my M.A. in English and a job offer, not without some anxious moments, at the end of the month of August. Although I had wanted to write on William Blake, my thesis was devoted to Folksongs of the Western United States as Reflections of Western Life and Social Conditions. A copy was accepted for the Archive of American Folklore in the Library of Congress, and I received a certificate and a formal letter of appreciation from Luther Evans, Librarian of Congress.

My first full-time teaching position was in Anderson, Indiana, at the college and seminaryoperated by the Church of God. I lived in the YMCA and taught literature, as well as composition. My first class started at 7:40 a.m. three days a week, and the bursar of the college, who signed my pay checks, was one of my students. PA visited me there, and I visited Chapel Hill once during the school year. My parents also visited me, and I had a serious talk about careers -- the only one-- with I.J. in the hotel coffee shop. There were no plac3s for courting or for parental visitors to youthful faculty members at Anderson College, or anywhere in the town that we could find.

Marriage, Europe, and Ohio State

Our wedding was held in Richmond on June 24, 1950. My parents met members of PA's family for the first and only time. Our friends from Carolina came and J. C. Herrin performed the ceremony. Ed Strain was my best man. The wedding rehearsal was a reunion as well as a send-off, and we spent our first night together at the Statler in Washington, where we failed to bolt the door, but suffered no ill effects.

We proceeded to New York, where Clarisse and Ned Morton, PA's cousin and her husband, hosted us for dinner andgave us a batch of throw-away books for the voyage. Our ship was the Nieuw Amsterdam and we were stuffed with good Dutch food both going and returning. Our itinerary included Paris, where we had a one-day bonus because we had miscalculated the calendar; Nice by way of Le Train Bleu; and where we stayed at the Grand Hotel Negresca and watched the fireworks on Bastille Day; Genoa; Florence, Rome, Geneva, Interlaken, Luzern (where I required the services of a Marsh Wheeling-smoking Arzt, due to the chills-and-

fever acquired in the open-top bus drive through the Alps), the English Channel, London on Bank Holiday, Canterbury, Ayr, Edinburgh, Glasgow, London again, and somewhere in there a day in Stratford, where we saw John Gielgud in King Lear and a first day at the Edinburgh Festival, where we had complimentary tickets to the press showing of The Wooden Horse. There had been trouble on the railroads in Belgium, and there was a strike in Rotterdam, where our ship was berthed. As a result, the arrival of the Nieuw Amsterdam in Southhampton was delayed until nearly 4 a.m., and we had our most satisfy ing meal in the very early morning of our second time aboard. When we arrived at Hoboken, Mom met us and we drove to Wheeling via the Pennsylvania Turnpike. After a visit, she drove us to Columbus, where we sought out a cheap apartment, and found one at 1310 Hunter Street.

During our first year at Ohio State, PA worked in the meat lab at Plumb Hall on the "other" side of the river, and I graded essays for Professor Wilson Dumble, who taught a very unscholarly popular literature class. At Thanksgiving there was a great snowfall, but we left Wheeling as soon as we could and got back to Hunter Street only to find that the University was to be closed for several more days. We took the opportunity to stain the bookcase in our sub-standard apartment.

When we could, we moved to 40 West Frambes Avenue, cleaner and closer to the campus, where we had two rooms and shared the two adjacent bathrooms with fourteen boys. The landlords were Ralph and Thelma Wagstaff, he a handyman, she a charmingly disorganized senior kindergarten teacher who was always preparing for a class project on her dining-room table and always alleged that she was "just going to say" whatever it was that someone else had just, in fact, said.

As I got into my pre-dissertation work at the end of our second year, I was called home because of my father's illness, which I have described above in my account of the end of his life. PA took her master's degree on time, but my straight literary Ph.D. fizzled in the aftermath of my summer absence, change of dissertation difector, etc. After the end of the spring term, 1953, I sought full-time employment, and found it at Battelle Memorial Institute, 505 King Avenue, at the south end of the Ohio State University campus, near our church, which was at the corner of Neil and King Avenues.

Editing Technical Reports, 1953-1955

My new employer, BMI, was the original not-for-profit lab dedicated to performing research for industry. My assignment was to help selected scientists, engineers, and technicians write better, more useful, and more readable technical reports. Over the space of two years, I worked with fifty-seven research teams, advising the members on how I thought they could best communicate to management-type readers. During the second year, I had and assistant named John Gleason, no relation to the comedian, whose wife was a Rumanian refugee nicknamed "Mudska." I wrote an editorial for SNT, the Journal of the Society for Semi-Nondestructive Testing /sic/, and delivered a paper on the future of techniczl writing at one of the first national meetings of the Society of Technical Writers and Editors.

Birth of Our First Child

A major event in our lives was the birth of Evelyn Monroe Koehnline, named for her maternal grandmother and for my mother's

family, particularly her father, my grandfather, he first author of these records. Lyn was born at University Hospital on December 29, 1953. She changed our lives. Her own life will be described elsewhere. Her infant vists to her grandmother are described in my account of my mother's last two years.

The George E. Dum Company and the Arena Book Shop

When I had settled my mother's estate, I was unduly impressed with the amount of capital I could control and I decited, quixotically, to invest in a business where my money and my efforts, combined, could earn our family's living. PA and I had talked about selling books after our retirement, and on this occasion we chose to buy the George E. Dum Company, a MOm-and-Pop operation devoted to selling library books to rural schools, in coppetition with such organizations as the Ohio Teachers andPupils Reading Circle. The inventory and office were in a dingy, even Dickensian, building on Oak Street in downtown Columbus, shared with a trade news publisher (bars and gasoline stations) and a trade binder (mostly doing textbooks for Ginn and Company), with gluepots and interesting odors contributing to the atmosphere.

We modified the business, adding a retail outlet, and moved to Lane Avenue, opposite the OSU athletic arena and the football stadium. Our home at this time was on Kentwell Road, where we moved shortly before our second child was born.

It's a Boy

The third December birthday was added to our family calendar in 1955, when James Irvin Koehnline was born on the sixth. He was

named for his paternal grandfather and great grandfather, IRVIN John Koehnline and JAMES angus Llewellyn Monroe. Jim's story is told elsewhere. We were now aa family of four.

Nestbuilding, and Our Last Nestling

Having lived in four houses built by other people, we felt the need to design and build our own house. We secured a lot at 2052 Haviland Road, on the growing northern edge of Upper Arlington, made a deal with a contractor and his architect, and set them to work. We moved in early in February, 1958, just before the birth of our third and last child, Carolyn Eldgidge Koehnline, born on February 22 and named for her maternal grandfather and for her parents alma mater.

Meanwhile, the bobk business was not supporting us, and didn't seem likely to do so. I was again teaching, first a course in business letter writing in the evening for Capital University in Bexley, and then regular freshman courses at Ohio State. I enjoyed teachin more than managing and selling. Perhaps I was better at teaching. Realizing this, I asked the Office of Appointments at OSU to help me get a full-time teaching job, and I started taking courses in education. The week between Carrie's birth and PA's bringing her home from University Hospital, I drove to Flint, Michigan, for a final interview for a teaching position in the junior college there. When PA got home, I told her I had gotten the job, and we would be moving!

BuickTown, 1958-1965

The most significant and memorable years for our young family growing up together were spent in Flint, where we lived

at 3601 Circle Drive, just off Atherton Road, at the intersections of Algonquin and Ogema, across the street from the Golf Course, from September, 1958, until June, 1965. We liquidated the book business, put our almost-new houseup for sale (along with the house on Kentwell, which we still owned), packed the household goods in a van, and drove to Flint at the end of the summer. Carrie was a little over six months old, and she had such a high temperature, caused by a sudden fever on the trip, that we had to stop at a motel in Ann Arbor for a few hours to cool her down. When we got to Flint, we took her immediately to a pediatrician. Jim turned three in December, and Lyn turned five, but she was too young to go to kindergarten that first year, and P.A. had to contend with all three children at home.

On my first day at what was then called Flint Junior Community College -- a temporary inversion due to the fact that the word "Community" was the last word before either "school" or "High School" all over the city -- I met a new music faculty member named Reuben Johnson, and that evening our two families got together for the beginning of what was to be a long friendship. He and Irma had two children: Louise, then nine; and Craig, then seven. It was on Reuben's suggestion that we started attending First Presbyterian Church, where David Molyneaux was the senior pastor and William Renneckar was the minister of music. PA studied piano with Reuben, starting during one of my summer absences, and then took up organ with Bill Renneckar.

The first year I simply taught a full load of composition and literature classes. The second year I served as assistant to Searle Charles, who was in effect the academic dean. The

third year I was elected/appointed to serve as Acting Chairman of the Language Arts Department. When Clyde Blocker, the Dean (in effect, the President) left Flint for Texas, his successor -- Lewis R. Fibel, a scientist from New York City -- confirmed my appointment as full chairman, no longer just acting. I held the chairmanship for the remainder of my years in Flint.

During the summers of 1959, 1960, and 1961, I took course work in education at Ohio State. How my wife, back in Flint, managed with three children and no helper for all those weeks, only she can explain. When I had accumulated enough credits, I took the necessary examinations and began work on my dissertation.

During the summer of 1961, PA and I went to Stratford, Ontario, for the Shakespeare Festival for the first time. We saw productions of Coriolanus and Henry VIII, but not of Love's Labour's Lost, which was also playing. Visits to Stratford became a regular feature of our summers thereafter, with two trips each in 1962 (Macbeth, The Taming of the Shrew, and Rostand's Cyrano , as well as Gilbert and Sullivan's The Gondoliers, following The Pirates of Penzance of the previous year) and 1963, when we went with the Johnsons, stayed at the Victaorian Inn, and Carrie saw her first play, A Comedy of Errors, becoming a white-stockinged clown herself. There were lots of trips through Port Huron and Sarnia, and we missed Stratford when we left Flint.

In the spring of 1962, I had the opportunity to attend a professional meeting at the University of Chicago, and incidentally to inspect and agree to purchase a posthumous proof set of William Blake's engravings, the illustrations to the Book of Job, which I put away and kept secret until

the following Christmas, and shich PA and I have shared with numerous individuals and groups in the twenty years we have owned them. I made a leather case for them, wrapped them in blue cloth, and we built a sort of ritual and a joint presentation around them. Once we took them all the way from Pennsylvania to Rockford, Illinois, to share them with Reuben Johnson's college community, after both families had moved away from Flint.

November, 1963, was a traumatic time for our nation, and a very odd time for Lyn and me, mixing national tragedy with a family excursion most incongruously. First, the assassination of Jack Kennedy reached us all. The Johnsons came to our house for dinner on the Sunday after the shooting -- instead of going to the Howard Johnson's on Dort Highway as we usually did after church. We were spread out in our little living room, eating from plates held in our laps, when Jack Ruby shot Lee Harvey Oswald right in front of the cameras, and our children. Like the restof the nation, we were stunned. When she watched the funeral of the President a few days later, Carrie didn't fully understand what was happening, but her drawing of the event, complete with "Latin" text, shows how the whole experience struck a little girl.

The other strand of that Thanksgiving weekend, when the nation was in deep mourning, relates to a promise I had made to Lyn, which I fulfilled then. A year or more earlier, Lyn noticed that I often went to New York when Tee Tee came visiting. She asked if I wouldn't take her with me on one of those self-indulgent excursions. I said that I would, and we had set the Thanksgiving just before her tenth birthday as the time for our trip together. New York, of course, was our destination. Despite

the Kennedy-Oswald-Ruby catastrophe, we carried out our plan. we watched Macy's parade in the goose-bumped flesh. We saw Oliver! We did New York as best we could under the circumstances. It was a good thing for us, imbedded in a terrible time frame.

This trip set a pattern. It led to a trip that PA and Jim took to Washington, a trip that PA and Carrie took to New York, a trip that Carrie and I took to Grand Blanc (!), and finally to a trip that Carrie and I took to Hawaii in 1974.

The age of space began while we were in Flint. We monitored the first manned orbital flights from my office and from Circle Drive, and I wished that my father had lived to share with us in cheering new heroes of flight as he had cheered Lindy.

In the summer of 1964, we took the children (Lyn 10, Jim 8, and Carrie 5) to the New York World's Fair. We stayed in an apartment on 40th Street, took the subway to the fairgrounds in Flushing Meadows, and thus continued a tradition that I had started with my parents in 1933 in Chicago, and PA had started at thefirst New York World's Fair in 1939.

During my last year in Flint, I was deeply involved in the controversy over whether the University of Michigan should start offering classes for freshmen and sophomores on the same campus with our college, which served only freshmen and sophomores. When it became apparent that the forces of the community were prepared to support the invasion from Ann Arbor, I determined to seek a job elsewhere.

One additional special event from the Flint years should be highlighted. It was the visit of Marshall McLuhan to the college, on the basis of my nomination and invitation. I had

first heard the sage of Toronto at a seminar held at Georgetown University, and I thought he was fabulous. Somehow, I sold the idea to the Mott Foundation, which was looking for a "sleeper" for the college, and for $400 we secured McLuhan's services for two days. It was very exciting, and at the end of the second day, PA and I had the last words with him in the Purple Cow Coffee Shop of the Durant Hotel. The very next issue of the New Yorker, by sheer coincidence, carried the profile of McLuhan which marked the beginnings of his short-lived fame. We were in the vanguard of a trend!

A Short Stay in Cleveland, 1965-1966

I finished work on my dissertation and passed the defense. With the help of Don Swank I found a position as Division chairman for Liberal Arts at Cuyahoga Communti College. When we located a charming and eccentric house at 20887 Lake Road, Rocky River, PA and Lyn (then eleven) agreed to the move. Jim was willing. Carrie's whole Cleveland experience was terrible for her, and I hope she will include in her own life story the account of some aspects of it that she wrote while she was a college student.

In Cleveland we were Methodists. PA didn't really have a chance to put down roots. Lyn was a Girl Scout, Jim was a Cub -- with PA as a den mother -- and with me as a racing model carving assistant in the "Pine Wood Derby" -- and Carrie was a Brownie. Jim attended the nature center in Bay Village, not too far from our home. The fireworks in Rocky River and Bay Village, which we experienced on two Independence Days, were spectacular and to us unreasonably dangerous.

My art-appreciating and potemtial collecting interests had two primary focal points, namely William Blake and Max Ernst. I had purchased facsimile editions of the prophetic books, published by the Blake Trust and produced by Arnold Faucus at his Trianon Press, plus a small engraving of the Canterbury Pilgrims and the ultimate triumph of his graphic art, as already mentioned, the twenty-one engravings for Job. My library had begun to hold a number of Ernst-related items, and my print portfolios several posters and limited-edition lithographs by Ernst. While we were in Rocky River, I extended this part of my collection to include a three-dimensional work in glass, based on a doodle by Ernst. I bought it from Weintraub in New York, after consultation with the family, not about whether to buy a glass sculpture, but simply which of several glass sculptures to buy. We chose a thirteen-inch tall "bird" from the workshop of Egidio Constantini, which he called MOSTRO and which we have always called FEDERICO the Fearless, or just Federico. He has moved with us twice since we acquired him, suffering no damage more serious than the loss of a plastic strap that attached him to his base. I had a replacement fabricated by FredEric in Chicago, almost Federico's namesake.

Also while we were in Cleveland, growing out of Jim's not very successful pine wood derby project, for which we kept a second block of pine in reserve, and also growing out of my project to catalogue Ernst's graphic work in three dimensions, I launched a series of constructions made first of wood, and then increasingly of cardboard, paper, and Elmer's glue. It is still growing today, with a work in progress in the basement in Skokie in 1982.

In the summer of 1966 the family took a western trip, flying first to Minneapolis, then to Montana, where we rented a station wagon and drove to Yellowstone by way of Cody. We went from there to Grand Teton National Park, where we had a memorable meal at Jenney Lake Lodge. Then we had a cabin on the edge of Estes Park, and we ended our drive in Denver, where I left the family and flew to Saddle Brook, New Jersey, thus determining the locus of the next phase of our life, and moving me one step closer to a college presidency.

Midway through our short year in Cleveland, we all returned to Columbus for the awarding of my Ph.D. degree in English/education, based on my study of the special problems of teaching accelerated or honors English classes to high school seniors and/or community college freshmen in Flint.

Building a College in Pennsylvania, 1966-1969

My reason for leaving my family in Denver, which was hot and dry, and flying to New Jersey, which was hot and wet, was to serve as an expert on curriculum in the liberal arts for the Prentice-Hall college textbook editorial staff. I had been nominated for this assignment by Clyde Blocker, who had left Texas and moved to Harrisburg as founding president of a new community college there, which was, like Cuyahoga, the first to be established in its state. He had taken Maury Overholt, the crusty registrar and USNR commander from Flint, to be his executive officer, which he chose to call Dean of Administration. Clyde himself was at Saddle Brook, as was Dick Richardson, a former student and protegé of his whom I had met in Chicago in 1962, when I was intent on buying the Blake engravings.

Clyde's founding dean was leaving Harrisburg to accept a presidency in the Allentown-Bethlehem-Easton area, and Maury, one of my fellow campaigners against the University of Michigan in my last year in Flint, had suggested that I might be interested in the position. Clyde cordially invited me to come to Harrisburg to look over the situation and if I were interested, to be interviewed by the Board of Trustees.

PA and Lyn were unhappy about leaving Rocky River. They found it hard to believe that I would seriously consider a move so soon. Carrie wanted to get out of the haunting atmosphere of 20887 Lake Road. Jim went with me on the exploratory trip to Harrisburg, suffered the damp sheets in the Holiday Inn with me, but I thought at the time that he didn't mind excessively the idea of another move. He certainly wasn't in love with Rocky River, but now he tells me that he wasn't much attracted to Harrisburg, either.

We chose a much smaller house this time, in the middle of the new development of Allendale in Lower Allen Township, Cumberland County, across the river from the state capital and the college. I had a beautiful drive to work across the south bridge and up Second Street along the Susquehanna River every day. We had some good neighbors, notably the Jack Hummel family, directly across the street, and we found a Presbyterian church in the neighborhood, to which we gave our allegiance through a succession of pastorates in the three and one half years that we were there. I was elected and ordained an Elder, and served my full three-year term on the Session. Both of us were on the Christian Education Commission, and there we got to know Helen Cochrane, who preceded PA into the ministry, graduating from Gettysburg Seminary just at the time that PA was

entering McCormick Seminary in Chicago. But that is part of the Skokie phase of our lives and out of place at this point. While we lived in Allendale, Helen and Norm and their precocious red-haired son Jack were simply good friends in the church, of whom there were quite a few others.

The first year we were there, Harrisburg Area Community College, abbreviated HACC and unfortunately pronounced "Hack," continued to occupy buildings which had been a naval reserve training station and before that a private academy. My office was in the former admiral's residence, specifically in the dining room on the first floor. The new permanent campus was already under construction when we arrived, just as the permanent campus of Cuyahoga Community College had been under construction when we left there. We moved in at the beginning of the second fall semester of our tenure, 1967-68.

The college had been organized into more or less traditional academic divisions. With the advice and consultation of Professor Walter Sindlinger of Teachers College, Columbia University, we regrouped the disciplines within new divisions to combine academic and vocational-technical instruction in what we then thought was the most logical way we could devise. Among the divisions that we created were MAPSE, meaning Mathematics, Physical Science, and Engineering (Technologies); and and acronymless unit devoted to Communication and the Arts. The chairman of the latter division was a bland local Negro named Karl Hope, who was apleasant person but definitely not a born academic leader. It was one of my responsibilities to ease Karl out of his chairmanship as painlessly as possible, and to replace him with a non-local chairperson. For this job I chose Richard L. Jordan, a colleague from Flint who had

shared my office in the DeWaters Art Center, who had participated in my doctoral study, and who had later been assigned coordinating responsibility for the entire FCJC Honors Program, which had been the context and to some extent the subject of my dissertation, after I left Flint. That was an even more significant decision for the future of the college than I had any way of knowing at the time.

We planned to attend a world's fair in Montreal during the summer of 1967. PA's father in Richmond had been very seriously ill for some months, and PA had made several trips to Richmond to be with him. He died very shortly before we were scheduled to leave for our rather extensive vacation trip. PA was in partial shock, but we carried out our plan nevertheless. We took Patty Bailey, Frances and Rolen's daughter and Lyn's contemporary, with us along with our three, and started our touristic activity in New York City, where we lost among us a blazer and a raincoat. Leaving the city, we drove up along the Hudson through Connecticut and Massachusetts, stopping in Boston to see the "glass flowers" etc. on a very rainy day, and then wended our way further north to Maine, and crossed the border into La Belle Province, staying overnight in Quebec City, in a pension (?) near La Citadelle. There we ate crepes, still new to most of us, although Lyn and I had eaten in a creperie in New York on that special trip when she was ten. We actually had to place our order in French, which impressed all of us. After a wet visit to the old city's tourist attractions, including a wax museum, we headed west to Montreal, and stayed in an apartment building, The Crystal Towers, there. We "did" Expo '67 quite thoroughly, getting an early start in the morning in order to beat some of the long lines, despite rainy weather, colds, PA's

dazed depression and the dragginess of three children and a southern cousin. It was a better fair than New York II (1964), but nothing like as important as A Century of Progress or Grover Whalen's original extravaganza in Flushing Meadows.

The summer of 1968 was the time of our most ambitious family vacation. Eighteen years after the parents' honeymoon, we scheduled a return to Europe, with three children in tow, with no more relevant international experience than that crepe restaurant in Quebec City. Our passport picture was so good that we used it as the basis for our 1968 Christmas card -- all of us together and all of us looking happy. As we counted the days toward our scheduled departure, there was a difficulty caused by the political situation in France. The student riots were on and as a result Paris was practically shut down. To save our vacation and make the best possible impression on the children, we revised the first leg of our trip and went to Frankfurt, Mainz, Heidelberg, Wiesbaden, took the Rhine excursion boat as far as Koln, and then flew to Rome from Dusseldorf, changing planes in Munich.

I remember walking around the Coliseum, among scruffy modern houses and garages. We took the CIAT buses north to Ravenna and Venice, after and important visit to Florence, still recovering from the flood. We stayed practically on the old bridge over the Arno, took in the Pitti and Uffizi galleries, where Carolyn was amazed to find that she could pay attention to what the guide was saying about Botticelli, and she didn't have to just wait for all the boring grown-up stuff to be over. In Venice, Jim didn't like the antiquity and the accumulated dirt of the centuries, and he and Carrie were revolted by platefuls of fish served with their eyes open. The girls loved living in a hotel

that looked and felt like a medieval palace. From Alfieri's gallery, just across the Piazza from our hotel, we acquired two clear plastic spheres, one with a white cube imbedded in it, the other with a clear plastic cube, visible only because of the white dots on its surface, imbedded. These, plus two simple blue-green ash trays, a green glass bud vase, and a green marble egg which we have allowed Federico to watch over, have belonged in our successive living rooms ever since our return.

The highlight of our trip to Venice, at least for me, was a visit to the art-glass gallery called "The Forge of the Angels," Mr. Constantini's workshop and showplace, where Federico was "hatched" from the molten glass. We were admitted, despite the fact that Fucina degli Angeli wasn't supposed to be open that day, and we talked with proprietor Constantini and his daughter, although he had negligible English and we had niente so far as Italian goes. His daughter interpreted for us in the language of diplomacy, French. She had a passive knowledge of English, and we had a passive knowledge of French. Through this murky linguistic medium, we learned that Alfred H. Barr, Jr., had bought the only other example of an attempt to realize Ernst's doodle in glass that had ever been for sale. It had been acquired for the collection of Nelson Rockefeller. The third version, never for sale, had been given by Peggy Guggenheim, the sponsor of the edition, to the Museum of Fine Arts, Boston, where I eventually saw it.

Our trip took us from Venice by train through Milan to Switzerland, where we did stay in a real castle, the Chateau Goetsch, in Luzern. As I had been confined to my room in that city eighteen years earlier, Lyn was indisposed for local touring,

so she and PA stayed near the hotel whil Jim and Carrie took the longer bus circuit to see the Willhel Tell coutry, the Lion, and the other municipal high points, which PA had seen in 1950 by herself. All of us enjoyed the Chateau.

Amsterdam and its museums delighted me even more on the second visit than it had on the first. All of us went to the Rijksmuseaum, and while PA and the kids went to Volendam on the tour boat, I got a special long afternoon at the Stedelijk, which complements the Rembrandts and Hals with a variety of more modern work, dutch and otherwise. We wanted to get to the Van Gogh Museum at Otterlo, but that would have required complicated logistics, and it didn't work out. At the Airport in Amsterdam, we bought a beautiful white chocolate set, which we carried safely all the way home, only to have me drop and shatter one of the fluted cups as we were unloading in our own garage in Allendale.

Our trip ended in England, where we enjoyexd London and the coutryside, including Oxford, but didn't get to see a play in Stratford to complement the honeymoon production of Lear or the family's recent theatrical experiences in Canada.

In 1969, I began to seek a college presidency. I applied for positions in Virginia, in Minnesota, and in Marin County, California, where I was staying in a brand-new Holiday Inn in San Rafael while the People's Park riots were going on across the bay in San Francisco. I spent a lovely evening in the home of a college trustee, Don K. Felt, and I was offered the position, but my lack of California credentials disqualified me in the eyes of the certifying officials in Sacramento, and as a result, the whole thing collapsed, this time after the family had begun to think rather positively about the prospects of living in the

Bay area.

During the spring of 1969, I had the chance to fill in for Clyde Blocker as teacher of a course in the community college which he was teaching at Shippensburg State College. The students were mostly HACC faculty and junior administrators. From them I got the idea for a cluster community college, one that would be organized not into departments or didisions, but into heterogeneous task forces, like the research teams at Battelle, with which I had worked in 1953-1955. Sooner that I could have dreamed, I was to have the chance to put this half-formed idea into practice. In 1982, I am still working out the implications.

In early August, Jim and I were present, briefly, at one of the phenomena of popular culture in our time -- "Woodstock," three days of peace and music, so the annoncements said, held on a farm near Monticell, New York, where some 200,000 pot-smoking rock fans converged to make history. Actually, though we had admission tickets for all three days and food coupons in plentiful supply, Jim and I experienced only the pre-opening scened, the crowd, and the music of the first afternoon and a part of the evening. The next day, instead, we visited Nay-Aug Park in Scranton/Wilkes-Barre before driving home. Our involvemnet was marginal. At 13, Jim was a little too young, and at 43, I guess I was several years too old, but it is still fun to contemplate the fact that, nevertheless, we WERE there when it happened.

Reuben Johnson was, by now, on the administrative staff of Rock Valley College, Rockford, Illinois, where PA and I had taken the Blake engravings for a show-and-tell session that he had staged in a converted barn which made a handsone student center on the original campus, before the permanent buildings were constructed. Through Reuben, Paul Gilson of Skokie, one of

the Trustees of an unnamed new two-year college to be started soon in the Chicago suburbs, learned of me and my interest in a presidency, and gave my name to the charirman of the Board of Trustees, Raymond E. Hartstein of Skokie. Mr. Hortstein wrote me a letter, which was waiting for me when Jim and I retrned from our weekend at Woodstock, and as a result I made formal application for the position, and was invited to go for an interview. I glew to Chicago and met with five Trustees in October, and was invited back to meet with all seven Trustees in November. I came back to Harrisburg and began waiting for a letter of a call.

One evening in December, while PA and I were visiting a member of the music faculty in New Cumberland, the call came. Mr. Hartstein offered a salary of $27,500 a year for three and a half yearz, starting in mid-january, 1970. I accepted, and that had made all of the difference in my life and that of the family these past twelve years.

Skokie

The college of which I was now president had no name, no campus, no faculty, and no students, of course. It had an office, a Board, a full-time secretary, and a part-time treasurer. The office was a pie-shaped two-room suite, Number 401, in the Golf-Mill Professional Building, Niles. The secretary was Virginia Strandell. The part-time treasurer was Howard Sims.

I lived alone in the Leaning Tower YMCA for a month. Just before flying to Harriesburg to get the family, I participated in a seminar at a hotel near O'Hare, with the administrative teams of the nighboring community colleges. I was a one-man "team." Then just after bringing the family to Skokie, I at-

tended the Fiftieth annual convention of the American Association of Junior Colleges, held in Hnolulu.

I hired Dick Jordan from Harrisburg (thus moving a step closer to an eventual personal and professional crisis); Jack Donohue from Bogen College, Chicago; Art Kent from School District 68, Skokie; Joe Borowski from College of Lake County, Grayslake, Illinois; Gary Sabe from IBM and Evanston, and with their help we hired a faculty and built a college.

In April the Board of Trustees decided to name the new college after a prominent east-west street, on which we had found temporary facilities, which we occupied for ten years. Until May, Dick commuted on weekends from Harrisburg to Chicago. On May 3, we moved the college offices and Dick moved into our basement for six weeks, until his family arrived. We had decided to start classes in September, 1970, and we made it.

The family found a little Presbyterian church in Skokie which we joined, and after some time within the congregation, had the shocking experience of being asked by the pastor either to submit unquestioningly to his authority, or to leave. For the time being, we left.

PA took up teaching duties, and registered for some course work, then a serious degree program, at McCormick Theological Seminary, then located in a group of charming old buildings on the north side of Chicago, near Fullerton and Belmont. When David Fairchild, the pastor with whom we had experienced the charges of insubordination, left Evanshire Church, PA reaffiliated with that church and worked closely with the successive temporary and/or part-time pastors, while she continued to pursue her seminary studies. She came under care of the Presbytery of Chicago in due course, the Evanshire session voted to

extend a call to her to serve the church as half-time pastor, and when she had completed her course work and passed the examinations, she was ordained a minister of the word and sacrament of the United States of America, and was installed in a service of worship at Evanshire, with our former pastor from Flint, Michigan, David Molyneaux, preaching the installation sermon. For a sermon that she had preached on the occasion of a Mother's Day service in Dr. Molyneaux's pulpit PA received the award for the best sermon of the year by a McCormick student. She has served as "part-time" pastor of Evanshire Presbyterian Church for five years and about five months at this writing.

During our exile from Evanshire, we both attended Northminster Presbyterian Church in Evanston, where Harry Ebberts was then the senior pastor. While PA was working as student assisitant to John Carr at Evanshire, that church held an all-day retreat at McCormick, which I attended. As a result of the thinking stimulated by that retreat, I reached the conclusion that I should affiliate with a large church -- Northminster -- while PA continued to worship and serve in a small church -- Evanshire. It has worked out reasonably well for both of us and in July, 1982, the two congregations are sharing services and ministers, and both of us can be "at home" with both local manifestations of the Church Universal.

(Interlude on the Nile, in the Holy Land, and in Greece)

After an inspired decision made during the winter of 1976-1977, and after seeing the traveling exhibition of the Treasures of Tutankhamun at the Field Museum, the newly ordained Reverend Mrs. Koehnline and I fulfilled several dreams of many years' standing by taking a thre-week package tour of the Middle East

in June and July, 1977. We travelled with twenty-one assorted Americans, twenty of whom were congenial, and an autocratic but charming Italian guide. Our itinerary included Giza, Cairo, Luxor, Aswan, Abu Simbel, a "bonus" half-day in Damascus, Amman, Petra, Jericho, Bethany, Jerusalem, Bethlehem, Nazareth, Tiberias, Haifa, Tel Aviv, Athens, Mykonos, Rhodes, and Crete (where I saw the Arthur Evans reconstruction of the Palace of Minos at Knossos, which Katherine Metzner had tried to excite the AAUW about so many years earlier), Santorini (Atlantis?), and we thoroughly documented the entire trip, in prose and in doggerel, in slides and in sketches, on maps and in a specially typed, specially bound book, which was my Christmas present from PA (who typed it in professional style for us) and Lyn (who designed and executed the binding in the form of a map). Our lives were enriched immeasurably by those twenty-one days. They set a standard of inspiring travel that may be impossible to surpass or even to equal. We hope to be able to revisit some of the points on that Mediterranean itinerary before it is too late. We will always be glad that we were there once.

In 1980, PA was a clergy commissioner to the General Assembly of the UPCUSA held in Detroit. I visited her there. In 1981, on her nomination, I was a ruling elder commissioner to the General Assemblies of the UPCUSA and PCUS churches, meeting in Houston. She accompanied me.

Oakton Community College has had a fascinating history, which goes beyond anything that belongs here, in this family-centered book. In 1975, we broke ground for a new campus. In 1979, the crisis to which I have referred took place, and I was compelled to participate in the separation of Dick Jordan from

his vice presidency and from the college. This resulted in a painful breaking off of relations between our two families, which we had been cultivating for nine years in Illinois, plus the years we had spent together in Flint and in Harrisburg.

In May through August, 1980, the college moved out of its six "unfactory" buildings in Morton Grove and into the first phase of the permanent campus in Des Plaines, as well as into a part of the vacated high school building, Niles East, where Lyn, Jim, and Carrie had attended. In 1981, work on the construction of the second phase of the Des Plaines permanent campus was started, and in the summer of 1982, good progress is being made.

The children's stories will be told separatedly. For that reason I have omitted from this most personal section of the memoirs many things that I would otherwise have included, since anything that is important to them is important to me. At this writing, Jim is living at home, working hard at the window-cleaning and sound businesses established by his friend Tom Christerson, and thinking about moving into a shared apartment on the north side of Chicago. Lyn married Robert Rosenberg in our living room in Skokie on July 4, 1981, with hermother serving as the officiating minister, and they live in New Haven. Lyn attends New York University during the week and spends long weekends in Connecticut. Bob is working on a doctorate in biochemistry at Yale.

The climactic event of this narrative was Carolyn's graduation from The Evergreen State College, Olympia, Washington, on June 6, 1982, which PA and I attended. It was on that trip that this renewal of the family history was begun. (WAK, July 4, 1982)

Anna Monroe Mills.

On April 19th, 1903, "Little Orphant Anna came to our house to stay." Her name was Anastasia Hughes, and she was born in New York City, March 28th, 1891, and she was twelve years when she came to us. She is of English-Irish descent. Her father, Thomas Hughes, and her mother, Ellen Hughes are both dead. After she was with us some time, we legally adopted her, and her name then was was Anna Monroe, and Margaret had a sister.

Anna attended school in Webster District and graduated from that school in June, 1906. For five or six years she learned housework, sewing, music and the general care of a household.

Margaret Monroe.

Anna Monroe.

About this time a young man came calling at our house at various times, until, in 1913,

Anna Monroe.

when, after some preliminaries, one evening, he said "Will you?", and, without hesitation, she said "Sure".

They were married on June 4th, 1913, at the home of the bride, by her Minister, William Henry Fields, of the First Christain Church, and Anna became Mrs. A. L. Mills.

They spent their honeymoon in New York City visiting Anna's aunts and cousins and

Mr. and Mrs. A. L. Mills.

enjoying the many points of interest in that great city. On their return to Wheeling they began house-keeping at No. 65 Sixteenth St. where full preparation had been made for them.

In due time, on May 26th, 1914, a little daughter came to bless their home. Her name is

Margaret Eleanor Mills.

Died of Laryngeal Phthisis, Tuesday, March 20, 1917. At 8:45 O'clock.

Funeral for Mr. Mills Friday.

Funeral services for A. L. Mills, aged 29, a former resident of this city, who passed away Tuesday night in his home at Pleasant Grove, Ohio, will be held in the place of death Friday morning at 10 o'clock, followed with additional services in the First Christian church of this city at 1:30 o'clock that afternoon. The Rev. Dr. W. H. Fields, pastor, will officiate at both services, and interment will be in Greenwood cemetery.

The pallbearers, who were selected by Mr. Mills shortly before his death, are deacons in the First Christian church, namely: Dr. W. F. Maury, W. D. Barkes, S. E. McCarty, W. H. Hamilton, John Ulrich and T. H. Morgan.

OBITUARY

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Florence Baron Mills, the posthumous daughter of A. L. and Anna M. Mills, was born April 8th, 1917, at eight o'clock in the morning on Easter Sunday during a violent snow- storm, at Pleasant Grove Belmont Co., Ohio. She lived ther until July 5th, 191[illegible], when her mother came to us in Wheeling at 2713 Eoff St.and they have lived with us ever since. We moved fromm Eoff St. to Chantal Court in 1920. She i now ~~five~~ three years old and a constant pleas- ure to us in our home.

Florence Baron Mills

They have lived with us ever since that day when we came to Chantal Court up to the present time, December 1, 1933. In 1932 Margaret Eleanor graduated from the Triadelphia District High School and from that date has lived with us and has assisted her mother in the home. She has a class in the Sunday School of the First Christian Church and teaches every Sunday. Florence Baron Mills is in

her Junior year in Triadelphia High School and will graduate, if nothing happens, in 1935.

The Maternal Ancestors of my

Sons and Daughter.

Robert Bigham was born in Scotland in 1773. He moved to the new world about 1793 and made his home temporarily in the vicinity of Houstonville, Pennsylvania. There he met Miss Margaret Paxton, a young lady of Irish descent, whom he wooed and won and married in 1803. They secured land from the government, an original title, near what is now Taylorstown, Washington County, Pennsylvania, and started to make a home in the virgin forest. That land, so obtained at that time, has been in continuous possession of the heirs of Robert Bigham and is now occupied and partly owned by his great grand ~~niece~~ daughter.

To Robert Bigham and Margaret Paxton Bigham were born the following children:

Joseph Paxton Bigham, 1805.

Robert Bigham, 1807.

When Robert Bigham was about six years old he was killed. A large tree had blown down, turning up a great quantity of dirt on the roots. Joseph and his little brother and the dog were with their father who was clearing off the land. The children and the dog were

playing in the hole left by the up-rooted tree.

As their father was cutting the last strokes on the lower end of the tree, Joseph stepped out of the hole, and as the log was severed, the heavy, dirt-ladened roots dropped back in the hole, catching Robert and the little dog under its great weight, instantly crushing and smothering them. When taken out, life was extinct. Robert Bigham, a staunch, earnest, conscientious Covenantor, died on March 6th, 1828, cause of death not known, leaving his widow and one son, Joseph P. aged 23. Margaret Paxton Bigham lived a widow, with her son for many years, and died on the home farm and in the house her young Scotch husband had erected so many years before, at the ripe old age of 87 years, and Joseph P. Bigham, being the only child, inherited the farm and all its belongings. Mary Reed, of Washington County, Pennsylvania, was born in 1804, of Irish descent.

On July 5th, 1827, Joseph Paxton Bigham and Mary Reed were married.

Their issue is as follows:

Margaret Bigham, April 24th, 1824.

Robert Bigham, April 17th, 1828.

Nancy Bigham, November 22nd, 1829.

Joseph Bigham, May 22nd, 1832.

Phoebe Jane Bigham, March 10th, 1834.

Sarah French Bigham, March 26th, 1836.

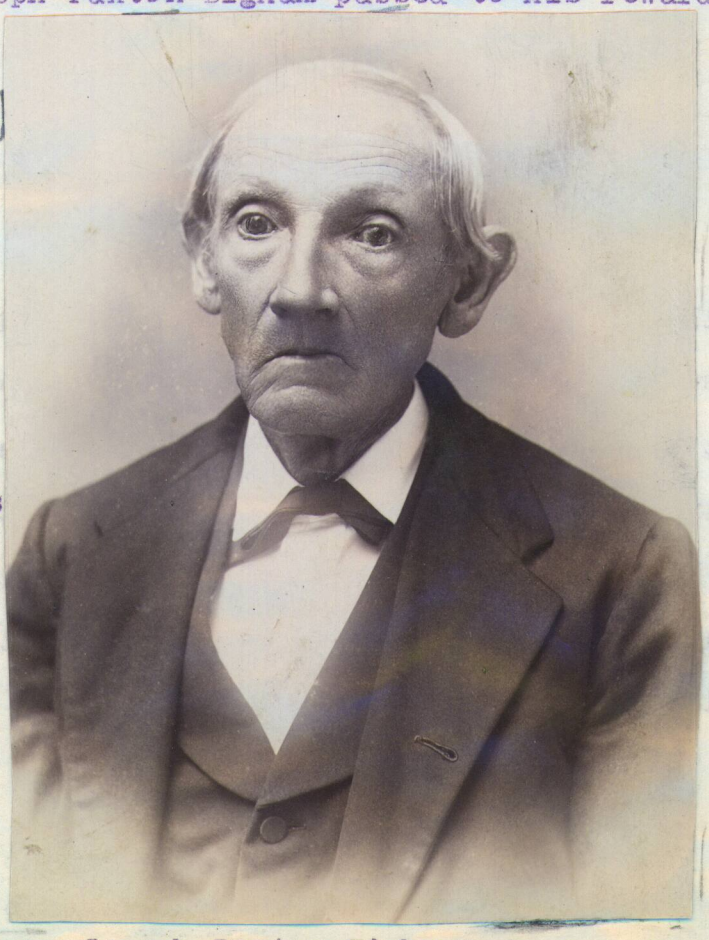
Mary Bigham, November 17th, 1838.

Eliza Bigham, May 18th, 1841.

Sarah Ellen Bigham, July 22nd, 1847.

Of the above named children, all married and had families except Joseph, who died young, about six years, and Phoebe Jane, who lived a maiden and died February 11th, 1911, aged 75 years.

Joseph Paxton Bigham passed to his reward without any especially named cause, except the infirmities of age, August 3rd, 1890, aged 84 years, 8 months and 16 days. United Presbyterian and Republican.



Joseph Paxton Bigham.

Mary Reed Bigham had preceded hih to her long home about three years, having died December 13th, 1887, aged 83 years, 2 months and 18 days--infirmities of age. No picture of her was ever taken.

The Old Home.

The home built by Great Grandfather Robert Bigham stood until about 1902, when it caught fire and was totally consumed. The five-roomed frame house shown, was built just below the old log house near the ever-flowing spring of cold water. In the distance, at the right, can be seen the old barn, still in use, which stands as a monument to the memory of those early days in western Pennsylvania.

David Scott McCutchin was born in Lancaster County, Pennsylvania, in 1819 and was left an orphan at an early age. When about fifteen years of age, he came to the Taylorstown, Pennsylvania district, and was bound out by the over-seer of the poor to a man named Carpenter, a farmer and and carpenter. He lived here until he attained his majority, having learned the carpenter's trade. He and Margaret Bigham, the daughter of Joseph Paxton Bigham and Mary Reed Bigham, were married before breakfast, on October 14th, 1858, at the home of the bride, near Taylorstown, Washington County, Pennsylvania. After a wedding breakfast, at which were many relatives and friends, they went away on their honey-moon trip--an extensive one for that time. They went to New York, then by steamer to Panama, then by the railroad across the Isthmus, then by ocean steamer to San Francisco, California. After a successful sojourn in that country, in the Sacramento Valley and in the neighborhood of Red Bluff, for some years, they returned East and established a home adjoining Byesville, Guernsey County, Ohio, on a farm. The war between the States had been

under way since 1861, and more soldiers were badly needed. D. S. McCutchin was forty five years

Margaret McCutchin.

D. S. McCutchin, 1864.

of age, yet he felt it his duty to do what he could for the cause of freedom. He enlisted as Corporal in the 172nd Ohio National Guards, on April 27th, 1864. But little time was taken, at this stage of the war in drilling, and teaching military tactics, but the soldiers, raw recruits, were sent to the front and immediately put into action.

Corporal McCutchin was a part of many battles. He was in the battle in the Valley of Shenandoah, on the Peninsula, Operations on the James River, around Petersburg and Richmond and the battle of Monocacy and the Intrenchments of Washington and many other important services. He was honorably discharged on September 3rd, 1864. In work about Gallipolis, on the Ohio River, near the close of his time , he contracted a severe cold and the cough which attended it, seemed finally to assume a chronic form. He came home and tried to take up his neglected work of the farm, but he was never well again. His trouble finally assumed a tubercular form. With care he managed to prolong his life until the year 1868, when he died of Pulmonary Tuberculosis, aged 49 years.

David Scott McCutchin was a man who made and kept many friends, a man of the strictest integrity, known far and wide for his uprightness, truthfulness and honesty. He lies buried in a country graveyard, near Byesville, Ohio.

United Presbyterian. Republican.

After the death of the husband and father, Margaret McCutchin sold the farm and with her three chil-

dren moved to Claysville, Pennsylvania, where she lived till 1883. There her two sons, Joseph and William, sickened and died of what was probably Tubercular Meningitis, while they were quite young. Finally she made her home with her daughter until her daughter's death. For the past five years she has made her home near Taylorstown, Pennsylvania, with her niece, on the farm where she was born more than ninety years ago, and nearly fifty years after the death of her soldier husband.

She has lived long and has suffered more than most people. She has seen the death of parents, brother and sisters, and all her own children, they have all preceded her.

Mrs. Margaret McCutchin, 1916.

Mary McCutchin.

Mary Frances McCutchin was born June 4th, 1861, at Byesville, Guernsey County, Ohio. When quite young she lost her father and then she and her mother moved to Claysville, Pennsylvania, where she lived when I first knew her.

Little "Mallie" McCutchin.

"Mollie" McCutchin.

She was a student at the Steubenville Female Seminary where she graduated in June, 1882, Class Prophecy Orator of her class. I became acquainted with her through her cousin, who was a fellow student with me at the medical college in Cincinnati, Ohio. We were married at Mary's home, in Claysville, Pennsylvania, on the 8th day

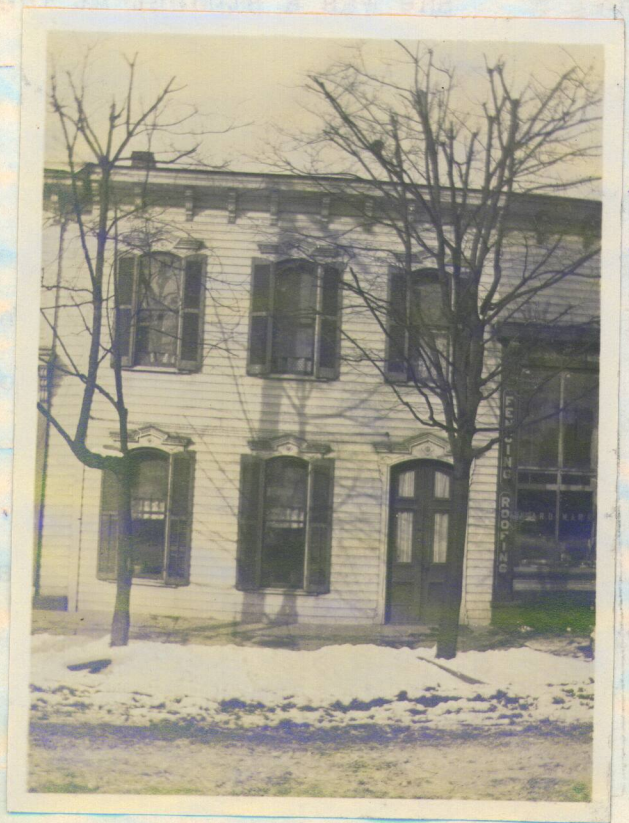
of March, 1883, and began housekeeping in Urbana, Ohio. Mary was not well satisfied to live in that level country and longed for the hills and friends of her youth.

We moved back to Washington County, locating at West Alexander, six miles from Mary's old home at Claysville, arriving on the 25th day of September, 1883.

We bought a home on Main Street, and built an office a few doors below. My practice increased, new friends were formed and we were happy and had plenty to meet all our needs.

Mary F. McCutchin, 1882.

Shortly aftr we were married and were located in West Alexander, Mother wrote Mary the



Our First Home.

following letter:

" Weiser City, Idaho.

April 8th, 1883.

My dear Daughter Mary:

These lines of Advice were given me on my marriage day. I have ever prized them and I will send them to you. My daily prayer is that God may bless you both, and that you may ever be true helpmates on your way to the better world.

I am sorry that our lots are cast so far apart. O, how we would love to see you. I sometimes blame myself for James' going to Ohio, but God orders all things for the best, but we can't always realize it. I want you to write some in the next letter, for we must get acquainted, if only through the pen.

Your loving Mother."

Advice.

"Let not my friend though now a wife,
Bid all her cares adieu;
Comforts there are in a married life,
And there are crosses too.

I do not wish to mar your mirth
With an ungrateful sound,
But know that perfect bliss on earth
No mortal e'er has found.

Your prospects and your hopes are great;
May God your hopes fulfill,
Yet you will find in every state
Some difficulty still.

The rites that lately joined your hands
Cannot insure content
Religion forms the surest bond
And love the best assent.

But, yet God's blessing daily crave,
Nor trust your youthful heart;
You must divine assistance have
To act a prudent part.

Though you have left a parent's wing,
Still longer ask its care;
It is but seldom husband's bring
A lighter yoke to wear.

They have their humors and their faults,
So mutable is man;
Excuse his follies in your thoughts,
And hide them if you can.

No anger or resentment keep,
Whatever is amiss;
Be reconciled before you sleep,
And seal it with a kiss."

On February 29th, 1884, at 8:30 a. m. our first baby came, and was welcome. He weighed eight and one half pounds, on March 29th, ten pounds and April 29th, thirteen pounds. We named him John Neer Monroe, for my Cousin John P. Neer, of Urbana, Ohio. On Saturday, September 4th, 1886, at 5 O'clock a. m., our second son was born. We named him Harry Scott Monroe, for a neighbor and

for his Grandfather, David Scott McCutchin.

For ten years, our lives went peacefully on. Our friends were pleasant, agreeable and faithful, and our church and Sunday school work satisfactory. I was held in some esteem in the community as was shown by my being elected school director, a member of the town council, and also a trustee of the church. Mary and I and the children had good health and the out-look for a long, useful, happy life together, with a serene old age, was exceedingly promising. Many times, what seems sure to be, according to human judgment, is not to be. In the latter part of 1894 Mary began ailing. On March 1st, 1895, at 2:30 a. m., our daughter, Margaret, was born.

She was named for her Grandmother, Margaret McCutchin who was named for her Grandmother, Margaret Paxton Bigham. From the time Margaret came, there was no decided change for the better in her condition. The germs of the dreaded "Great White Plague" had gotten hold of her. At times she would revive and our hopes would brighten only to be disappointed, and so on, with longing hopes and deep despair, the end grew steadily, inevitably nearer until, at last

she left us. In my work, I had stood by the death bed of many a passing soul, but I did not think that death could or would come to me. Death, the saddest word spoken by human tongue, has carried inexpressible grief and sorrow to numberless hearts, and cast its dark shaddow of bereavement and gloom over the sunshine and glory of many a happy home. It has caused more tears and broken hearts than any other thing. thing. The merciless hand of Death came beckoning for our loved one and regarded not our sighs and tears.

The following notice was published in the Presbyterian Banner, written by her beloved pastor, The Rev. Doctor W. H. Lester:

Death of Mrs. Dr. Monroe.

MONROE--Entered into rest at West Alexander, Pa., Thursday, Feb. 13, 1896, Mary F., beloved wife of Dr. J. A. Monroe, and daughter of Mrs. Margaret McCutchin, aged 34 years.

The providence which removes the Companion of thirteen years of happy wedded life, which leaves three little children motherless, and takes from an aged widowed mother, her only child, is

strange and past finding out. So true and conscientious was she in all these relations, so necessary to her own little family, that we can only say with the Psalmist, "I was dumb. I opened not my mouth, because thou didst it." Mrs. Monroe was a child of the covenant, and at the age of fifteen acknowledged the claims of Christ upon her by uniting with the church at Claysville, under the ministry of Rev. Dr. McCarrel. She was graduated from Steubenville Seminary, and after her marriage moved to West Alexander, Pa. Rare gentleness of nature and shrinking from notoriety, was combined with firmness and strength of character to a degree known only to those most intimately acquainted with her. She made no compromise with duty, but whenever service in any form was presented, whether in the church or Sabbath school or mission circles, she accepted it as for the Master, while her winsome, loving manner won all hearts.

But it was in the home circle that her graces of character were especially seen. Home was her kingdom. She ruled by the law of love. Her husband safely trusted in her, and the little children gave her the love of their warm, young hearts.

In the long, weary months of her illness, her faith never faltered. As the end approached, her voice joined her pastor's in repeating, "Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shaddow of death, I will fear no evil". So, leaning on the arm of her Beloved, calmly, and without a struggle, she passed away from earthly view to be forever with the Lord.

"The autumn winds rushing, take the leaves that are searest,

But our flower was in flushing when blighting was nearest."

Also, the following notice from the Washington, Pa. REPORTER:

DEATH ROLL.

The West Alexander correspondent of the REPORTER writes of Mrs. Dr. Monroe, whose death was noted in Friday's REPORTER:

She was a daughter of Scott and Margaret McCutchin, of Claysville, Pa. and the only living child that grew to maturity. A husband, two sons and a little daughter not yet a year old, survive her; also, an aged mother.

She was a graduate of the Steubenville, Ohio Seminary. Though of a rather reserved turn, she was very sociable and friendly. When she made friends she kept them, and many shared the hospitality of her home. Mrs. Monroe was a member of the Presbyterian Church and quite a worker; was for a time a teacher in the Sunday school and always present when her health would permit. She was President of the Carsten Mission Band until compelled to resign.

Her age was thirty five years. Her health has been poor for nearly a year. She would have very bad sick spells, and then would get better, but never fully regained her strength. Her illness has been ever since the first of the year. The funeral was held on Saturday, the 15th, at 10:30 O'clock from her late residence, her pastor, Dr. Lester, assisted by Rev. Dr. Wm. Coleman, of the United Presbyterian Church. The interment was in the beautiful West Alexander Cemetery, and this stone marks her last resting place.

The lot is paid for, and its care assured in perpetuity.

"There will be a "good morning", dear heart,
When earth's shadows and sorrows depart;
There will be a glad day
That can not pass away,
In the land where no tear-drops may start.

There will be a "good morning" sometime,
Where the bells everlasting shall chime;
Where are streets all of gold,
And rich glories untold,
In that nightless eternity clime.

There will be a "good morning" of joy
In the land of unbroken employ;
A re-union sublime,
Past the portals of time,
Where death can not ever annoy.

There will be a "good morning" we know,
Where no chill winds of sadness can blow;
Where the loved ones now wait,
Past the pearl-bedecked gate
That locks out every vestige of woe."

For a period of nearly fifteen years we worked together in sunshine and shadow for a common purpose and in full sympathy. A home where love and good will abide,

Mary's last picture.
Mary F. Monroe.

is the most sacred spot on earth; that we enjoyed to its fullest extent.

Early in the morning of Thursday, February 13th, 1896, before the dawn began to light the eastern sky, the tired earth-house released the soul for the flight to the land where pain is unknown.

With thanks to the Good Father for the years together here, we say not "Good night", but in some brighter clime and happier day, we will say, "Good morning".

Robert Bigham and Elizabeth Black of Washington County, Pennsylvania, were married at the home

Mrs. ~~Elizabeth Bigham.~~ Robert Bigham.

of the bride on Oct. 21st, 1858. For some years they lived on the home farm, then moved to Kearney, Nebraska. There they passed their lives and there they died. Four children survive them.

United Presbyterian. Republican.

Nancy Bigham and James Harsha, both of Washington County, Pennsylvania, were married July 5th, 1855, at the home of the bride. I have not the date of the death of James Harsha, but Nancy Harsha died November 11th, 1859. They had three children--two now living, John Harsha of Charleroi, Pennsylvania, and Mrs. S. W. Reed, who live on the home farm.

Nancy Harsha Reed.

After the death of the father and mother the two orphan children were cared for by their Grand- and Grand- father Bigham until they married and founded homes of their own. Cousin Nanny was Mary's favorite cousin and often visited her, when she could, during her last sickness. United Presbyterian . Republican.

Mary Bigham and John McCalla were married February 24th, 1863, and Mrs. McCalla died in September, 1893. She left a husband and seven children th mourn their loss. She was a good wife and a good mother. She died of valvular heart disease, with dropsy as a contributing cause. The family live in Ohio.

Ella Sarah Bigham and Martin S. Pence were married at the home of the bride, November 21st, 1878. They have one daughter, Jane. Ella S. Pence died near Washington, Pennsylvania, July 27th, 1914. Pernicious Anaemia.

M. S. Pence. Ella S. Pence.

Eliza Bigham and William Dawson, both of Washington County, Pennsylvania, were married January 1st, 1878, at the home of the bride's parents near Taylorstown, Pennsylvania. After their marriage, they moved to Kansas, where they died.

leaving one child. No record is to be found of the time or place of their deaths, or the sex of the child left.

We have traced the Bigham family, as far as we have been able, from 1773 to the present time, and have found them ever on the side of right and justice. The Scotch-Irish Presbyterians have always borne a name that stood for honor, character and uprightness, and were always found on the right side of every question that affected the public welfare.

William Bigham.

This boy, now a man, the son of Robert Bigham, the son of Joseph Paxton Bigham, the son Robert Bigham, is the last male descendant of the name, and upon him depends the transmission of the name to future generations. The last known of him, he lived at or near Kearney, Nebraska.

Frank Monroe.

Frank Monroe was born at Keosauqua, Iowa, October 10th, 1854. Frank worked on the farm with the rest of us at Moravia, Iowa, until 1876, when, hoping to better his condition, he went to Minnesota and lived there until 1878, when

Frank Monroe.

u Frankie-Monroe.

he came home again to go west with the rest of the family.

He lived in Kansas, near Minneapolis, until he became disgusted with the dry, rainless weather, high winds and grasshoppers. On May 15th, 1881, he was married to

Miss Ida S. Wittle at Colorado, Kansas.

Frank Monroe.

Miss Wittle was born at Bucyrus, Crawford County, Ohio, on February 13th, 1864.

To this union the following children have been born:

Arthur Finley, Oneida County, Idaho, July 1st, 1882.

Ira Birchard, Crane Creek, Idaho, June 26th, 1885.

Harriet Annetta, Emmett, Idaho, March 30th, 1887.

Walter Francis, Crane Creek, Idaho, April 16th, 1890.

John Angus, Emmett, Idaho, October 24th, 1892.

Mabel Mae, Sweet, Idaho, August 31st, 1902.

James Angus Frank, Boise, Idaho, August 31st, 1902.

Ira Birchard Monroe and Mrs. Joanna R. Thompson Thurman, a widow with four children, were married on March 23rd, 1912. No issue.

Harriet Annetta Monroe and John Demond were marrien June 2nd, 1907.

They have the following children:

William Francis, born March 15th, 1908.

John Howard, born October 13th, 1909.

Hermine Annetta, born September 20th, 1913. Eugene, born February 14th 1916.

Frank's Four Big Boys.
Ira, Walter, Angus and Arthur.

Walter Francis Monroe and Rowena Maria Smith Caluhite, a widow with one son, were married September 1st, 1912. They have ~~one~~ TWO daughters--Shirley Ellen Rowena Monroe, AND HARRIET born May 3rd, 1914.

John Angus Monroe and Grace Adaline Ames were married January 22nd, 1914. No issue.

Frank has done something of many things, during his life, to make a living for himself and family.

Frank and Mabel.

Frank's two daughters.
Hattie and Mabel.

He was at the head of an amusement company at one time and owned and ran a caruosel; he has been contractor, dairyman, garden truckman, miner and

ranchman. He learned the blacksmith trade with W. P. Cain at Moravia, Iowa, and after moving to Idaho, conducted a shop there for a number of years.

Mrs. Ida Monroe. 1908. Frank Monroe.

When I visited him in 1907, he was doing contract work in Boise, but now he is on his own ranch near Caldwell, Idaho.

Church of the Nazarene . Republican.

Frank's youngest grand son,
Eugene Angus Demond.

The alfalfa field with Frank and his mower and horses in the distance. They cut three or more crops of this most nutritious feed.

Below, in front of the house, is a group , Frank's wife, Ida, daughter Mabel, and daughter-in-law, Grace, and sons Frank, Walter, and Angus.

Frank on the spill-way of the irrigating ditch. They must irrigate to be sure of their crops.

The ever flowing Snake River in the distance, long and deep and swift, and treacherous.

In 1933 on December 31 at ten minutes past midnight there was a dredful storm of wind and rain and cloudburst that came to Aunt Ida where she was living in Montrose, Cal., and as Ida was praying the old year out and the New Year in the storm came and washed her away, and that is all we know of her in life or in death. Her sons and her daughters have done all they could and have not found the least imtimation of what has become of her. When the time had come for all friends and relatives had given up all hope of finding her they determined to give her a Memorial, friendly recognition that would show how well they loved her. They met in Mt. View Cemetery where Frank is buried, and they brought flowers which this picture will show.

The pe ess appre-
ciation of ng away.
This is a p service
was held.

Ida S, Wittle Monroe was well loved by her family and her friends and they sincerely mourned her loss and hopw to meet her again, "in the sweet by and by."

"I heard a voice from heaven saying unto me, Write, Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord from henceforth: Yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from ththeir labors; and ththeir works do follow them."

Ida's Home that was washed away in the flood.

Another view of Ida's home that was washed away.

This is an addition that was passed to me by Ira B. Monroe and I am now adding it to that which is already written.

As to many of those pioneers the long slow treck westward across the Rocky Mountains, lead as it were to the Promised Land where all might acquire a home by filing on free land and improving it. It had always been the great desire of father to posses a tract large enough that it would furnish homes for all of his children, hoping thus to keep them all near him.

With this still in mind he purchased a large farm near Caldwell, Idaho. After operating this farm three years he suffered a light stroke and realizing his failing health and strength he sold out his interest. At the urgent invitation of his brother, J. R. Monroe, Verdugo City, Cal., who was then alone, father and mother went to live with him where they might enjoy the mild climate for their remaining years.

Several years later he suffered a severe stroke, death seemed certain. By careful treatment and observing as far as possible the laws bearing on such afflictions, there was a gradual recovery of health, sufficient for him to travel back to Idaho with his wife and son Frank, and daughter Mabel where he visited each of his children and grandchildren telling them of his wonderful blessing and was satisfied to return home.

He and his wife lived 45 years together, sharing the joys and sorrows, hopes and discouragements of raising, educating and training seven children by means of hard and honest toil.

Father was quick tempered, proud and sensitive to any slight. He was very modest of any accomplishment, and of a retiring disposition detesting anything bordering on braggadocio.

He was ever firm in his stand for the right. He was deeply affectionate with his family and love's-tie was very strong to his own parents, brothers and sister.

Having a strong sense of humor he enjoyed hearing and telling stories, which probably accounted for many thinking him Irish.

My father and mother were typical of the open-hearted pioneers. No traveler, however poor, was ever turned away hungry. Many times some homeless and hungry wanderer found refuge. Those more needy than ourselves shared in our scanty store.

Ira B. Monroe.

It is the nature of Frank's trouble that after one or two attacks another is emminent at any time. The end came very suddenly at 5:30 A.M. Monday morning April 12, 1926, without regaining consciousness and he was buried in Mountain View Cemetery, Pasadena, Cal. Funeral services was held at 2 o'clock Thursday afternoon in Pilgrim Tabernacle, North Hill Ave., Pasadena, Cal. Rev. G. Arnold Hoagin and Rev. W. L. Brewer officiating.

He was a good son, good husband, father and he loved his fellow men. Truly, "A good man's steps are ordered of the Lord."

Edward Monroe was born at Moravia, Iowa, December 2nd, 1856. One Pleasant summer evening, in 1864, he and his brother Frank were coming home from school, playing on the way with a small pebble.

Edward Monroe.

One would throw it and then both would run for it and the one that got it first would throw it again. Eddie got the pebble and instead of throwing it, he put it in his mouth and started to run. Unfortunately it was sucked down his wind-pipe. When he came running in the house, he was choked black in the face. Assistance was hurriedly summoned and a surgical operation was performed, but to no avail. In three days the poor, little fellow was dead. The picture on the preceding page was taken when on his death bed. He lies by the side of his brother Alonzo in the Moravian Cemetery at Moravia, Iowa.

Finley Monroe.

Finley Monroe was born at Moravia, Iowa, November 9th, 1859, and lived there until 1879.

He obtained most of his education from the district school. For six months or more, he was under my instruction, when I taught there, and was an industrious, faithful student.

Finley Monroe.

In 1876 I came East and Finley went West, and because of our separation, I have asked him to write his own record. No one in the future can write such an experience. The rough days of the "Wild and Woolly West" have all passed by to return no more. The following is a partial record of his western life in the early days of Idaho as he has written it:

For several years prior to 1879 the western fever had taken hold of our family. Frank had gone to Nebraska two years before, Joe was in Texas and David had gone to

Finley Monroe.

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southwestern Kansas in the spring of 1878, and was continually writing glowing letters descriptive of the beauties and possibilities of the country; and I too, ever since I had read "The River of the West", a book descriptive of the Hudson Bay and American Fur Companies, and of the Rocky Mountains, the Indian tribes, the Oregon country and settlements, the Missions at Walla Walla and Waiilatpu, and of the hair-breadth escapes of Joe Meek, Kit Carson, Milton and William Sublette and many others, thought there could not possibly be any place equal to the "far west"for a person to live in. Brother Joe also kept writing that he was going to leave Texas and move to Kansas; so our dear old Mother, when she realized that soon she must part with her boys or go west too, joined with me, and at the first opportunity Father was pursuaded to sell the old home and go to Kansas. In the fall of 1878 the farm was sold and we moved to Moravia where I attended school until February, 1879, when we fitted out with a four horse team, covered wagon, a saddle horse and a buggy. The night before we left Moravia, Frank came home to go with us. We bade farewell to all old friends and neighbors, bound for Kansas. When we got

to the Biddle school-house, where I had always gone to school from my child-hood, the teacher dismissed school for a little time that all might come out to the road to bid us good bye. I had no thought then that thirty-seven years would pass by, or that probably I would never see them again. Father had the wagon fitted with extension side-boards and a sheet-iron stove made with an oven. The wagon was wide and roomy and very comfortable even in the coldest weather we had, and when the sun would shine Mother would then ride in the buggy, and I think she really enjoyed the trip. At night she and Father and Flora and Hannah would get rooms at some farm house or hotel. Before we left Moravia Captain Cummins gave Father two two-thirds grown pups, half deer-hound and half bull dog. He prized them very highly because of the giver, and he bought a fancy collar for each and a dog chain and either had them fastened to the back of the buggy or wagon or had me lead them. We called them Schuyler and Colfax. They were great, lubberly, ugly, lop-eared brutes. When we got to St. Joe, Missouri, we stopped over night just out side the city, and this was the largest city I had ever seen. The next morning

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as I was leading those two hounds-bulldogs through the town, Schuyler would pull back and Colfax pulled just as hard ahead, and I imagined the whole population was out looking at me, and they thought it was a part of a circus or a menagerie going through. When I would not let him go as fast as he wanted, Colfax sat down on his "hunkers" and howled &something fierce", and was joined by his brother Schuyler in the same "heavenly music". A man called to me, "let 'em go, bub, let 'em go. No one would steal them dogs". I did not let them go, but I thought less of them ever after. On the third of March we crossed the Missouri at Atchison and were on Kansas soil. It was a beautiful day, the roads fine, the sun shining brightly, the grass green and the trees budding out. We drove out beyond the city limits and camped by the road side for dinner. A typical Kansas zephyr was blowing. Mother had cooked dinner on the stove and we were all sitting out on the wagon tongue and on boxes eating with our plates on our laps, the dogs, Schuyler and Colfax stretched out at full length enjoying the sun. Along came a little more zephyr and with it went Father's hat, and after it he went, and up jumped Schuler and with his long-drawn howl ran right between

Father's legs and down he went, his dinner and dishes flying after the hat. When he got up he said," what the douse(deuce)is that dog trying to do?" Flora and I got the hat, but from that day, even though Captain Cummins did make him a present of it, his love began to wane and it became to him as a heathen, and this also was the beginning of his dislike for Kansas, which grew until he began to hate the very name of the Sunflower state. From Atchison west the whole stretch of country was a revelation, mile after mile as far as the eye could reach;after we had gotten out some distance, with little or no timber and the road following closely the A. T. & S. F. R. R., and no fences and warm sunny weather, as compared with the cold weather in Iowa. We found Pratt County, Kansas, an ideal place for cat fish. On the Ninnescah river, half mile from home, the little ponds and branch creeks were filled with fine ones, and Frank and I made a seine of gunny sacks and when we wished could catch a sack full at a time. One short year and about six months we spent in Kansas. I helped Father and Frank build a house and plant some crops, then after the Fourth of July

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went to eastern Kansas where Joe lived. I went to the teacher's Normal School at Mound City for a month that fall in anticipation of teaching school, but was disappointed in getting a position, so returned to Pratt County in October. Brother Dave and I then went to the central southeastern part of the State and worked on railroad construction near Wellington for about two months at the munificent wages of $1.25 per day for a man and $2.25 per day for man and team, board not furnished, commencing work while the stars were shining and only quitting when it was too dark to see.

He and I went on a hunting trip in December on the Beaver River and on the Canadian River and the Staked Plains of Texas. Pratt County was very sparsely settled and in many places from eight to ten miles would be passed before we would see a dwelling or a sod shanty; but on leaving Pratt County and going on west, what a land it was for magnificent distances, a hundred miles at a stretch without a tree or a shrub or a human being and no settlements or habitations whatever, just a continuance buffalo-grass prairie, with isolated bunches of wild prairie cattle along the little streams. Here and there at a distance were antelope nearly always

in sight. At night, when camped, we often could hear the wailing howl of the coyotes. There were no roads, and we could travel anywhere over the prairie, until we reached the Fort Dodge, Kansas, and the Fort Elliott, Texas trail. Over this trail freight was hauled by mule and bull teams from Fort Dodge on the A.T. & S.F. R.R. to western Texas and Camp Supply in the Indian Nation. The mule teams would consist of from six to ten teams of from fourteen to sixteen mules in a team with one main wagon and two trail wagons with one driver and all under a wagon boss who rode horse back and had full charge of the train.

They would make one camp in a day and the distance from twelve to fifteen miles, and when they camped they would corral their wagons to provide against attack from the Indians, and also provide a place to corral the mules the next morning for harnessing and preparing for the start. The mules were all turned out at night with two herders in charge, and the herders would sleep in the wagons during the day while traveling. Bull teams were also in charge of a wagon boss, and the teams were about the same number of oxen as of the mules to a team. They traveled from seven to twelve miles in a day and then too there were an equal number of oxen driven along by a herder and the working cattle were changed each day. The wagons in these teams were

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like moving houses and they all were loaded to their capacity. The teams would crawl along over the prairie at almost a snail's pace and one could almost see in the distance from one camping place to another. The men, winter and summer, lived always in the open with their teams and wagon, and were tanned to the copper color of an Indian. On the Beaver River and Staked Plains we saw antelope like bands of sheep; often times five-hundred to a thousand in a band. In all that vast country there were no settlements. On account of drouth Father and Frank raised practically nothing the seaso of 1879 and the spring of 1880, while early the prospecs seemed favorable, but cyclones came and our house was destroyed and all of us barely escaped with our lives. Then the drouth came again and many less fortunate than we, were on the verge of starvation and sent back begging or relief committes east to solicit aid. It was then we decided that Kansas was no place for us. Brother Joe had moved from eastern Kansas to Pratt County the fall before and he'd shared the same treatment with us, crops dried up , and his house torn down and scattered over the prairie. Father and I went down on the Kansas and Indian Territory border and bought a little Texas pony.

I broke the pony to ride and Joe and I loaded his family and things into a four-horse wagon, bidding Father and Mother, Frank and Flora good bye, we started for the "far west," on June 20th, 1880. They were to dispose what property they had, then go to northern Kansas for the winter and follow us the next spring. None of us had any thought of going back east. It was hardly in the Monroe blood to face anything and then turn back.

Our trip was uneventful until we got into Colorado, where it was a common thing for a cyclone of wind and rain to blow our tent down and deluge us so often that it seemed almost useless to try to sleep except under the wagon, and then we would have the wagon-wheels lowered in pits almost to the hub. If a cloud appeared as large as a man's hand, we prepared for a storm.

We had told the folks to write to us at Julesburg, Colorado, and we were anxious to hear from them. When we got to Julesburg we expected to finf a town, but instead we found a long, "ramshackle" ware-house. Joe and I went in and there was only one man there; he had a long Navy revolver strapped on and was sitting on a high dry goods box at a board desk nailed to the wall, smoking a pipe and figuring. He just looked up

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when we came in, then turned around again. I asked him if there was any mail there for us, giving our names. He said,"I don't know, see for your self", jerking his thumb over his shoulder toward the door, which was open. We looked there, behind the door, and found a goods box holding about a bushel, with no top on it, filled with letters and papers, all mixed together. We searched through the whole pile, but found nothing for us. We asked him how far it was to another post office. He said, "I don't know, but if you will follow up the railroad track about seven miles there is a culvert, and a piece of iron pipe laying by the road; well, under the culvert there ought to be a gunny sack, you can put your letters in that and I guess the train crew will find it". After we reached Julesburg we fell in with others going west, with no certain point as their destination, and from that time we were not alone. I killed many antelope and deer and lots of sage hens, which made fine eating with our"flap jacks". In sunshine and in storm I rode my little Texas pony, Billy, the full 1500 miles. Through the storms, dust, dirt and smoke of camp fires we traveled and lived, always with good health, and being tired at night, slept soundly. When we

reached Bear River Valley in southeastern Idaho, a valley of high altitude and long cold winters, there was one other family with us, a man and his wife, and a consultation was had, and we decided that it would be very doubtful, on account of the lateness of the season, if we could reach the Boise Valley before we would be caught in the snows in going over the mountains, so we concluded to stay there till spring, if we could all get enough work to support us. At Georgetown, a little Mormon settlement, Joe and Ward, the man who with his wife had been traveling with us, rented a sash saw mill which was run by water power from a warm spring running down from the mountains to the Bear River; the mill had a capacity of about a thousand feet a day. The valley was thinly settled, just in little hamlet groups on some little creek--all Mormons in the entire Bear Lake County except us. I wanted a school, but before applying, I went to Paris, the County seat, twenty miles, and asked for a certificate to teach. They told me I needed none as there was no public money to pay teachers, and that any community wanting a school, paid its own teacher by private subscription. We found out soon that there was no money in the County to pay for anything; that

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every thing was trade in the products of the country, potatoes, flour, grain, deer meat, wild hay, etc., and all the Mormon people there got what they absolutely had to have from "Zion's Co-operative Mercantile Institution", at whatever it wished to charge, and that all of the produce and tithing was turned to this institution and by it shipped by teams to Salt Lake City and the cash kept by the church. Ward hired me to run the mill at $25.00 per month and board, the wages to be paid in cash. Joe and Ward logged the mill. Snow fell the first of September but went off only to come again by the 20th, and from that time on stayed. That was the coldest winter and weather I have ever experienced, steady, bitter cold, the mercury dropped to 35 degrees, then to 40 and continued for week in and week out, and the snow fell from 5 to 6 feet on the level in the valley. When I would go to work in the morning, before daylight, by lantern light, the frost would be hanging in skeins from 4 to 6 inches long from the teeth of the saw. After I had worked for about two months, I wanted some money or trade to get some clothes which I needed badly, so I asked Ward for my pay, and he fired me at once. Tough luck. I had not a dollar, 40 below zero,

, snow from 5 to 6 feet deep, and no place to go. That morning I took my little Billy pony and set out for Montpelier, another little Mormon settlement about nine miles a way, to see if I could get something to do in order that my pony and I might live. When I got through my feet were both frozen black almost to my heels. I went to the Mormon Bishop's home and they took my boots off and rubbed my feet with dry snow until the feeling began to come back. I found no work. I got back to Georgetown in the night and stopped at a man's house and told him my circumstances and he gave me supper and lodging, and we needed both, as Billy and I had had no dinner; then I turned the pony out with his stock.

The next morning he told me he would give me $10.00 a month, store pay, if I would feed stock, chop wood, and help change his range band of horses from one mountain to another as was required, so they could paw the snow off and get feed, where the wind had blown the snow off the peaks. That seemed like a great streak of good luck to me, for it looked mighty gloomy for a boy who had never been wholly thrown on his own resources before. On account of insufficient protection I froze

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my feet many times that winter, and so severely that blisters would puff up on them at times even to the following mid summer. I still had my school books with me and during the winter as I could I continued my studies.

When spring came, in June I took a team of horses and a wagon and went to Evanston, Utah, on the U. P. Railroad after Mother, who had come through on the train, and she was to stay with Joe and family until Father, Flora and Frank and his wife came overland from Kansas. I got a settlement out of Ward by taking it in lumber. I then traded lumber for the use of a team of oxen and hauled some of it to Soda Springs, Idaho, and got part money and the rest in blankets. I then traded the remainder of the lumber for a little Indian pack pony.

I, then, with my two ponies, started out, but did not know where, though I thought of going to Walla Walla, Washington or to Jacksonville, Oregon. My object being to find some place where I could eventually accumulate enough money to see me through with a college education.

It was a long, lonesome trip from Georgetown to Bellevue on the Wood River in Idaho, where the mining excitement in that camp was at its height. The town was a mile long and not a completed house in it, just tents, lientos and log pens with canvas roofs.

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About every other one was a gambling den or a saloon. H
Hundreds of men were there, each one suspicious of the other for fear the other one would make a "strike" and would not tell. Nearly every man was a law to himself, with a big six shooter on, and I guess I, with my Spencer repeating rifle across the horn of my saddle, and my big revolver and cartridge belt strapped on, looked about as formidable as any of them.

Finley Monroe.
Dec. 9th, 1890.

Katie Degen Monroe.
Katie Degen was born at Craig, Missouri, Aug. 19th, 1871, and she and Finley were married December 9th, 1890.

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Mining was not my object or desire, so I pushed on to the Boise Valley. When I got to the bridge spanning the Boise river, the toll taker demanded seventy-five cents for me and my two ponies. I offered the man seven nickles and four dimes. He refused the nickles as he said they would n't buy anything in this country, but I insisted and he finally let me pass when he found I was determined to cross. I soon found out why he objected to the nickles. In Boise they would not look at one, and cared very little for a dime. Twenty-five cents, two-bits, a quarter, was about the least that would buy anything. If in making change, less than twenty-five cents was the difference, it was not considered and nothing was said.

I hardly knew what was to become of me for I had only six dollars and fifty cents left, and now way of getting any more in view. The next morning and for three days, I traveled down Boise Valley stopping at almost every place inquiring for work. Near Middleton, just a post office then, twenty five miles from Boise and about the last place in the Valley, I struck a job on a farm for one month, $40.00 and board for myself and pasture for my ponies. After this time I got work with a threshing machine and worked for forty days

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continuously. I had been looking for work and I surely found it when I struck that threshing machine. From the last of July on through August, we had breakfast by lamplight and supper after dark and no cessation, only one hour for dinner and for moving the machine.

The man who owned the machine was very kind to me and when the threshing was over, had me come to stay with him at his home for some length of time, and in the meantime secured employment for me in a logging camp in Garden Valley for the winter.

I worked at this all winter, even though the weather was cold and snow deep, except for about a month when the snow got so deep that nothing could be done. I still had my school books with me and during the winter nights I did good work, the best I could without a teacher. When winter broke and the snow had gone, we moved out into the woods and camped under the trees. My work was in cutting down the trees; others trimmed them, and still others sawed the logs into the proper lengths. Several yoke of cattle were used in drawing them to the log landing on the bank of the Payette. What was called a "lizzard" was used. It was a small forked tree trimmed down V shaped with a heavy

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bolster across the wide end and the log was then rolled on, one end, and the cattle hitched to the pointed end and the log dragged to the bank of the river.

There were many deer, cougar, wild cats and other wild animals in the woods where we worked, Although that land is now highly cultivated now and thickly settled, yet most any morning we could shoot deer from our camp, and venison was no luxury for us at that time. In June, when the river was falling from its last rise, the log landings were broken and the many thousands of logs were rolled into the Payette to be driven down to the mill at Emmett. The water was ice cold, trickling down from the melting snow still in piles in the gulches and ravines on the mountain side, and of a morning, little spikey icicles were adhering to the grass along the banks. We would be in the water only a few minutes and our feet and legs would be so numb that there would be very little feeling in them; we would shiver and shake and our teeth would chatter and our lips and face be as blue as death. It was tough work, but it was all I had, and it was to endure or quit, and I was no "quitter".

JMZ49

Running in low water, the drive did not get to Emmett until October. Father, Mother, Flora, Frank and his family and Joe and his family came to Emmett in August, and in that month I quit the drive and walked to Emmett, and the next day I walked to Boise, thirty miles, not changing from my river clothes because I had no others, and went before the Territorial examining board and applied for an examination for a certificate to teach school.

I received a certificate and it was given wholly on merit as I was dressed "something fierce", cow hide shoes, gingham jumper and blue overalls that were half white from continued work in the water, black broad brimmed hat, colored shirt with collar attached and no tie. I earned the certificate as they gave a most gruelling examination both written

Louise Monroe.
Born June 26, 1892.

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and oral. I have that certificate yet as a memento of my desire to "teach the young idea how to shoot",

I then went to a clothing store and bought a complete out fit of clothing, including gold shirt studs, my first. The next day I met the President of the examining board and he did not know me. Clothes may not make the man, but they surely do change his appearance. I rode back to Emmett in the big Overland stage coach, my first ride, that ran from Salt Lake City, Utah, to Umatilla Landing on the Columbia river.

It was my intention to teach that winter and spend all my spare time in study. I tried hard for a school, but the best I could do was $35. 00 per month and board around or $40.00 and board myself. I had an offer of $40.00 per month and board to work in the saw-mill at Emmett to keep the books, sell lumber and keep the time of the workmen. I took it and worked there until the following October when I concluded I had money enough to make a start in my college course. I had chosen the Blue Mountain University, a new instution established at Le Grand, Oregon, as my alma mater. I bought my stage ticket, andreserved necessary expenses,

JM251

and to out-wit the pesky stage robbers, put the remainder of my money in my trunk. When I got on the stage, it was then overloaded and they left my trunk for the next stage. At La Grand I made arrangements for board, tuition and books, and when my trunk came, it was nicely locked and strapped, and my clothes were all there, but the money was gone, and stayed "gone".

The stage company would do nothing about paying me back, but generously o. k'd my trunk back and I "hoofed" it to Emmett, stopping at farm houses or where ever I could at night. I went to work at the mill again, and my college career was over. That fall, 1882, I cast my first vote at the only voting place in the whole of Payette Valley which was a little board school house about eight miles below Emmett, called "Center School House". There were about a hundred voters there, and I remember an old fellow they called "Governor" Stewart was yelling, "there's a jug of turpentine behind the house and it 's p'ison; do n't ye touch it". Before I left I think they had rushed the poison, for there were several fights, and while drunk one fellow got after another with a big hunting knife and chased him out through the sage

JM252

brush to kill him, and all who were in the house ran out to see the "fun", leaving itself. I worked at the mill for three years, spending all my spare time in study. I took up the Chautauqua Course of study and also during that time completed the Gaskell system of book-keeping. In the spring of 1886 I was again employed on the log drive from above Garden Valley down as boat-man, and the drive was to be made in high water. We drove from a little valley on the Middle Fork of the Payette River down to Garden Valley to the junction with the South Fork; here our logs were intermingled with another drive being brought down the South Fork owned by a firm whose mills were at the mouth of the Payette River.

Frederick Du Boise Monroe.
Born September 24th, 1894,
Emmett, Idaho.

JM253

and from there we ran together. In al there were about one hundred men and a million logs. The two outfits each had men cooks and. flunkeys. Flunkeys were helpers to the cooks and brought the two mid-day meals to the men on the drive. Meals were served four times a day, for , with the long hours and the dce cold water ,it required much sustantial nourishment and coffee to keep the men up to their work. Breakfast served in camp 6:30 and supper in camp at 7:15, lunches of hot bread, bacon and beef or both, beans and dried fruit, all hot, and hot coffee served often by the flunkeys bringing it to the men at a central point where they would be

Louise, 10 yrs.

Freddie, 8 yrs.

JM259

at work, and at ten a. m. and 3:30 p. m. We had a jam in Garden Valley about a mile long with more than a half million logs jammed. It took two days with all the men working to break it, and get the logs all running again. In the boiling, roaring, surging water a man's life was constantly in danger. It was every man for himself and if he lost his life he was "out of luck". The men, with very few exceptions, would freely risk their lives to save the life of a fellow workman. We lost three men from the two outfits. One was our old Chinese cook, the "whitest" Chinaman I ever knew. The boat in which he was riding was wrecked in the seething rapids of the canyon, the boatman managing to reach shore about a mile below, more dead than alive, and the last seen of China Jim he was clutching for a roll of blankets. His bones were found bleaching on a sand bar way below Emmett the next fall, more than a hundred miles from where he was drowned. In another accident there were several men in the boat and the boat was swamped in the rapids; two men were thrown and the body of one of them was never found, but the other one whose name was Kyle, a Canadian, his was turned loose from the jam, and was seen floating

JM255

by the camp below by one of the cooks and fished in to the shore. A grave was dug, a rough box was made, all the men quit to attend the funeral, a song was sung and his body was lowered in the grave. A few days before he told me he had been from home three years, and that as soon as got through this drive, he'd have money enough to help his "dear old mother" who was waiting for him and he was going home to her. Our boats were about eighteen feet long and were built for only one oarsman, and in driving, the boatman sat facing down stream and pulled continually with all his power up stream, it being the only way that a boat in the rushing waters could be controlled, and even in spite od the boatman, the boat would be rushed along at almost lighning velocity. This was especially so when running in high water. The other drive had employed from Michigan who claimed to be experts, but they had never run

Louise Monroe.

JM256

a western river, and there is a very great difference in the velocity of the rivers of the mountains and that of the slow moving rivers of the east. Their boats were bateaux of about thirty-six feet in length and required a bowman and one at the stern each with a steering paddle, then two oarsmen. The river in Garden Valley, although very swift in high water, was calm in comparison with the river through the thirty miles of canyon. All the time for the few days we were in Garden Valley, after joining the men of the other drive, the Michigan boatmen were continually jeering me and the other boatman and making us as rediculous as they could to the other men, because we always pulled up stream, while they would row their bateaux like rowing on a lake. We knew what was ahead of us, said nothing, and waited. The river through the canyon was white its entire distance with the rapidity of its flow and the dashing of the water over the rocks, and the noise was deafening and appalling. Logs were hurled and handled like straws, disappearing to be seen again maybe a hundred yards or so below, or not at all. Logs, many of them, have been run into the mill pond at Emmett, some 10, 12, and 14 feet long, split in

JM257

halves as cleanly and completely as could have been as could have been done with sledge and wedges, from having been struck endwise on sharp, jutting rocks in the canyon. There is one place where there are eddies on each side of the center of the river where the whirl is so great that I have seen tops of trees, fifty to sixty feet long, sucked down endwise, butt first, until the little quivering top would disappear, and the boatman dare not allow his boat to be swerved from the center, which no one inexperienced could well do, and especially so by pulling down stream. There were at times, jams of logs here and there through the canyon, and we seldom moved camp more than one-half mile at a time on that account. When we cleared the last jam just before entering the canyon, at about three o'clock in the afternoon, those Michigan boatman jumped in their bateau and pulling down stream, entered the deafening roar of the canyon.

Freddie. Louise.

JM258

The canyon is dark and gloomy, with the air filled with spume from the dashing waves; there are towering mountains on each side with thick fir trees, saplings and brush on their sides, and the river winding and twisting around narrow bends, and the water in the center running like a huge ridge, and waves ten to twelve feet high breaking back continually like the ocean breakers, but with more force, and a boat, if it ever failed in rising and cutting through or turned the least sideways, would be swamped in a second of time. No landing could be made, except where there would be a little flat ground, and then not by the boatman, but by some one in the stern, when the boat would be running close to shore, would jump quickly and smub a tree, letting the rope pay out slowly in order to prevent breaking. As their bateau passed me they were all pulling down stream; at times the boat was tossed so high that it would be almost entirely in the air and I could see day light under the center. Then, at times, it would sink so quickly and so deep that, although not over fifty yards away, it was seemingly swallowed up, then to rise again almost clear in the air, and this so rapidly that their oars were used like they were striking at something in the air instead of guiding their boat.

JM259

In a minute they passed out of sight, and as most of us thought, forever. We ran our boats about a half mile in a canyon in a place where there was always a jam, called "Hell's Half Acre", a very inferno of waters. We were two days clearing the jam. The next day, in the evening, our Michigan boatmen appeared on the opposite shore. They had been out all that time with no blankets or grub. About three miles down the canyon is what is called the "Big Eddy". A bend in the river makes a very wide opening and the velocity of the main channel rushing by causes the water on the one side in the bend to whirl causing the eddy. It is about a quarter or a third of a mile long and probably in high water, one hundred or one hundred and fifty yards wide, and the rush of the water down stream on th river side causes the water in the eddy at the lower end to run back up stream along the shore as rapidly as the main channel runs down and when it reached the head of the eddy, then to whirl and beat down stream again with the velocity of the river, thus logs and trees or a boat caught in it may sail roun and around for hours or days before the force of the water would ever throw them out, and never at the lower end. At the upper end of the eddy I have seen swirling

JM260.1

holes in the water from four to six feet across and of unknown depth, with the water whirling downward like running down an augur hole. It was this eddy that caught the Michigan boatman, and that was what probably saved their lives. They rode round and round in the eddy with logs and drift, all the time trying to pull out and land, until toward morning they managed to land their boat on shore. Below this big eddy about a mile, is the hot springs rapids, called so by reason of boiling springs of water running down the the side of the mountain. This was the most dangerous and dificult place to run in the whole canyon, there being only one other place which has never been run by boats. When those Michigan boatmad got back to camp, they were very docile and not at all inclined to brag, and when we got to Big Eddy we noticed them towing theirbateau along the shore with ropes. They had made so much sport of us in the upper valley that Mr. Wardwell, the owner of our drive and who was the ~~o~~th other boatman, and I thought we would try them out, and that night at camp we challenged before all the men to run the hot springs rapids. They said we could not do it with our small boats.

Then we insisted if they would run their big boats through, we would go first. At this place the walls are almost perpendicular and are hundreds of feet high then sloping back nearly a mile. There is no pathway aroun these rapids and the men must either go in boats or climb the cliffs by clinging to little crevices in the rocks by the feet and hands, and a false move or a slip will dash them hundreds of feet below in the boiling river. Mr. Wardwell, who was a very powerful man and a splendid boatman, said he would go first; but for me to take a rope and climb on the ether side of the mountain and then get down below and catch his boat, and if he failed, then to throw the rope to him if possible. I did so and he came through all right; then it was my turn to run my boat through. In the meantime all of the men were scattered along the cliffs, high up, watching to see our boats swamped and us drowned. My boat was handled like an egg-shell. I was raised at times, it seemed to me, twenty feet in the air on the crest of one of those awful back waves, then down, down, down in a roaring, seething cauldron of death.

Once, one oar was buried to the gunwale in the water and the other clutching the air, then this condition

JM 262

was reversed. When in the worst part I unshipped an oar; my mind was clear and I was cool and not excited, and almost in a twinkling, and before the boat could turn, I had righted the oar. First, the boat on meeting one of those back waves would shoot into the air and the stern down and the boat at half pitch, then over and down with the stern as high in the air as the bow had been. Well, the Michigan fellows backed out entirely and never got in their boats again until we reached the valley below, and they never again bragged of their skill as boatman. The loggers twited them unmercifully about their cowardice and made their lives miserable while they stayed with the drive. When we reached the valley it was then nothing but a continual roll with peavies, and I quit;

Finley and his daughter Louise at the Natatorium at Boise, Idaho. 1914.

JM265

That summer there wereat Graham, the mining town, near ten thousand people. It was a typical mining town of the early west--no law, no restraint, no Sunday observance; drinking, gambling, dancing and carousing night and day. Men were murdered in the streets while I was there and no one punished for the crime. One night in a saloon Bill Ninemeyer was gambling and he got into a fight with another gambler, Tobe Pitts, and got his face all pounded up and his head bruised with scalp wounds made by the butt of a revolver. The next day, while another man and I were shingling a restaurant with shakes, this same Bill Ninemeyer rushed out of the same saloon, pulling at his clothes trying to get his sweater off, daring some one to come out and fight, followed by Tobe Pitts with a big red pocket-book offering to bet he could lick him; both got out on the road quickly, and then the saloon-keeper came running out with six shooter, demanding fair play. Just then Ben Ninnmeyer,

J. A. Monroe. Finley Monroe.
"In 1891 I visited my brother and family at Wheeling".--

JM266

a brother of Bill's, came running down the road, and he to too, had his revolver, and I noticed that it was cocked. We slid off that roof in a hurry as we were directly in line of the bullets, and we felt sure they would come, and the fight was none of our business any way. Other men hurried up and got the men separated and the figt was off for the time. That night the big Ninemeyer freight out-fit, hauling freight from Boise, came as far as Big Creek, about a mile from Graham. In charge was a man of the name of Wilson, a half brother of the Ninemeyers, and George Ninemeyer, another brother, who came into town that night. This saloon was crowded with men, some drinking, some gambling as several tables were running; and at one was Tobe Pitts; Wilson, Bill and George Ninemeyer came in and all were armed, as was most everybody else, and no sooner did Pitts see them than he jumped under the card table, knocking chairs and men over, and using the table as a shield he made a rush across the room to get under the saloon bar. Although wounded he managed to return the fire of Wilson and the Ninemeyers. The room was soon cleared, the men running in every direction, but before this Pitts was killed. Wilso stepped out on the porch and saw a man running to get away, named Townsend,

a stranger, and Wilson yelled at him to stop, but he was so scared that he only ran the faster. Wilson, who was a dead shot, threw his revolver out and fired, shooting the poor fellow through the body, perforating his bowels. Pit Smith, who had been appointed Marshal a few days before, to try to keep peace as much as he could, stepped up, with his hands raised high said "I command the peace". Wilson shot him through the heart and he fell at full length. Wilson then coolly took hold of his arm and twisted it to see if he were dead, still holding his revolver in his face. Wilson and the two Ninemeyers then went back to their teams that night and the next morning brought their freight into town and unloaded it, no one daring to molest them. Wilson was a very strong, determined, fearless man and no one wanted a quarrel with him and his two half brothers. It was no quarrel or fight of mine, but I thought how easily a few determined men with Winchesters, from behind the buildings, could have avenged the death of Pitts, Townsend and Smith. They drove their teams back to Big Creek, and while there the Sheriff from Idaho City came alone on horse back; they turned him away with their guns and disappeared.

JM268

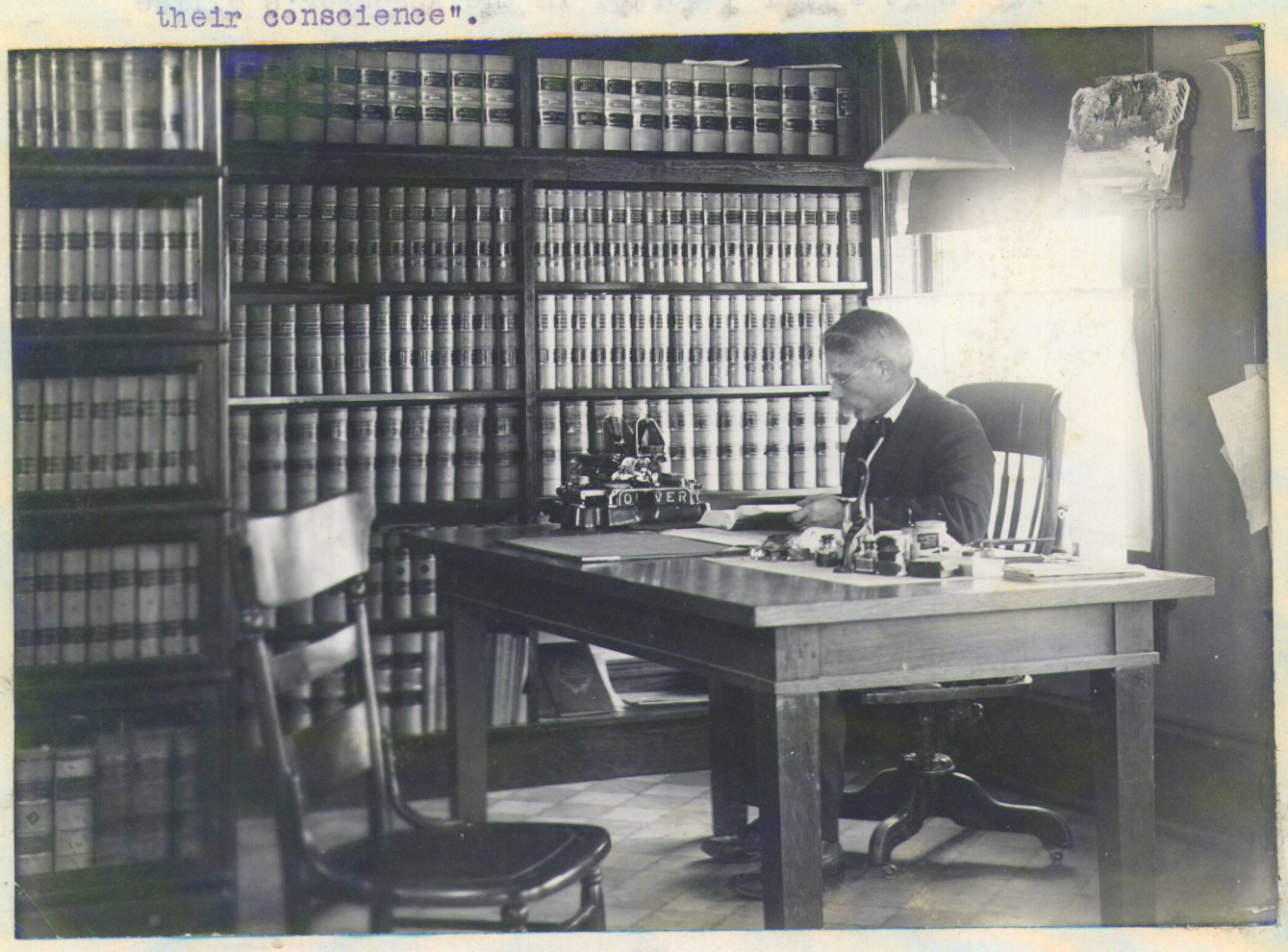
Although a reward was offered by the State and twenty of the miners at Graham organized and searched the mountains, they were never found. Ben Ninemeyer was ar-

The Monroe Building, Emmett, Idaho.
Finley's Office is in the
Second Story Front.

rested; as they could not prove that he had any part in the murder, was acquited. As a sequel to this, some ~~te~~ ten years afterwards there was found in Boise a poor afflicted specimen of humanity in the last stages of tuberculosis, dying. If not caught, tried, condemned and imprisoned, yet Wilson got "his". It was Wilson who had come to see his old mother for the last time. Under the circumstances the authorities did nothing, and Wilson died soon after and "went to his own place".

JM269

Indirectly I have heard that Bill and George Ninemeyer are somewhere in South America, "alone with with their conscience".



Office of Finley Monroe, Attorney at Law, Emmett, Idaho.

That fall the mining bubble burst and the mill, that cost $250,000,only run three days and cleaned up two dollars and fifty cents and shut down forever. It was just a stock selling scheme, as was too many mining operations in the west.

dM270

The following winter I worked building the Last Chance Canal to get water to irrigate my land, and the next summer I worked in the Assessor's office in Boise. On December 9th, 1890, Katie and I were married, and as the story books say, "lived happily ever after". The following ten years were spent farming. The most important and happy event during this time were the birth of Louise and Freddie; Louise on June 26th, 1892, and Freddie on September 24th, 1894. During all this time I was dreaming of the law; but money was so scarce and times so dull that it seemed almost impossible to get money enough to pay my way through law school. The last three years of the ten years mentioned, I spent all my spare time reading law and hoping for better days.

In 1900 I managed to sell the ranch and then had fair prospects of seeing my dreams come true. I left Katie and the children in Boise and entered a law school at Jackson, Tennessee. Because of the years of study I had put in, on examination, I was allowed advanced standing so that I completed the full course in one year and was allowed to graduate Magna Cum Laude, and received my diploma.

Finley Monroe and Family,
Emmett, Idaho.
Taken at Los Angeles, Cal.,
August, 1915.

I then visited my brother, Dr. J. A. Monroe and family at Wheeling, W. Va., whom I had not seen since he left our old Iowa home in 1876, to go east. It was a most enjoyable visit with him and his family, He and I went to Atlantic City, Philadelphia and Washington, D. C. on a sight seeing trip. I enjoyed it all immensely, the great cities and the mighty ocean. From Wheeling I immediately returned home, applied for admission to the bar of the Supreme Court of Idaho, was admitted, located at my home town of Emmett, and have met with a fair degree of success. This brings us down to the month of June, Anno Domini, 1916, so I will write--

FINIS.

Home of Finley Monroe,
Emmett, Idaho.

When I was in Idaho and Finley and I were at Payette Lakes, we talked of a camping trip to the Yellowstone National Park and tried to fix the time. So many new interests and responsibilities came to us that we were unable to carry out our intentions. Last August, 1916, Finley and his family made the trip in his Oldsmobile touring car, going from Emmett through Boise back over the same route he had traveled alone with his pony when going to the Emmett, Idaho country, hunting for a home, more than thirty-six years before.

Ready to start, Louise standing by the wheel.

They were gone fourteen days and traveled more than one thousand miles. In a letter, written the last of August, Finley gave a very fine and interesting descrip-

tion of the many wonders to be seen in the Park, especially was Finley interested in the many changes that had taken place in the country since he had first traveled that road.

Camping on the way.

The trip was soon over, the vacation ended, and all were back home and at work again.

Finley has done well in his profession. He stands well in his home town, having the confidence and respect of all who know him. He has

A spouting geyser, "Old Faithful." Freddie in the fore-ground.

served his town ~~as~~ a member of the Board of Education. He has had many political honors offered him, but, so far has declined because of his professional obligations.

He has always stood for the best interests of the community where he has lived. The accompaning photographs are the latest of his wife, son and daughter. Louise

is in school in Los Angeles, Cal., and Freddie is Cashier of a bank in Emmett, Idaho. He is a credit and a comfort to his father and mother and the making of a good and useful citizen. Finley is

Republican,

Methodist.

On the way home.
Louise by the automobile.

STATE SENATOR - 1929-30.
FINLEY MONROE,
EMMET, IDAHO.

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FRED AND MARIE MONROE

Fred Degen Monroe married Prudence Marie McFadyen at Marie's home in Long Beach, California, on December 29, 1926. Reverend Father Francis Ott performed the ceremony.

Marie McFadyen was born to Kate and Edgar McFadyen in Auburn, California, on June 28, 1900. In April 1906, the Edgar McFadyen family moved to Long Beach, California, where Marie received all of her pre-college education.

Fred and Marie met at the University of California in Berkeley where Marie received her BA degree in Education with majors in history and political science and a minor in speech in May 1921. In 1922, she received her secondary teaching certificate and MA degree in History. She taught two years in Ripon High School in Ripon, California, and two years in Montebello High School in Montebello, California.

The afternoon of December 29th, Fred and Marie left Long Beach via the Salt Lake Railroad for Salt Lake where they spent one night. The following afternoon, they left for LaGrande, Oregon.

There they picked up Fred's "Star" roadster and headed for Hilgard, nine miles out from LaGrande. The car was left in the garage at Hilgard. Fred and Marie started on the five mile hike out to the Mt. Emily Lumber Camp where Fred was in charge of a U.S.F.S. timber sale. The hike was along the railroad right of way--over numerous creeks where the railroad ties were covered with snow making hiking very difficult for one inexperienced in snow and hiking--such as Marie.

The work train engine came by. The crew offered them a ride. Marie was not about to let it be said "the city girl couldn't take it"--so the invitation was refused. Two feet of snow surrounded the cabin, which was their destination--with no hot bath awaiting them!

The winter and the coming of spring experience was delightfully new for Marie who had grown up in Southern California. Weekends were

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usually spent in LaGrande where they grocery shopped, attended church, etc. (There was a company store at camp where they could buy essentials.)

Perhaps the "high light" was a visit from Marie's parents in the spring. They enjoyed the beauty of the Blue Mountains and Five Points River.

In July, Fred was transferred to Pendleton, Oregon, the headquarters for the Umatilla Forest, where they lived from July 1927 to November 1934.

While in Pendleton, Edgar Finley Monroe was born October 13, 1927, and James Lewis Monroe on February 28, 1930.

Many life-long friendships were formed during those years, both within the community and the Forest Service Family. Since Fred was away from home much of the time, Marie became active in various church and community organizations.

Fred was transferred to the Wenatchee National Forest district office in Wenatchee, Washington, to be in charge of timber sales and land exchange in November 1934. (Much of the Wenatchee National Forest included land grants made to the railroads. By making land exchanges with the railroads, it was possible to consolidate the National Forest.)

On October 28, 1936, Catherine Louise Monroe joined the family.

In April 1947, Fred and Marie purchased the home at 105 North Garfield which, at this writing in 1982, continues to be "Home" for the clan and their friends.

After Finley Monroe's death, December 1940 (See Monroe book for obituary), Louise moved from Elsinore, California, to the family home in Emmett, Idaho, to be with her mother.

Louise was gifted in art, cooking and gardening. She used her talents for the enjoyment of others. Frequently, for her nephews'

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and niece's birthday, she would make and send favors and cake decorations. Her rose garden at the home in Emmett was the pride and joy of the neighborhood. She and her mother gave much happiness to their friends and neighbors.

Although Louise was not too well when the family gathered in Emmett for Christmas 1946, no one realized that her days left were so few. She had a stroke and passed away a few weeks later--March 1947. She was laid to rest in Emmett cemetery. The nieces and nephews, who did not know her, feel cheated as they hear the older ones tell of Aunt Louise.

During the W.W. II years, which brought the need for teachers, Marie started substituting. Soon she was the high school librarian (an emergency) and eventually, she became a full time member of the faculty, teaching history in Wenatchee High School. Since all the children were then in school, she continued on the staff until her retirement in 1965. Her last years she served as "Dean of Girls" (today that would be known as "Girls Counselor").

After Louise's death in 1947, her mother continued to maintain the family home in Emmett. Fred and his family would go up to her home for the Christmas holidays. She enjoyed the independence of her own home and was fortunate to be in reasonably good health. Her sister and niece, Angus and Grace Monroe, and many long time friends were in Emmett. However, gradually she spent more time with Fred's family in Wenatchee. Fred would go up in the Fall to bring her to Wenatchee; then he would take her back in the spring. In this way, she still felt independent. She kept active and quite well. Late summer in 1963, she was quite ill. Fred went up, consulted with the doctor with the result that he brought her to Wenatchee. She seemed to be doing fairly well. She had enjoyed the Christmas holidays with Fred Monroes' family which included many great-grandchildren. She was up and active each day. Suddenly, early evening of February 18, 1964,

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she passed away, peacefully, going to her well earned Eternal Reward. She was laid to rest beside her loved ones in the Emmett cemetery.

Katie Degen Monroe was a beautiful person. She left delightful memories for her children, grandchildren and great grand children.

Fred retired from the U.S.F.S. in November 1957. That summer, he and Marie drove to the Canyons and on to Mexico City, Mexico. From there, they took tours to places of interest in that area.

Marie continued teaching until June 1965. Fred made the annual trips to Idaho in the Fall to bring his mother to Wenatchee until her death in 1964.

Fred and Marie traveled extensively after Marie's retirement in 1965. There was the four months' trip that year when they did the perimeter of the United States which was a wonderful lesson in history of our country.

One trip then concentrated on the pueblos and cliff dwellings of Colorado, Arizona, and New Mexico.

The most extensive trip was their tour of South America in 1968 with a Retired Teachers' Tour group.

Fred and Marie enjoyed retirement. Marie continued her community and church activities and added volunteer work. Together they enjoyed being grandparents, traveling when the "spirit moved them", keeping in touch with friends both local and scattered.

Suddenly, a month before their forty-fifth wedding anniversary, when they were walking over to the high school to enjoy an operetta, "Hello Dolly," Fred was stricken. He never regained consciousness. He passed away November 27, 1971. He is laid to rest beside a beautiful fir tree in the Wenatchee cemetery.

Marie continues to maintain the home, keeps well, keeps busy with volunteer, church, and community work, continues to travel some; most of all keeps an "open house" for children, grandchildren, great

F4MM
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grandchildren and friends.

Fred Monroe never failed to be thoughtful of and good to his parents, sister, aunts, uncles, his wife, children, and grandchildren. His quiet humor, his sensitivity for others' feelings, his even, calm disposition, his loyalty to his high Christian principles endeared him to all who had the privilege to know him.

CHILDREN OF FRED AND MARIE MONROE

Edgar Finley Monroe started school in Pendleton, where he was born October 13, 1927. He had just started the second grade when Fred was transferred to Wenatchee. The rest of his pre-college education was in Wenatchee except the ninth grade when he attended Marymount Military Academy in Tacoma, Washington. His favorite extra-curricula activities were managing the high school basketball team and skiing. He was graduated from Wenatchee High School June 1945-- World War II time. He enlisted in the Naval Reserve, taking his "boot training" in San Diego. When that was completed he was assigned to the USS O'Brian and left for the Pacific area.. Fortunately the war ended in August 1946. He was honorably discharged from active duty (continued to be in the Reserves) arriving home in time to enter Seattle University in Seattle, Washington. He received his BA degree and teaching credential with a major in social studies in June 1950.

After teaching and serving as principal in Kingston, Idaho, for one year, he came back to Washington to teach in Malaga, just out of Wenatchee.

On June 6, 1953, he married Joanne Johnston in Mary Immaculate Church, Seattle. Joanne was the daughter of Agnes Mulvary Johnston and Jay Johnston both of whom passed away when Joanne was very young. She was a graduate of Forest Ridge Academy in Seattle and Seattle

F2MM
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University with a degree in nursing.

They moved to Kirkland, Washington, where Edgar taught in the Bellevue School District. He also coached the Bellevue High School ski team for several years--until skiing was dropped as an inter-school sport.

Later Edgar received his Masters Degree in Guidance. At present, 1982, he is a counselor at Chinook Junior High School in Bellevue.

Their children are:

1. Paula Marie Monroe born in Wenatchee March 20, 1954, who was married to Scott Egbert October 16, 1970. Their children are Mishele Marie Egbert born May 7, 1972 and Elisha David Egbert born August 22, 1975.

2. Julie Louise Monroe was born in Wenatchee September 21, 1956. She was graduated from Washington State University in June 1979 with a BA in Recreation pointed toward rehabilitation. She served on the staff at Echo Glen Juvenile Center from 1979 until 1982 when she toured New Zealand and Australia early in the year. (At this writing, October 1982, she is touring Europe.)

3. Christina Ann Monroe was born in Kirkland May 19, 1958. She attended Central Washington State University for one year. Then she completed a truck driver's course at South Seattle Community College. Christina married Michael Billings January 2, 1981. At present (1982), they are living in Seattle and she is working for the Republican State Committee.

4. Jay Frederick Monroe was born in Kirkland on August 12, 1959. He received his BA Degree in Business Administration from the University of Washington June 1981. He is now (1982) working for T.I.P.

5. Patricia Eileen Monroe was born January 3, 1961, in Kirkland. She had one year at Western Washington University. She married George Henry Otto II. Their son, George Henry Otto III, was born in Seattle July 5, 1981. They are now (1982) living in Seattle where

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George is a senior at University of Washington in an air force program. Patty is working in the xray developing department of Ballard Hospital.

James (Jim) Lewis Monroe left Pendleton when he was four years old. All of his pre-college education was in Wenatchee. His extra curricula interests were the trumpet, football, basketball and skiing. He entered Seattle University in the Fall of 1947 where he was privileged to have worked under a ski coach who had been an Italian Olympic skier. The Fall of 1948, Jim decided to take time out from college to take a job as a bus boy at Sun Valley. While there, he skied on the Sun Valley team. By the following year, the Korean Involvement was on. He enlisted in the army. After training in Kansas and Boston in special security work, he was sent to Bad Aibling, Austria, where he frequently skied in competition for his company, winning a number of trophies. After he came out of the army, he worked for a paving company in Seattle, always planning to go back to college. June 14, 1958, he married Mary Louise Mossop in St. Louise's Church in Bellevue, Washington. Mary Mossop was born February 21, 1934, in Bellingham, Washington. Following her graduation from the University of Washington, she was a legal secretary. In the Fall, they moved to Ellensburg where Jim continued his education at Central Washington University from which he received his Batchelor's degree with majors in education and mathematics. Later he received his MA in Mathematics from Washington State University. They moved to Tacoma where he taught in Stadium High School for several years. Now, 1982, he is head of the mathematics department at Foss High School, Tacoma. He also coaches tennis. Their children are:

1. John Michael born September 25, 1961--working in Tacoma at this time.

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2. Paul Frederick born September 24, 1965, who is a junior in Foss High School, Tacoma (1982).

3. Susan Marie born February 28, 1970, who is a seventh grader in junior high school (1982).

Catherine Louise Monroe had all of her pre-college schooling in Wenatchee, finishing high school in June 1954. Her major activity all through school was music--piano and voice. In high school, she was also active in Drama and Girls' Club and Pep Club. She was awarded a scholarship to Dominican College in San Rafael, California. However, after her freshman year, she transferred to Washington State University from which she was graduated with honors receiving her BA in general studies with a teaching certificate. Catherine and Thomas Joseph Proteau were married June 21, 1958, in St. Joseph's Church, Wenatchee. Thomas Proteau was born May 5, 1934, in Fort Wayne, Indiana. He had completed his pre-dental work at Washington State University. He entered the University of Washington Dental College September, 1956, and Catherine taught at Bothell Junior High School while he finished Dental College. When Tom received his Dental Degree, he went on active duty in the U. S. Navy. They were stationed at Camp Pendleton, Long Beach, and China Lake (all in California). In January 1965 Tom came out of active duty--stayed in Reserves-- and went into Dental practice in Bremerton, Washington, where they now (1982) live. Their children are:

1. Claire Marie Proteau was born in Seattle August 2, 1959. She was gradauted with a BA in fashion merchandising from Central Washington University 1981 with honors.

2. Thomas Degen Proteau was born in Long Beach, California, May 24, 1962. He is now (1982) in his junior year at Washington State University in Pullman majoring in engineering.

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3. Philip Jerome Proteau was born in China Lake, California, September 9, 1963. Each of the children was graduated from high school with honors. Philip was the valadictorian and also received the science and the mathematics awards. Philip is a sophomore (1982) at the University of Washington majoring in chemistry.

4. Dwight David Proteau was born in Bremerton, Washington, April 12, 1966. He is a junior in high school in 1982 with special interest in music and performing arts.

Flora Monroe.

"Flora" means flowers and she was the flower of the family. From the day she was born, she was always a good girl. We were seven boys and the last one to come was a sister, just what we had always wanted. Our little sister! How we loved her! She was a little mother from the time she could walk--always wanting to take care of somebody, and ,as she grew older, that disposition grew with her. She was named for Aunt Florence Jane Wilson, Father's sister. She was born at Moravia, Appanoose County, Iowa, on December 15th. 1865. Mother was greatly in favor of education and saw that the children took full advantage of every opportunity to learn.

Flora Monroe.

As soon as Flora was old enough, she was started to our District school, at the Biddle school house, two miles away. I was her teacher for one term. She was always industrious, studious, and obedient. When mother came to Ohio

Flora Monroe.

to see me and her other numerous relatives, Flora was the housekeeper and cared for everything until Mother's return.

After selling the farm, they went to Pratt County, Kansas, driving overland.

When the family decided to go on farther west, Flora and Mother went by railroad and Finley, who had preceded them met them at the end of their journey, in Idaho. After some years at school in Idaho, Flora began teaching when she was twenty years old.

Flora Monroe.

Her first school was in the spring and summer of 4 terms at Salubria, Idaho, in Washington County. She also taught two terms at Midvale, Idaho. Her teaching service lasted for about three years.

Flora Monroe, Teacher.

On December 4th, 1886, she was married to Mr. Walter H.

Evans, of Midvale, Idaho, by the Rev. D. T. Monroe, B. S., in the minister's parlor.

Mrs. Flora Monroe Evans. Mr. Walter H. Evans.

They began housekeeping at Midvale, Idaho. Always deeply pious from her early youth, Flora took great delight in Sunday school and church work. After Father's death she was free to take a more active part than

she had done previously. She was elected Superintendent of a union Sunday school composed of Methodists, Baptists and the members of the Christian church, and, by her tact and ability, she held them together and they all worked efficiently and in harmony. This was a delight to mother to see Flora take up the work that Father had to lay down. To escape the rigorous winters of Idaho, they moved to California in 1896 where the same claimed her attention.

After Mother's death at Corning, California, they moved to Santa Cruz, where they lived for about four years. In the spring of 1903 they returned to Idaho for a visit. All her life her sympathy and love and religious activities were in connection with the Methodist Episcopal Church, but, during this visit she became allied with a new sect, the Church of the Nazarene, probably because of the advanced position this sect takes in complete sanctification from all sin, in thought, word or deed.

In 1905 they returned to California, making

Long Beach their home, where they lived when I visited them. Here, after working in the new church of her choice for some time, she had conferred on her the greatest honor of her life--she was elected Deaconess in the Church of the Nazerene. She was peculiarly suited for such work as fell to her charge.

"The sick she soothed, the hungry fed,

Bade care and sorrow fly,

And loved to raise the downcast head of friendless poverty". Many homes in Long Beach and vicinity were blessed by her presence. All classes of people loved and trusted her, and when sickness and sorrow and death came, they were comforted and helped by her in their distress. She refused no one, in daytime or in the night, when physically able to go. Her people furnished her with a horse and buggy, and with this conveyance she carried food or clothes or dainties for the sick in almost daily visits.

Flora Monroe Evans, Deaconess.

When duty called she was always ready. All her life, since womanhood, she has labored under a great disadvantage physically, because of an intractable insomnia, being unable to sleep many times for whole nights and days at a time, yet, through all this trouble, she does not shirk or excuse herself when duty calls.

In 1913 , they built them a bungalow home in the suburbs of Passadena, California.

Walter's and Flora's Home.

It is a far cry from little old Moravia, Iowa, and little sister, to Passadena, California, near Mount Wilson and Mount Lowe, where all beautiful flowers and shrubs grow all the year around and

"where every prospect pleases", and oranges grow by the front door of the bungalow and can be had for the

Sister Flora and Finley's daughter, Louise, picking oranges.

picking; where there is always sunshine, pure air, pure water and an altitude of 1200 feet; where, with the beautiful Sierra Madre Mountains for a background, the picture is complete, life is one constant joy and no one ever grows old? No, not so. They grow old in California as elsewhere, and it is not possible to conceal the evidences of age.

Flora was fifty years old the fifteenth of last December, 1915. She and Walter are shown in the picture, standing in the flowers. Only fifty

years and with many more useful years yet to live, I hope . Whether that is to be or not, the fragrance. of the many good deeds done, the many good words spoken, and the many prayers uttered, will last while time shall last and Flora will not have lived in vain.

I do not expect to see her again here, unless it be through a fortuitous concourse of circumstances, she should come east which I do not expect, but,

(1933)

Walter & Flora in the autos.

Flora and Walter.

"There's a home in that land,
At the Father's right hand,

There are mansions—where joys are untold,
And perennial spring,
Where the birds ever sing,
And nothing shall ever grow old."
There we will meet again. No children.
Prohibitionist.
Church of the Nazarene.

Flora at home in
her rose garden.

In the park at
Passadena.

After many years of thinking and talking and planning about coming to see me and my family Walter and Flora finally made up their minds that they would make the trip in 1933 and on the first day of May they started for Wheeling, West Virginia. They drove in a Studebaker, they with Mr. and Mrs. Foster made the trip. They found the roads good with a few exceptions. Not counting the extra visits they made on the way, counting the exact time they used in their coming they were with us on the 19th. of May at eleven o'clock a.m. just 26 years from the time I left Flora in California after my visit with her. They stood the trip quite well. They had no accident. They stayed with us until the 6th. of September when they left us on their long journey home.

Flora and Walter Evans have proved what their life ought to be in politics and in the Sunday School and in Church they have committed themselves and all they hope to be to the best interests of all whom they associate with.

During the four months they were here Walter mowed the lawn, trimmed the rose bushes and painted where it was needed, sufficient to keep himself free from ennui. Flora with a little while at quilting and writing many letters and other things the same object was accomplished.

My visit with her was all that could be desired and on the 6th. of September early in the morning, Margaret, Mary and I got in the car and drove beyond St. Clairsville to see them on their way and then we stopped by the roadside took Walter's and Flora's picture and Mary's and my picture and bid them a lasting farewell.

WALTER H. EVANS
1933. - 70 YEARS -

FLORA MONROE EVANS.
1933 - 68 YEARS -

EPILOGUE.

The boys and Flora are old and gray and will soon go the way of all the earth. They have tried faithfully to serve the Church and State as has been recorded. The lessons learned at the evening and morning devotions in a humble home in Iowa, have borne fruit.

"Train up a child in the way he should go, and even when he is old he will not depart from it."

The influence of the daily reading of the Bible and the earnest, faithful prayers that followed, has molded, more or less, the lives of all of us, and the faith so expressed and the example lived before us, have influenced us for good all our days. No one can say how many times we have been held back, when tempted, or urged forward when we hesitated, or soothed when downcast, or made hopeful when despondent, by memories and lessons of long ago. 'T is said, "A sorrow's crown of sorrow is in remembering happier days". With some this may be true, but not all. Father and mother are gone to their long home, and I would not wish them back again. I am sure they live and are conscious and so can truly say:

"So long Thy power has blessed me, sure it still
Will lead me on,
O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, till
The night is gone;
And with the morn those angel faces smile
Which I have loved long since and lost awhile."

Now we are scattered in many states and are far apart,

but in God's good time we will all be gathered home,

so we may remember with perfect assurance:

"Yet Love will dream and Faith will Trust
That somehow, somewhere, meet we must.
Alas for him who never sees
The stars shine through the cypress trees!
Who, hopeless, lays the dead away,
Nor looks to see the breaking day
Across the mournful marbles play;
Who hath not learned in hours of faith
The truth to flesh and sense unknown,
That Life is ever Lord of Death
Anf Love can never lose its own."

J. A. M.
Feb. 10, 1917.

No. 799

2d Series.

STATE BOARD OF HEALTH

OF WEST VIRGINIA.

This Certifies, *That* **THE STATE BOARD OF HEALTH** *of West Virginia having received satisfactory evidence that* Dr James A Monroe Pa W. Alexandria *of the County of* Washington *in the State of* ~~West Virginia~~, **IS A GRADUATE IN MEDICINE**, *having received the* **DEGREE OF M. D.** *from* The Eclectic Medical Colly of Cin. *in the State of* Ohio *on* June 6th 1882, *he is hereby authorized under the provisions of the "Act to establish a State Board of Health, and regulating the Practice of Medicine and Surgery," approved March 11th, 1881, to pursue the practice of his profession in this State.*

Given under the hands and Seal of the State Board of Health of West Virginia, this 24th *day of* June *in the year 188*7

A. Haviz M.D.

Andrew R. Barbee M.D.

For the 4th *Congressional District.*

No. 798

WEST VIRGINIA STATE BOARD OF HEALTH.

CERTIFICATE OF QUALIFICATION

TO

Dr. James A Munroe

Post Office West Alexandria

County Washington Pa

Filed for Record 2nd day

of July A. D. 1887

and Recorded in Book A of

Certificates, page 45

O. F. Davis M. D.

Secretary State Board of Health of West Virginia.